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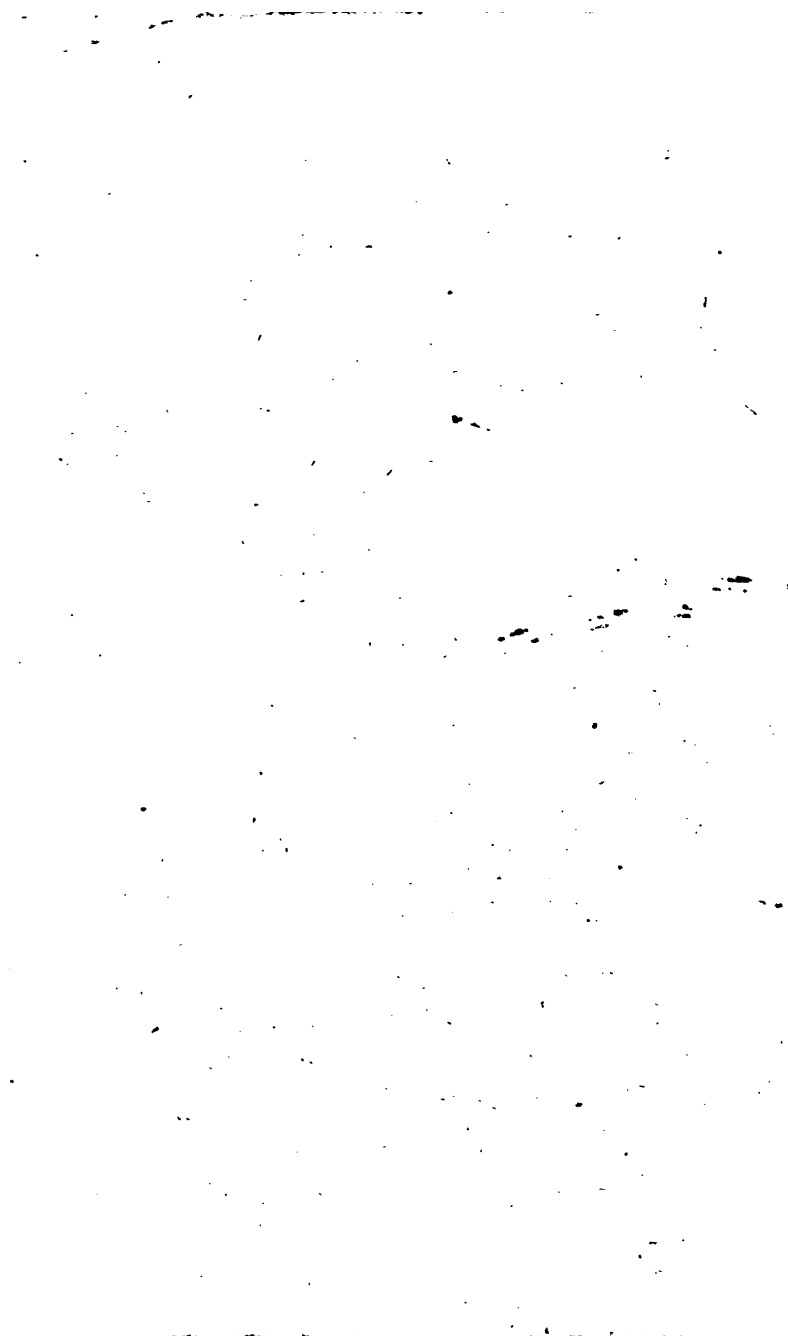


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THE
A R T
OF
S P E A K I N G.

CONTAINING,

AN ESSAY,

IN WHICH ARE GIVEN RULES FOR EXPRESSING PROPERLY THE
PRINCIPAL PASSIONS AND HUMOURS, WHICH OCCUR
IN READING, OR PUBLIC SPEAKING.

AND

LESSONS,

TAKEN FROM THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS; EXHIBITING A
VARIETY OF MATTER FOR PRACTICE; THE EMPHATICAL
WORDS PRINTED IN ITALICS; WITH NOTES OF
DIRECTION REFERRING TO THE ESSAY.

By JAMES BURGH,

AUTHOR OF THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE, &c.

*Neque vero mihi quidquam præstabilius videtur, quam posse dicendo
tenere hominum cœtus, mentes allicere, voluntates impellere quæ
velit, unde autem velit deducere.* CICERO.

Baltimore :

PRINTED FOR SAMUEL BUTLER,

BY JOHN W. BUTLER.

1804.

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Prof. Jas. C. ADVERTISEMENT.
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THE present Edition of this truly useful, and much esteemed *Work*, has been carefully and critically executed. Many errors, which by being frequently and carelessly printed, had crept into most of the former editions, have in this been corrected and revised.

The *Marginal Notes*, explaining to the Scholar the various *Humours and Passions*, as they occur, and which are so peculiarly useful, have been put at full length almost in every instance, and great care has been taken to affix them in their proper places; whereas, in most of the former editions, they were so much abbreviated and misplaced, that it was with difficulty the Master, much less the Scholar, could comprehend their meaning.

An elegant Ode (page 270) has been added, no other alterations have taken place.

This being the *FIRST Baltimore Edition*, the Publisher indulges the pleasing hope, that it will yield, by its execution and correctness, general satisfaction.

BALTIMORE, 25th March, 1804.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

AN
ESSAY
ON THE
ART OF SPEAKING.

THAT *Oratory* is an art of great consequence, will hardly be questioned in our times, unless it be by those (if any are so ignorant) who do not know, that it has been taught, and studied, in all countries, where learning has gained any ground, ever since the days of Aristotle. That the *manner* or *address* of a speaker, is of the utmost importance, and that a *just* and *pleasing* manner in delivering either one's own compositions, or those of others, is *difficult* of acquisition, and but too much neglected among us, seems unquestionable from the *deficiencies* we so commonly observe in the *address* of our public speakers, much more than in the *matter* uttered by them, and from the little *effect* produced by their labours.

Of the *learning* necessary for furnishing *matter*; and of the art of *arranging* it properly; of *invention*, *composition* and *style*, various writers among the Greeks, Romans, French, Italians, and English, have treated very copiously. It is not my design to trouble the world with any thing on these branches of oratory. I shall confine myself merely to what the prince of orators pronounced to be the first, second, and third part, or all that is *most important* in the art, viz. *delivery*, comprehending what every gentleman ought to be master of, respecting *gesture*, *looks* and command of *voice*.

What is true of most of the improvements, which are made by study, or culture, is peculiarly so of the art of *speaking*. If there is not a foundation laid for it in the *earlier* part of life, there is no reasonable ground of expecta-

tion, that any great degree of skill in it should ever be attained. As it depends upon, and consists in *practice*, more than theory, it requires the earlier initiation : that practice may have its full scope, before the time of life arrives, in which there may be occasion for public exhibition. Mankind must *speak* from the beginning, therefore ought from the beginning, to be taught to speak *rightly* ; else they may acquire a habit of speaking *wrong*. And whoever knows the *difficulty* of breaking through bad *habits*, will avoid that labour by *prevention*. There is a great difference between *speaking* and *writing*. Some, nay most of mankind, are never to be *writers*. All are *speakers*. Young persons ought not to be put upon writing (from their *own funds*, I mean) till they have furnished their minds with *thoughts*, that is, till they have gotten funds ; but they cannot be kept from speaking.

Suppose a youth to have no prospect either of sitting in parliament, of pleading at the *bar*, of appearing upon the *stage*, or in the *pulpit* ; does it follow, that he need bestow *no pains* in learning to speak properly his *native language* ? Will he never have occasion to read, in a company of his friends, a copy of *verses*, a *passage* of a *book*, or *newspaper* ? Must he never read a discourse of Tillotson, or a chapter of the *Whole Duty of Man*, for the instruction of his children and servants ? Cicero justly observes, that address in speaking *is highly ornamental, as well as useful, even in private life*.* The *limbs* are parts of the body much less noble than the *tongue* ; yet no gentleman grudges a considerable expense of time and money to have his son taught to use *them* properly ; which is very commendable. And is there no attention to be paid to the use of the *tongue*, the *glory* of man ? Supposing a person to be ever so sincere and zealous a lover of *virtue* and his *country*, without a competent skill and address in *speaking*, he can only *sit still*, and see them *wronged*, without having it in his *power* to prevent, or redress the evil. Let an artful and eloquent statesman harangue the house of commons upon a point of the utmost consequence to the public good. He has it greatly in his power to *mislead* the *judgment* of the

* Cic. de ORAT. L. i. p. 83.

house. And he, who *sees through* the delusion, if he be awkward in delivering himself, can do *nothing* toward *preventing* the ruinous schemes proposed by the other, from being carried into execution, but give his *single vote* against them, without so much as explaining to the house his *reasons* for doing so. The case is the same in other smaller assemblies and meetings, in which volubility of tongue, and steadiness of countenance, often carry it against solid reasons, and important considerations.

To offer a help toward the improvement of youth in the useful and ornamental accomplishment of speaking properly their mother tongue, is the design of this publication ; to set about which I have been the more excited by experiencing, in my own practice, a *want* of such a collection as the following. What I proposed to myself at first, was only to put together a competent *variety* of *passages* out of some of the best writers in prose and verse, for exercising youth in adapting their general manner of delivery to the *spirit* or *humour* of the various matter they may have occasion to pronounce. Such a collection, I thought, might be acceptable to the public, in consideration of its furnishing at an *easy expence*, a general *variety* of examples for *practice*, chosen and pointed out, without trouble to masters. A design, which, as far as I know, has not before been executed.* On farther consideration, it occurred to me, that it might render such a publication more useful, if I prefixed some general observations on the method of teaching pronunciation, and put the emphatical words in italics, and marginal notes shewing the various *humors* or *passions*, in the several examples, as they change from one to another, in the course of the speeches. All masters of places of education are not, I fear, sufficiently aware of the extent of this part of their duty, nor of the number of particulars to be attended to, which render it so *difficult* to bring a young person to deliver in a completely proper manner a speech containing a considerable *variety* of different *humours* or *passions*. So that *some*

* The PRECEPTOR, a work of two volumes, 8vo. has some lessons for practice ; but not the *variety* of humours or passions, which my design takes in ; nor the notes of *direction* for expressing them properly, Besides that the PRECEPTOR is a book of price, and fitter for the master's use, than the pupil's ; &c

masters, as well as *all pupils*, may find their account in using this collection, till a better be published.

Whoever imagines the English tongue unfit for *oratory* has not a just notion of it. That, by reason of the disproportion between its vowels and consonants, it is not quite so tractable as the Italian, and consequently, not so easily applied to *amorous*, or to *plaintive* music, is not denied. But it goes better to *martial* music. And in oratory and poetry, there is no tongue, ancient or modern, capable of expressing a greater *variety* of humours, or passions, by its *sounds* (I am not speaking of its copiousness, as to *phraseology*,) than the English. The Greek, among the ancient, and the Turkish and Spanish, among the modern languages, have a *loftier* sound, though the *gutturals* in them, of which the English is free, (for it is probable, that the ancient Greeks pronounced the letter X gutturally) are, to most ears, disagreeable. But there is not in those languages, the *variety* of sound which the English affords. They never quit their stiff *pomp*, which on some occasions, is *unnatural*. Nor is there, as far as I know, any language more *copious*, than the English, an eminent advantage for *oratory*. And if we must fall out with our mother tongue, on account of some hard and *un-liquid* syllables in it, how shall we bear the celebrated *Roman* language itself, in every sentence of which we find such sounds as *tot*, *quot*, *sub*, *ad*, *sed*, *est*, *ut*, *et*, *nec*, *id*, *at*, *it*, *sit*, *sunt*, *dant*, *det*, *dent*, *dabat*, *dabant*, *darent*, *daret*, *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*, *fit*, *fuit*, *erat*, *erunt*, *fert*, *duc*, *fac*, *dic*, and so on.

It is greatly to our shame, that, while *we* do so little for the improvement of our language, and of our manner of speaking it in public, the *French* should take so much pains in both these respects, though *their* language is very much *inferior* to *ours*, both as to emphasis and copiousness.

It is true there is not now the same *secular* demand for eloquence, as under the popular governments of ancient times, when twenty talents (several thousands of pounds) was the fee for one speech ;* when the *tongue* of an orator

that I do not think it answers the purpose I had in view in this publication. If it did, I should have used it. Otherwise I think it an useful book, and am glad to find that it is well received.

* Pliny says, *Isocrates* was paid that sum for one oration.

could do more than the sceptre of a monarch, or the *sword* of a warrior ; and when superior skill in the art of haranguing was the certain means for elevating him, who possessed it, to the highest honours in the state. Even in our own country, this is partly the case ; for the instances of *bad speakers* rising to *eminent stations* in the government, are *rare*. But it must be owned, our politics now turn upon *other hinges*, than in the times when Greek and Roman eloquence flourished. Nor are *we*, accordingly, like to bestow the pains which *they* did, for consummating ourselves in the art of speaking. We shall hardly, in our ages, hear of a person's shutting himself up for many months in a cell under ground to study and practise elocution uninterrupted ; or declaiming on the sea-shore, to accustom himself to harangue an enraged multitude without fear ; or under the points of drawn swords fixed over his shoulders to cure himself of a bad habit of shrugging them up ; which with other particulars, are the labours recorded to have been undertaken by Demosthenes, in order to perfect himself, in spite of his natural disadvantages, of which he had many, in the art of elocution. What is to be gained by skill in the art of speaking may not now be sufficient to reward the indefatigable diligence used by a Demosthenes, a Pericles, an Æschines, a Demetrius Phalereus, an Isocrates, a Carbo, a Cicero, a M. Anthony, an Hortensius, a Julius, an Augustus, and others. Yet it is still of important *advantage* for all that part of youth whose station places them within the reach of a *polite education*, to be qualified for acquitting themselves with reputation, when called to speak in public. In *parliament*, at the *bar*, in the *pulpit*, at *meetings* of merchants, in *committees* for managing public affairs, in large societies, and on such like occasions, a competent address and readiness, not only in finding matter, but in *expressing* and urging it effectually, is what, I doubt not, many a gentleman would willingly acquire, at the expence of half his other improvements.

The reader will naturally reflect here upon *one* important use for good speaking, which was *unknown* to the ancients, viz. for the *ministerial* function. I therefore have

said above, page 6, that we have not the same *secular* demand for elocution, as the ancients; meaning, by reservation, that *we* have a *moral*, or *spiritual* use for it which *they* had not.

And no small matter of grief it is to think, that, of the three learned professions, real *merit* is there the most *ineffectual* towards *raising* its possessor, where it ought to be *most*; which must greatly damp *emulation* and *diligence*. An *able* physician, or lawyer, hardly fails of success in life. But a clergyman may unite the *learning* of a Cudworth with the *eloquence* of a Tillotson, and the *delivery* of an Atterbury; but, if he cannot make out a *connection* with some *great man*, and it is too well known by what means *they* are most commonly gained; he must content himself to be buried in a country curacy, or vicarage at *most*, for life.

If nature unassisted could form the eminent speaker, where were the use of *art* or *culture*, which yet no one pretends to question? Art is but *nature improved upon* and *refined*. And before improvement is applied, genius is but a mass of ore in the mine, without lustre, and without value, because *unknown* and *unthought of*. The ancients used to procure for their youth, masters of pronunciation from the theatres,* and had them taught gesture and attitude by the palæstritæ. These last taught what is, among us, done by the dancing-master. And, as to the former, no man ought to presume to set himself at the head of a place of education, who is not in some degree capable of teaching pronunciation. However, I could wish that gentlemen, who have made themselves perfect masters of pronunciation and delivery, would undertake to teach this branch at places of education, in the same manner as masters of music, drawing, dancing, and fencing, are used to do.

It is well when a youth has no natural *defect* or *impediment*, in his speech. And, I should by no means advise, that he, who has, be brought up to a profession *requiring* elocution. But there are instances enough of natural defects surmounted, and eminent speakers formed by indefatigable diligence in spite of them. Demosthenes could

* Quint. C. x.

not, when he began to study rhetoric, pronounce the first letter of the name of his art. And Cicero was long-necked, and narrow-chested. But diligent and faithful labour, in what one is in earnest about, surmounts all difficulties. Yet we are commonly enough disgusted by public speakers lisping, and stammering, and speaking through the nose, and pronouncing the letter R with the throat, instead of the tongue, and the letter S like Th, and screaming above, or croaking below all natural pitch of human voice; some mumbling, as if they were conjuring up spirits; others bawling, as loud as the vociferous venders of provisions in London streets; some tumbling out the words so precipitately, that no ear can catch them; others dragging them out so slowly, that it is as tedious to listen to them, as to count a great clock; some have got a habit of shrugging up their shoulders; others of see-sawing with their bodies, some backward and forward, others from side to side; some raise their eyebrows at every third word; some open their mouths frightfully; others keep their teeth so close together that one would think their jaws were set; some shrivel all their features together into the middle of their faces; some push out their lips as if they were mocking the audience; others hem at every pause; and others smack with their lips, and roll their tongues about in their mouths, as if they laboured under a continual thirst. All which bad habits they ought to have been broken of in *early youth*, or put into ways of life, in which they would have, at least, offended *fewer* persons.

It is through neglect in the *early* part of life, and bad habits taking place, that there is not a public speaker among twenty, who knows what to do with his *eyes*. To see the venerable man, who is to be the mouth of a whole people confessing their offences to their Creator and Judge, bring out these awful words, "Almighty and most merciful Father," &c. with his eyes over his *shoulder*, to see who is just gone into the pew at his elbow; to observe this, one would imagine there was an absolute *want* of all feeling of devotion. But it may be, all the while, owing to nothing but *awkwardness*; and the good man looks about him the whole time he is going on with the service, mere-

ly to keep himself in *countenance*, not knowing else, where to put his *eyes*.

Even the players, who excel, beyond comparison, all other speakers in this country, in what regards decorum, are, some of them, often guilty of monstrous *improprieties* as to the management of their eyes. To direct them full at the *audience*, when they are speaking a *soliloquy*, or an *aside-speech*, is insufferable. For they ought not to seem so much as to think of an *audience*, or of any person's looking upon them, at *any* time; especially on *those* occasions; those speeches being only thinking aloud, and expressing what the actor should be supposed to wish concealed. Nor do they always keep their *eyes fixed* upon those they *speak to*, even in *impassioned* dialogue. Whether it is from *heedlessness* or that they are more *out of countenance* by looking one another stedfastly in the face, I know not; but they do often ramble about with their eyes in a very unmeaning and unnatural manner.

A natural genius for delivery supposes an *ear*; though it does not always suppose a *musical** ear. I never heard poetry, particularly that of Milton, better spoken, than by a gentleman, who yet had so little discernment in music, that he has often told me, the grinding of knives entertained him as much as Handel's organ.

As soon as a child can read, without *spelling*, the words in a common English book, as the SPECTATOR, he ought to be taught the use of the *stops*, and accustomed, from the beginning, to *pay the same* regard to them as to the *words*. The common rule, for holding them out to their just length, is too exact for *practice*, viz. that a comma, is to hold the length of a syllable, a semicolon, of two, a colon of three, and a period of four. In some cases, there is *no stop* to be made at a comma, as they are often put merely to render the *sense clear*; as those, which, by Mr. Ward, and many other learned editors of books, are put before every *relative*. It likewise often happens, that the strain of the matter shews a propriety, or beauty, in holding the pause *beyond the proper length* of the stop; particularly when any thing remarkably *striking* has been uttered; by which means the hearers have time to rumi-

* Yet Quintilian would have his orator by all means study music. C. viii.

nate upon it, before the matter, which follows can put it out of their thoughts. Of this, instances will occur in the following lessons.

Young readers are apt to get into a *rehearsing* kind of *monotony*; of which it is very difficult to break them. Monotony is holding one *uniform* humming sound through the whole discourse, without rising or falling. Cant, is, in speaking, as psalmody and ballad in music, a strain consisting of a few notes *rising* and *falling* without variation, like a peal of bells, let the *matter* change how it will. The chaunt with which the prose psalms are half-sung, half-said, in cathedrals, is the same kind of absurdity. All these are unnatural, because the continually varying strain of the *matter* necessarily requires a continually varying series of *sounds* to express it. Whereas chaunting in cathedrals, psalmody in parish-churches, ballad music put to a number of verses, differing in thoughts and images, and cant, or monotony, in expressing the various matter of a discourse, do not in the least *humour* the *matters* they applied to; but on the contrary, confound it.*

Young people must be taught to let their voice *fall* at the *end* of sentences; and to read without any particular whine, cant, or drawl, and with the natural inflections of voice, which they use in *speaking*. For *reading* is nothing but *speaking* what one sees in a book, as if he were expressing his *own* sentiments, as they rise in his mind. And no person reads well, till he comes to speak what he sees in the book before him in the same natural manner as he speaks the thoughts, which arise in his *own* mind. And hence it is, that no one can *read* properly what he does not *understand*. Which leads me to observe, that there are many books much *fitter* for improving *children* in reading, than most parts of *scripture*, especially of the *Old Testament*. Because the *words* of our English Bible are, many of them, *obsolete*; the *phraseology*, as of all bare translations, *stiff*, the *subjects* not *familiar* to young persons, and the characters *grave* and *forbidding*. *Fables* and *tales*, founded upon good morals, and select parts of *history* and *biography*, and familiar *dialogues*, are

* See SPECTATOR, No. 18.

more *pleasing* and *suitable* to children under seven and eight years of age. And such familiar reading, as coming near to their own *chat*, is most likely to keep them from, or cure them of a *canting*, *whining*, *drawling*, or *un-animated* manner.

They must be taught, that, in questions, the voice is often to *rise* towards the end of the sentence, *contrary* to the manner of pronouncing most *other* sorts of matter ; because the *emphatical* word, or that, upon which the *stress* of the question lies, is often the *last* in the sentence. Example. “ Can any good come out of *Nazareth* ? ” Here the *emphatical* word is *Nazareth* ; therefore the word, *Nazareth*, is to be pronounced in a higher note than any other part of the sentence. But in pronouncing the following, “ By what *authority* dost thou these things ; and *who* give thee this authority ? ” the *emphatical* words are *authority* and *who* ; because what the Jews asked our Saviour was, by what *power* or *authority*, he did his wonderful works ; and *now* he came by that power. And in all questions, the emphasis must, according to the intention of the speaker, be put upon that word which signifies the point, about which he inquires. Example. “ Is it true, that you have seen a noble lord from court to-day, who has told you bad news ? ” If the inquirer wants only to know, whether *myself*, or some *other* person, has seen the supposed great man ; he will put the emphasis upon *you*. If he knows that I have seen somebody from court, and only wants to know, whether I have seen a *great man*, who may be supposed to *know* what *inferior* persons about the court *do not*, he will put the emphasis upon *noble lord*. If he wants to know, only whether the great man came *directly* from court, so that his intelligence may be depended upon, he will put the emphasis upon *court*. If he wants only to know, whether I have seen him *to-day*, or *yesterday*, he will put the emphasis upon *to-day*. If he *knows*, that I have seen a great man from court, to-day, and only *wants to know*, whether he has told me any *news*, he will put the emphasis upon *news*. If he knows all the rest, and wants only to know, whether the news I heard was *bad*, he will put the emphasis upon the word *bad*.

The matter contained in a *parenthesis*, or between commas instead of a parenthesis, which authors and editors often use, and between *brackets*, [] is to be pronounced with a *lower* voice, and *quicker* than the rest, and with a short *stop* at the beginning and end ; that the hearer may perceive where the strain of the discourse *breaks off*, and where it is *resumed* ; as, “ When, therefore, the Lord knew, that the Pharisees had heard that Jesus made, and baptized *more* disciples than John, (though Jesus *himself* did not baptize, but his *disciples*) he departed from Judea, and returned to Gallilee.”*

A youth should not only be accustomed to read to the master, while the general business of the school is going on, so that none, but the master, and those of his own class, can hear him ; but likewise to read, or speak, by *himself*, while all the *rest* hear. This will give him *courage*, and accustom him to pronounce *distinctly*, so that every syllable shall be heard (though not every syllable alike *loud*, and with the same *emphasis*) through the whole room. For it is one part of the judgment of a public speaker, to *accommodate* his *voice* to the *place* he speaks in, in such a manner as to *fill* it, and at the same time, not *stun* the hearers. It is matter of no small *difficulty* to bring *young* readers to speak *slow* enough. There is little danger of their speaking *too slow*. Though that is a *fault* as well as the contrary. For the hearers cannot but be disgusted and tired with listening much longer than is necessary, and losing precious time.

In every sentence, there is some *word*, perhaps several, which are to be pronounced with a *stronger* accent, or emphasis, than the others. Time was, when the emphatical word, or words, in every sentence, were printed in *Italics* ; and a great advantage it was toward *understanding* the *sense* of the author, especially, where there was a thread of *reasoning* carried on. But we are now grown so nice, that we have found, the intermixture of two characters *deforms* the page, and gives it a speckled appearance. As if it were not of infinitely more consequence to make sure of *edifying* the reader, than of

* John iv. 1, 2, 3.

pleasing his *eye*. But to return to *emphasis*, there is nothing more pedantic than *too much* laid upon *trifling* matter. Men of learning, especially physicians, and divines, are apt to get into a fulsome, bombastic way of uttering themselves on all occasions, as if they were *dictating*, when perhaps the business is of no greater consequence, than

What's a clock? Or how's the wind?

Whose coach is that we've left behind? SWIFT.

Nor can an error be more ridiculous, than some that have been occasioned by an emphasis placed *wrong*. Such was that of a clergyman's curate, who having occasion to read in the church our Saviour's saying to the disciples, Luke xxiv. 25. "*O fools and slow of heart* [that is, *backward*]" "to believe all that the prophets have written concerning me!" placed the emphasis upon the word *believe*, as if Christ had called them fools for *believing*. Upon the rector's finding fault; when he read it next he placed the emphasis upon *all*; as if it had been foolish in the disciples to believe *all*. The rector again blaming this manner of placing the emphasis, the good curate accented the word *prophets*; as if the *prophets* had been persons in *no respect* worthy of *belief*.

A total want of *energy* in expressing *pathetic* language is equally blameable. I have often been amazed how public speakers could bring out the *strong* and *pathetic* expressions, they have occasion to utter, in so *cold* and *un-animated* a manner. I happened lately to hear the tenth chapter of Joshua read in a church in the country. It contains the history of the miraculous conquest of the five kings, who arose against the people of Israel. The clergyman bears a very good character in the neighbourhood; I was therefore grieved to hear him read so *striking* a piece of scripture-history in a manner so *un-animated*, that it was fit to lull the whole parish to *sleep*. Particularly I shall never forget his manner of expressing the twenty second verse, which is the Jewish general's order to bring out the captive kings to *slaughter*. "Open the mouth of the cave, and bring out those five kings to me out of the cave;" which he uttered in the very manner

he would have expressed himself, if he had said to his boy, "Open my chamber door and bring me my slippers from under the bed."

CICERO * very judiciously directs, that a public speaker *remit*, from time to time, somewhat of the *vehemence* of his action, and not utter every passage with *all the force he can*; to set off, the more strongly, the *more emphatical parts*; as the painters, by means of shades properly placed, make the figures stand off bolder. For if the speaker has uttered a *weaker passage* with *all the energy* he is master of, what is he to do when he comes to the *most pathetic parts*?

The *ease*, with which a speaker goes through a long discourse, and his *success* with his audience, depend much upon his *setting out* in a proper *key*,† and at a due pitch of *loudness*. If he begins in too *high* a tone or sets out too *loud*, how is he afterwards to rise to a *higher note*, or swell his voice *louder*, as the more *pathetic* strains may require? The *command* of the voice, therefore, in this respect, is to be studied very *early*.

The force or *pathos*, with which a speech is to be delivered, is to *increase* as the speech goes on. The speaker is to grow warm by *degrees*, as the chariot wheel by its continued motion; ‡ not to begin in a *pathetic strain*, because the *audience* are not prepared to go along with him.

False and *provincial* accents are to be guarded against or corrected. The manner of pronouncing, which is usual among people of *education*, who are natives of the *metropolis*, is, in every country, the *standard*. For what Horace § says of the *choice* of words, viz. that the *people*, by their *practice*, establish what is *right*, is equally true of the *pronunciation* of them.

* De Orat. L. III. p 144. Tom. I. "Habeat tamen illa in dicendo," &c.

† The word *key* (taken from music) means that note, in the scale, which is the *lowest* of those that are used in a particular piece, and to which the others refer; and has nothing to do with loudness or softness. For a piece of music may be sung or played louder or softer, whatever its key is.

‡ "Quid insuavius, &c. What is more offensive to the ear, than for a pleader to open his cause in a boisterous manner."

AUCT. AD HEREN. L. III. N XII.

§ "Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi"

HOR. ART. POET.

Nature has given to every emotion of the mind its *proper* outward expression, in such a manner, that what suits *one*, cannot by any means be accommodated to *another*. Children at three years of age express their *grief* in a tone of voice, and with an action totally *different* from that, which they use to express their *anger*; and they utter their joy in a manner *different* from both. Nor do they ever, by mistake, apply *one* in place of another. From hence, that is, from *nature*, is to be deduced the whole *art* of speaking properly. What we mean, does not so much depend upon the *words* we speak, as on our *manner* of speaking them; and accordingly, in life, the greatest attention is paid to this, as *expressive* of what our *words* often give no *indication* of. Thus *nature* fixes the outward expression of every intention or sentiment of the mind.

Art only adds *gracefulness* to what nature leads to. As *nature* has determined that man shall *walk* on his *feet*, not his hands: *Art* teaches him to *walk gracefully*.

Every part of the human frame contributes to express the passions and emotions of the *mind*, and to shew in general its present state. The *head* is sometimes *erected*, sometimes *hung down*, sometimes drawn suddenly *back*, with an air of *disdain*, sometimes shews by a *nod*, a particular person, or object; gives *assent*, or *denial*, by different motions; *threatens* by one sort of movement, *approves* by another, and expresses *suspicion* by a third.

The arms are sometimes *both* thrown out, sometimes the *right* alone. Sometimes they are *lifted* up as high as the face, to express *wonder*, sometimes *held out* before the breast, to shew *fear*; *spread* forth with the hands open, to express *desire* or *affection*; the hands *clapped* in *surprise*, and in sudden *joy* and *grief*; the *right* hand *clenched*, and the arms *brandished*, to *threaten*; the two arms set *akimbo*, to look *big*, and express *contempt* or *courage*. With the hands, as Quintilian* says we *solicit*, we *refuse*, we *promise*, we *threaten*, we *dismiss*, we *invite*, we *intreat*, we express *aversion*, *fear*, *doubting*, *denial*, *asking*, *affirmation*, *negation*, *joy*, *grief*, *confession*, *penitence*. With the hands we *describe* and *point out* all circumstances of time, place, and manner of what we relate; we *excite*

the passions of others, and soothe them, we approve and disapprove, permit, or prohibit, admire or despise. The hands serve us instead of many sorts of words, and where the language of the tongue is unknown, that of the hands is understood, being universal, and common to all nations.

The legs advance, or retreat, to express desire, or aversion, love, or hatred, courage, or fear, and produce exultation, or leaping in sudden joy; and the stamping of the foot expresses earnestness, anger, and threatening.

Especially the face, being furnished with a variety of muscles, is more in expressing the passions of the mind, than the whole human frame besides. The change of colour (in white people) shews, by turns, anger by redness, and sometimes by paleness, fear likewise by paleness, and shame by blushing. Every feature contributes its part. The mouth open, shews one state of the mind; shut, another; the gnashing of the teeth, another.

The forehead smooth, and eyebrows arched and easy, shew tranquillity or joy. Mirth opens the mouth towards the ears, crimps the nose, half-shuts the eyes, and sometimes fills them with tears. The front wrinkled into frowns, and the eyebrows over-hanging the eyes, like clouds fraught with tempest, shew a mind agitated with fury. Above all, the eye shews the very spirit in a visible form. In every different state of the mind, it assumes a different appearance. Joy brightens and opens it. Grief half-closes, and drowns it in tears. Hatred and anger flash from it like lightening. Love, darts from it in glances, like the orient beam. Jealousy, and squinting envy, dart their contagious blasts from the eye. And devotion raises it to the skies, as if the soul of the holy man were going to take its flight to heaven.

The ancients* used some gestures which are unknown to us, as, to express grief, and other violent emotions of the mind, they used to strike their knees with the palms of their hands.

The force of attitude and looks alone appears in a wonderfully striking manner, in the works of the painter and statuary; who have the delicate art of making the flat canvas and rocky marble utter every passion of the human

* AUCT. AD HEREN. L. III. N. XV. Quintil. Inst. ORAT. P. 457.

mind, and touch the *soul* of the spectator, as if the picture, or statue, *spoke* the pathetic language of Shakespear. It is no wonder, then, that masterly *action*, joined with powerful *elocution*, should be irresistible. And the *variety* of expression by *looks* and *gestures*, is so great, that, as is well known, a whole play can be represented *without a word spoken*.

The following are, I believe, the principal *passions*, *humours*, *sentiments*, and *intentions*, which are to be expressed by *speech* and *action*. And I hope, it will be allowed by the reader, that is nearly in the following manner, that *nature* expresses them.

Tranquillity, or *apathy*, appears by the *composure* of the *countenance*, and general *repose* of the *body* and *limbs*, without the *exertion* of any one *muscle*. The *countenance* open; the *forehead* smooth; the *eyebrows* arched; the *mouth* not quite shut; and the *eyes* passing with an *easy* motion from object to object, but not dwelling long upon any one.

Cheerfulness adds a smile, opening the *mouth* a little more. *Mirth* or *laughter*, opens the *mouth* still more towards the ears; *crisps* the *nose*; *lessens* the *aperture* of the *eyes*, and sometimes fills them with *tears*; shakes and *convulses* the whole *frame*; giving considerable pain, which occasions *holding* the *sides*.

Raillery, in sport, without real *animosity*, puts on the aspect of *cheerfulness*. The tone of *voice* is *sprightly*. With *contempt*, or *disgust*, it casts a look *a-squint*, from time to time, at the object; and quits the *cheerful* aspect for one *mixed* between an affected *grin* and *sourness*. The *upper lip* is *drawn up* with an air of disdain. The *arms* are set *a-kimbo* on the hips; and the *right hand* now and then *thrown out* toward the object, as if one were going to strike another a slight back-hand blow. The pitch of the *voice* rather *loud*, the tone *arch* and *sneering*; the sentences short; the expressions satirical, with mock praise intermixed. There are instances of *raillery* in scripture itself, as 1 Kings, xviii. and Isa. xlv. And the excellent Tillotson has not scrupled to indulge a strain of that sort now and then, especially in exposing the mock solemnities of that most ludicrous (as well as odious) of all religions, *pöpery*. Nor should I think *raillery* unworthy

the attention of the lawyer ; as it may occasionally come in, not unusefully, in his pleadings, as well as any other stroke of ornament, or entertainment.*

Buffoonery assumes an arch, sly, leering gravity. Must not quit its serious aspect, though all should laugh to burst ribs of steel. This command of face is somewhat difficult ; though not so hard, I should think, as to restrain the contrary sympathy, I mean of weeping with those who weep.

Joy, when sudden and violent, expresses itself by clapping of hands, and exultation, or leaping. The eyes are opened wide ; perhaps filled with tears ; often raised to heaven, especially by devout persons. The countenance is smiling, not composedly, but with features agitated. The voice rises, from time to time, to very high notes. *Delight*, or pleasure, as when one is entertained, or ravished with music, painting, oratory, or any such elegance, shews itself by the looks, gestures, and utterance of joy ; but moderated.

Gravity, or seriousness, the mind fixed upon some important subject, draws down the eyebrows a little ; casts down, or shuts or raises the eyes to heaven ; shuts the mouth and pinches the lips close. The posture of the body and limbs is composed, and without much motion. The speech, if any, slow and solemn ; the tone unvarying.

Enquiry into an obscure subject, fixes the body in one posture, the head stooping, and the eye poring, the eyebrows drawn down.

Attention to an esteemed, or superior character, has the same aspect ; and requires silence ; the eyes often cast down upon the ground ; sometimes fixed on the face of the speaker ; but not too pertly,

Modesty, or submission, bends the body forward ; levels the eyes to the breast, if not to the feet, of the superior character. The voice low, the tone submissive, and words few.

Perplexity, or anxiety ; which is always attended with some degree of fear and uneasiness, draws all the parts of the body together ; gathers up the arms upon the breast,

* *ridiculum aeri*
Portus et melius magnas plerumque secat res:

unless one hand covers the eyes, or rubs the forehead ; draws down the eyebrows ; hangs the head upon the breast, casts down the eyes, shuts and pinches the eyelids close ; shuts the mouth, and pinches the lips close, or bites them. Suddenly the whole body is vehemently agitated. The person walks about busily ; stops abruptly. Then he talks to himself, or makes grimaces. If he speaks to another, his pauses are very long, the tone of his voice unvarying, and his sentences broken, expressing half, and keeping in half of what arises in his mind.

Vexation, occasioned by some real or imaginary misfortune, agitates the whole frame ; and, besides expressing itself with the looks, gestures, restlessness, and tone of perplexity, it adds complaint, fretting, and lamenting.

Pity, a mixed passion of love and grief, looks down upon distress with lifted hands ; eyebrows drawn down ; mouth open ; and features drawn together. Its expression, as to looks, and gesture, is the same with those of suffering, (see suffering) but more moderate, as the painful feelings are only sympathetic, and therefore one remove, as it were, more distant from the soul, than what one feels in his own person.

- *Grief*, sudden, and violent, expresses itself by beating the head ; groveling on the ground, tearing of garments, hair, and flesh ; screaming aloud, weeping, stamping with the feet, lifting the eyes, from time to time, to heaven ; hurrying to and fro, running distracted, or fainting away, sometimes without recovery. Sometimes violent grief produces a torpid sullen silence, resembling total apathy.*

Melancholy, or fixed grief, is gloomy, sedentary, motionless. The lower jaw falls ; the lips pale ; the eyes are cast down, half-shut, eyelids swelled and red, or livid ; tears trickling silent, and unwiped ; with a total inattention to every thing that passes. Words, if any, few, and those dragged out, rather than spoken ; the accents weak, and interrupted sighs breaking into the middle of sentences and words.

- *Despair*, as in a condemned criminal, or one who has lost all hope of salvation, bends the eye-brows, downward,

* Curæ leves loquuntur ; ingentes sibi pent.

Seneca Hirc.

clouds the forehead; rolls the eyes around frightfully; opens the mouth toward the ears; bites the lips; widens the nostrils; gnashes with the teeth, like a fierce wild beast. The heart is too much hardened to suffer tears to flow; yet the eye-balls will be red and inflamed, like those of an animal in a rabid state. The head is hung down upon the breast. The arms are bended at the elbows, the fists clenched hard; the veins and muscles swelled; the skin livid; and the whole body strained and violently agitated; groans, expressive of inward torture, more frequently uttered than words. If any words, they are few, and expressed with a sullen, eager bitterness; the tone of voice often loud and furious. As it often drives people to distraction and self-murder, it can hardly be over-acted by one, who would represent it.

Fear, violent and sudden, opens very wide the eyes and mouth; shortens the nose; draws down the eyebrows; gives the countenance an air of wildness; covers it with deadly paleness; draws back the elbows parallel with the sides; lifts up the open hands, the fingers together, to the height of the breast, so that the palms face the dreadful object, as shields opposed against it. One foot is drawn back behind the other, so that the body seems shrinking from the danger; and putting itself in a posture for flight. The heart beats violently; the breath is fetched quick and short; the whole body is thrown in a general tremor. The voice is weak and trembling; the sentences are short, and the meaning confused and incoherent. Imminent danger, real, or fancied, produces, in timorous persons, as women and children, violent shrieks, without any articulate sound of words; and sometimes irrecoverably confounds the understanding; produces fainting, which is sometimes followed by death.

Shame, or a sense of one's appearing to a disadvantage, before one's fellow-creatures, turns away the face from the beholders; covers it with blushes; hangs the head; casts down the eyes; draws down the eyebrows; either strikes the person dumb, or if he attempts to say any thing in his own defence, causes his tongue to falter, and confounds his utterance; and puts him upon making a thousand gestures and grimaces, to keep himself in counte-

nance; all which only heighten the confusion of his appearance.

Remorse, or a painful sense of guilt, casts down the countenance, and clouds it with anxiety; hangs down the head, draws the eyebrows down upon the eyes. The right hand beats the breast. The teeth gnash with anguish. The whole body is strained and violently agitated. If this strong remorse is succeeded by the more gracious disposition of penitence or contrition; then the eyes are raised (but with great appearance of doubting and fear) to the throne of heavenly mercy; and immediately cast down again to the earth. Then floods of tears are seen to flow. The knees are bended; or the body prostrated on the ground. The arms are spread in a suppliant posture, and the voice of deprecation is uttered with sighs, groans, timidity, hesitation, and trembling.

Courage, steady, and cool, opens the countenance, gives the whole form an erect and graceful air. The accents are strong, full mouthed and articulate, the voice firm and even.

Boasting, or affected courage, is loud, blustering, threatening. The eyes stare; the eyebrows drawn down; the face is red and bloated; the mouth pouts out; the voice hollow and thundering; the arms are set a-kimbo; the head often nodding in a menacing manner; and the right fist clenched, is brandished, from time to time, at the person threatened. The right foot is often stamped upon the ground, and the legs take such large strides, and the steps are so heavy, that the earth seems to tremble under them.

Pride assumes a lofty look, bordering upon the aspect and attitude of anger. The eyes open, but with the eyebrows considerably drawn down; the mouth pouting out; mostly shut, and the lips pinched close. The words walk out a-strut, with a slow, stiff, bombastic affectation of importance. The arms generally a-kimbo, and the legs at a distance from one another, taking large tragedy-strides.

Obstinacy adds to the aspect of pride, a dogged sourness like that of malice. See *Malice*.

Authority opens the countenance; but draws down the eyebrows a little, so far as to give the look of gravity. See *gravity*.

Commanding requires an air a little more *peremptory*, with a look a little *severe* or *stern*. The *hand* is *held out*, and *moved toward* the person, to whom the order is given, with the *palm upwards*, and the *head nods toward* him.

Forbidding, on the contrary, draws the *head backward*, and pushes the *hand* from one with the *palm downward*, as if going to lay it upon the person, to hold him down immovable, that he may not do what is forbidden him.

Affirming, especially with a judicial oath, is expressed by *lifting* the open right *hand*, and *eyes*, toward *heaven*; or, if *conscience* is appealed to, by laying the right *hand* upon the *breast*.

Denying is: expressed by *pushing* the open right hand from one; and turning the *face* the contrary way. See *Aversion*.

Differing in sentiment, may be expressed as refusing. See *Refusing*.

Agreeing in opinion, or conviction, as granting. See *Granting*.

Exhorting, as by a general at the head of his army, requires a kind, *complacent* look; unless matter of *offence* has passed, as neglect of duty, or the like.

Judging demands a *grave, steady* look, with deep *attention*; the *countenance* altogether clear from any appearance of either *disgust* or *favour*. The *accents* *slow, distinct, emphatical*, accompanied with little *action*, and that *very grave*.

Reproving, puts on a *stern* aspect, *roughens* the *voice*, and is accompanied with *gestures* not much different from those of *threatening*, but not so *lively*.

Acquitting is performed with a *benevolent, tranquil* countenance, and tone of *voice*; the right hand, if not both, *open, waved* gently toward the person acquitted, expressing *dismissal*. (See *dismissing*.)

Condemning assumes a *severe* look, but mixed with *pity*. The *sentence* is to be expressed as with *reluctance*.

Teaching, explaining, inculcating, or giving orders to an *inferior*, requires an air of *superiority* to be assumed. The *features* are to be composed to an *authoritative gravity*. The *eye* *steady*, and *open*, the *eyebrow* a little

drawn down over it; but not so much as to look *surly* or *dogmatical*.

The *tone* of voice varying according as the *emphasis* requires, of which a *good deal* is necessary in expressing matter of this sort. The pitch of voice to be *strong* and *clear*; the *articulation distinct*; the *utterance slow*; and the manner *preceptory*. This is the proper manner of pronouncing the *commandments* in the communion office. But (I am sorry to say it) they are too commonly spoken in the same manner as the *prayers*, than which nothing can be more unnatural.

Pardoning differs from *acquitting*, in that the latter means *clearing* a person after trial of *guilt*; whereas the former supposes *guilt*, and signifies merely delivering the guilty person from *punishment*. *Pardoning* requires some degree of *severity* of aspect and *tone* of voice, because the pardoned person is not an object of entire *unmixed* approbation; otherwise its expression is much the same as *granting*. See *Granting*.

Arguing requires a *cool, sedate, attentive aspect*, and a *clear, slow, emphatical accent*, with much *demonstration* by the hand. It differs from *teaching* (see *Teaching*) in that the look of *authority* is not wanted in *arguing*.

Dismissing, with *approbation*, is done with a *kind aspect* and *tone* of voice; the right hand *open*, gently *raised* toward the person: with *displeasure*, besides the look and tone of voice which suit displeasure, the hand is hastily *thrown out* toward the person dismissed, the *back* part toward him, the *countenance* at the same time turned away from him.

Refusing, when accompanied with *displeasure*, is expressed nearly in the *same* way. Without displeasure, it is done with a visible *reluctance*, which occasions the bringing out the words *slowly*, with such a *shake* of the *head*, and *shrug* of the *shoulders*, as is natural upon hearing of somewhat, which gives us *concern*.

Granting, when done with *unreserved* good-will, is accompanied with a *benevolent aspect*, and *tone* of voice; the right hand *pressed* to the left *breast*, to signify how *heartily* the favour is granted, and the benefactor's joy in *con-*
ferring it.

Dependence. See *Modesty*.

Veneration, or worshipping, comprehends several articles, as *ascription*, *confession*, *remorse*, *intercession*, *thanksgiving*, *deprecation*, *petition*, &c. *Ascription* of honour and praise to the peerless and supreme Majesty of heaven, and *confession* and *deprecation*, are to be uttered with all that *humility* of looks and *gesture*, which can exhibit the most profound *self-abasement* and *annihilation*, before One, whose *superiority* is *infinite*. The *head* is a little *raised*, but with the most apparent *timidity*, and *dread*; the *eye* is *lifted*, but immediately cast *down* again, or *closed* for a *moment*; the *eyebrows* are drawn *down* in the most respectful manner; the *features*, and the whole *body* and *limbs*, are all composed to the most profound *gravity*; one posture continuing, without considerable *change*, during the whole performance of the duty. The *knees* *bended*, or the whole *body* *prostrate*; or if the posture be standing, which scripture* does not disallow, bending *forward*, as ready to prostrate itself. The *arms* *spread* out, but *modestly*, as high as the *breast*; the *hands* *open*. The *tone* of the *voice* will be *submissive* *timid*, *equal*, *trembling*, *weak*, *suppliant*. The *words* will be brought out with a visible *anxiety* and *diffidence* approaching to *hesitation*; *few*, and *slow*; nothing of vain *repetition*, † *haranguing*, flowers of *rhetoric*, or affected *figures* of *speech*; all *simplicity*, *humility*, and *lowliness*, such as becomes a *reptile* of the dust, when presuming to address Him whose *greatness* is tremendous beyond all *created* *conception*. In *intercession* for our fellow-creatures, which is prescribed in the scriptures, § and in *thanksgiving*, the countenance will naturally assume a *small* degree of *cheerfulness*, beyond what it was clothed with in *confession* of sin and *deprecation* of punishment. But all affected *ornament* of *speech* or *gesture* in devotion, deserves the severest censure, as being somewhat much worse than absurd.

Respect for a *superior*, puts on the look and gesture of *modesty*. See *Modesty*.

Hope *brightens* the countenance; *arches* the *eyebrows*; gives the *eyes* an *eager*, *wishful* look; *opens* the *mouth* to

* Mark xi. 25. † Matth. vi. 7. § Matth. v. 44. Luke vi. 28.

half a *smile*; *bends* the *body* a little *forward*, the *feet* *equal*; *spreads* the *arms*, with the *hands* *open*, as to *receive* the *object* of its longings. The *tone* of the *voice* is *eager* and *unevenly* inclining to that of *joy*; but *curbed* by a degree of *doubt* and *anxiety*. *Desire* differs from *hope*, as to expression, in this particular, that there are more appearance of *doubt* and *anxiety* in the *former*, than the *latter*. For it is one thing to *desire* what is agreeable, and another to have a prospect of actually *obtaining* it.

Desire expresses itself by *bending* the *body* forward, and *stretching* the *arms* toward the *object*, as to *grasp* it. The *countenance* *smiling* and *wishful*; the *eyes* *wide open*, and *eyebrows* *raised*; the *mouth* *open*; the *tone* of *voice* *suppliant*, but *lively* and *cheerful*, unless there be *distress* as well as *desire*: the *expressions* *fluent* and *copious*; if no words are used, *sighs* instead of them; but this is chiefly in *distress*.

Love (successful) lights up the *countenance* into *smiles*. The *forehead* is *smoothed* and enlarged; the *eyebrows* are *arched*; the *mouth* a little *open*, and *smiling*; the *eyes*, *languishing* and *half-shut*, *dote* upon the *beloved object*. The *countenance* assumes the *eager* and *wishful* look of *desire* (see *Desire* above) but mixed with an air of *satisfaction* and *repose*. The *accents* are *soft* and *winning*; the *tone* of *voice* *persuasive*, *flattering*, *pathetic*, *various*, *musical*, *rapturous*, as in *joy*. (See *Joy*.) The attitude much the same with that of *desire*. Sometimes both *hands* *pressed* eagerly to the *bosom*. *Love*, unsuccessful, adds an air of *anxiety* and *melancholy*. (See *Perplexity* and *Melancholy*.)

Giving, *inviting*, *soliciting*, and such like actions, which suppose some degree of affection, real or pretended, are accompanied with much the same looks and gestures as express love; but more moderate.

Wonder, or amazement (without any other *interesting* passion, as *love*, *esteem*, &c.) *opens* the *eyes*, and makes them appear very *prominent*; sometimes *raises* them to the *skies*; but oftener, and more expressively, *fixes* them on the *object*, if the cause of the passion be a *present* and *visible* object, with the look, all except the wildness, of *fear*. (See *Fear*.) If the *hands* hold any thing, at the

time, when the object of wonder appears, they immediately let it *drop*, unconscious ; and the whole *body fixes* in the *contracted, stooping* posture of *amazement* ; the *mouth open* ; the *hands held up open*, nearly in the attitude of *fear*. (See *Fear*.) The *first* access of this passion *stops* all *utterance*. But it makes amends afterwards by a *copious flow of words and exclamations*.

Admiration, a mixed passion, consisting of *wonder*, with *love* or *esteem*, takes away the *familiar* gesture, and expression of simple *love*. (See *Love*.) Keeps the *respectful look and attitude*. (See *Modesty and Veneration*.) The *eyes are opened wide*, and now and then *raised toward heaven*. The *mouth is opened*. The *hands are lifted up*. The *tone* of the voice *rapturous*. This passion expresses itself *copiously*, making great use of the figure *hyperbole*.

Gratitude puts on an aspect full of *complacency*. (See *Love*.) If the object of it is a character greatly *superior*, it expresses much *submission*. (See *Modesty*.) The *right hand pressed upon the breast* accompanies, very properly, the expression of a *sincere* and *heartly* sensibility of obligation.

Curiosity, as of a busy-body, *opens* the *eyes*, and *mouth*, *lengthens* the *neck*, *bends* the *body forward*, and *fixes* it in *one posture*, with the *hands* nearly in that of *admiration*. See *Admiration*. See also *Desire, Attention, Hope, Enquiry, and Perplexity*.

Persuasion puts on the look of moderate *love*. (See *Love*.) Its *accents* are *soft, flattering, emphatical, and articulate*.

Tempting, or wheedling, expresses itself much in the same way ; only carrying the *fawning* part to *excess*.

Promising is expressed with *benevolent* looks, the nod of consent, and the open *hands gently moved towards* the person, to whom the promise is made ; the *palms upwards*. The *sincerity* of the promiser may be expressed by laying the *right hand gently on the breast*.

Affectation displays itself in a thousand *different gestures, motions, airs, and looks*, according to the *character* which the person affects. Affectation of *learning* gives a *stiff formality* to the whole person. The *words come stalking out* with the *pace of a funeral procession* ; and every

sentence has the *solemnity* of an oracle. Affectation of *piety* turns up the goggling whites of the eyes to heaven, as if the person were in a trance, and fixes them in that posture so long that the brain of the beholder grows giddy. Then comes up, deep-grumbling, a holy *groan* from the lower parts of the thorax ; but so tremendous in sound, and so long protracted, that you expect to see a goblin rise, like an exhalation through the solid earth. Then he begins to *rock* from side to side, or backward and forward, like an aged pine on the side of a hill, when a brisk wind blows. The hands are clasped together, and often lifted, and the head often shaken with foolish vehemence. - The tone of the voice is canting, or sing-song lullaby, not much distant from an Irish howl ; and the words godly doggerel. Affectation of *beauty*, and killing, puts a fine woman by turns into all sorts of *forms, appearances, and attitudes*, but *amiable* ones. She undoes, by art, or rather by awkwardness (for true art conceals itself) all that nature had done for her. Nature formed her almost an *angel*, and she, with infinite pains, makes herself a *monkey*. Therefore this species of Affectation is easily imitated, or taken off. Make as many, and as *ugly grimaces, motions, and gestures*, as can be made ; and take care that nature never peep out ; and you represent coquetish *affectation* to the life.

Sloth, appears by *yawning, dosing, snoring*, the head *dangling* sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other, the *arms and legs stretched* out, and every *sinew* of the body *unstrung*, the *eyes heavy or closed* ; the *words*, if any, *crawl* out of the mouth, but *half-formed*, scarce *audible* to any ear, and *broken off* in the middle by powerful *sleep*.

People, who walk in their sleep (of which our inimitable *Shakespear* has in his tragedy of *MACBETH*, drawn out a fine scene) are said to have their eyes open ; though they are not, the more for that, conscious of any thing, but the dream, which has got possession of their imagination. I never saw one of those persons ; therefore cannot describe their manner from nature ; but I suppose, their speech is pretty much like that of persons dreaming, *inarticulate, incoherent*, and very *different*, in its tone from what it is when *waking*.

Intoxication shews itself by the *eyes half-shut, sleepy, stupid, inflamed*. An *idiot smile*, a ridiculous *surliness* or affected *bravado*, disgraces the *bloated countenance*. The *mouth open* tumbles out nonsense in heaps, without *articulation* enough for any ear to take it in, and unworthy of attention, if it could be taken in. The *head* seems too heavy for the neck. The *arms dangle* from the shoulders, as if they were almost cut away, and hung by shreds. The *legs totter* and *bend* at the knees, as ready to *sink* under the *weight* of the reeling body. And a general *incapacity, corporeal and mental*, exhibits *human nature* sunk below the *brutal*.

Anger (violent) or rage, expresses itself with *rapidity, interruption, noise, harshness, and trepidation*. The *neck stretched out*; the *head forward*, often *nodding*, and *shaken* in a *menacing* manner, against the object of the passion. The *eyes red, inflamed, staring, rolling, and sparkling*; the *eyebrows drawn down* over them; and the *forehead wrinkled* into clouds. The *nostrils stretched wide*; every *vein swelled*; every *muscle strained* the breast heaving and the *breath fetched hard*. The *mouth open*, and drawn on each side toward the *ears*, shewing the *teeth*, in a *gnashing* posture. The face *bloated, pale, red, or sometimes almost black*. The *feet stamping*; the *right arm often thrown out*, and *menacing*, with the *clenched fist shaken*, and a general and violent *agitation* of the whole *body*.

Peevishness or ill-nature, is a lower degree of anger; and is therefore expressed in the above manner, only more *moderate*; with *half sentences*, and *broken speeches*, uttered hastily; the *upper lip drawn up disdainfully*. The *eyes* *asquint* upon the object of displeasure.

Malice, or *spite*, sets the *jaws*, or *gnashes* with the *teeth*; sends *blasting flashes* from the *eyes*; draws the *mouth toward the ears*; *clenches both fists*, and *bends the elbows* in a *straining* manner. The *tone of voice*; but the *pression*, are much the same with *pitch not so much more moderate* in its gestures, than *malice*; but much the same in kind.

Revenge expresses itself as *malice*.

Cruelty. See *Anger*, *Aversion*, *Malice*, and the other irascible passions.

Complaining, as when one is under violent bodily pain, *distorts* the features ; almost *closes* the eyes ; sometimes *raises* them *wishfully* ; *opens* the mouth ; *gnashes* with the teeth ; *draws up* the upper lip ; *draws down* the head upon the breast, and the whole body together. The arms are violently *bent* at the elbows, and the fists strongly *clenched*. The voice is uttered in *groans*, *lamentations*, and violent *screams*. Extreme torture produces *fainting* and *death*.

Fatigue, from severe labour, gives a general *languor* to the whole body. The countenance is *dejected*. (See *Grief*.) The arms hang listless ; the body, (if sitting, or lying along be not the posture) *stoops*, as in old age. (See *Dotage*) The legs, if walking, are *dragged* heavily along, and seem at every step ready to *bend* under the weight of the body. The voice is *weak*, and the words hardly enough articulated to be understood.

Aversion, or hatred, expressed to, or of any person, or thing, that is odious to the speaker, occasions his drawing back as avoiding the approach of what he hates : the hands, at the same time, thrown out spread, as if to keep it off, The face turned away from that side toward which the hands are thrown out ; the eyes looking *angrily* and *asquint* the same way the hands are directed ; the eyebrows drawn downward ; the upper lip disdainfully drawn up ; but the teeth set. The pitch of the voice loud ; the tone *chiding*, *unequal*, *surly*, *vehement*. The sentences short, and abrupt.

Commendation, or approbation, from a superior, puts on the aspect of love, (excluding *Desire*, and *Respect*) and expresses itself in a mild tone of voice ; the arms gently improved. Exhortations of the hands toward the person approved, is expressed with *soothing*, as of an army by a *look* and

Jealousy would be likely to be well expressed by one, who had often seen prisoners tortured in the dungeons of the *inquisition*, or who had seen what the dungeons of the *inquisition* are the best earthly emblem of ; I mean *Hell*.

For next to being in the pope's, or in Satan's prison, is the torture of him who is possessed with the spirit of *jealousy*. Being a mixture of passions directly contrary to one another, the person, whose soul is the seat of such confusion and tumult, must be in as much greater misery than Prometheus, with the vulture tearing his liver, as the pains of the *mind* are greater than those of the *body*. Jealousy is a ferment of *love, hatred, hope, fear, shame, anxiety, suspicion, grief, pity, envy, pride, rage, cruelty, vengeance, madness*, and if there be any other tormenting passion, which can agitate the human mind. Therefore to express *jealousy* well, requires that one know how to represent justly all these *passions* by turns (See *Love, Hatred, &c.*) and often several of them together. *Jealousy* shews itself by *restlessness, peevishness, thoughtfulness, anxiety, absence of mind*. Sometimes it bursts out in a piteous *complaint* and *weeping*; then a gleam of *hope*, that all is yet well, lights up the countenance into a momentary smile. Immediately the face, clouded with a general *gloom*, shews the mind *overcast* again with horrid *suspicions* and frightful *imaginations*. Then the *arms* are *folded* upon the *breast*; the *fists* violently *clenched*; the *rolling, bloody eyes* dart *fury*. He *hurries* to and fro; he has no more *rest* than a ship in a troubled sea, the sport of winds and waves. Again he *composes* himself a little to reflect on the *charms* of the suspected person. She appears to his imagination like the *sweetness* of the rising *dawn*. Then his monster-breeding fancy represents her as *false*, as she is *fair*. Then he *roars* out as one on the *rack*, when the cruel engine rends every joint, and every sinew bursts. Then he throws himself on the *ground*. He *beats* his *head* against the pavement. Then he springs up, and with the look and action of a *fury*, bursting hot from the abyss, he snatches the instrument of death, and, after ripping up the bosom, of the loved, suspected, hated, lamented, fair one, he stabs himself to the heart, and exhibits a striking proof, how terrible a creature a puny mortal is, when agitated by an infernal passion.

Dotage, or infirm *old age*, shews itself by *talkativeness, boasting* of the past, *hollowness* of eyes and cheeks, *dimness of sight, deafness, tremor of voice, the accents, through*

default of *teeth*, scarce intelligible; *hams weak*, *knees tottering*, *head paralytic*, hollow *coughing*, frequent *expectoration*, breathless *wheezing*, laborious *groaning*, the *body stooping* under the insupportable load of years, which soon will crush it into dust, from whence it had its origin.

Folly, that is, of a natural *idiot*, gives the *face* an habitual, thoughtless, brainless *grin*. The *eyes* dance from object to object, without ever fixing *steadily* upon any one. A thousand *different* and *incoherent* passions, *looks*, *gestures*, *speeches* and *absurdities*, are played off every moment.

Distraction opens the *eyes* to a frightful wildness; *rolls* them *hastily* and *wildly* from object to object; *distorts* every *feature*; *gnashes* with the *teeth*; *agitates* all the parts of the *body*; *rolls* in the *dust*; *foams* at the *mouth*; utters, with hideous *bellowings*, execrations, blasphemies, and all that is *fierce* and *outrageous*; *rushes furiously* on all who approach; and, if not restrained, *tears* its own *flesh*, and, *destroys* itself.

Sickness has *infirmity* and *feebleness* in every motion and utterance. The *eyes* *dim*, and almost *closed*; *cheeks* *pale* and *hollow*; the *jaw* *fallen*; the *head* *hung down*; as if too *heavy* to be supported by the neck. A general *inertia* prevails. The *voice* *trembling*; the *utterance* through the *nose*; every sentence accompanied with a *groan*; the *hand* *shaking*, and the *knees tottering* under the *body*; or the *body stretched* helpless on the *bed*.

Fainting, produces a sudden *relaxation* of all that holds the human frame together, every sinew and ligament unstrung. The *colour* *flies* from the vermillion cheek; the sparkling *eye* grows *dim*. Down the *body* *drops*, as helpless, and senseless, as a mass of *clay*, to which, by its colour and appearance it seems hastening to *resolve* itself. Which leads me to conclude with

Death, the awful end of all *flesh*; which exhibits nothing in appearance different from what I have been just describing; for fainting continued ends in death; a subject almost too *serious* to be made a matter of artificial *imitation*.

Lower degrees of every passion are to be expressed by more *moderate* exertions of *voice* and *gesture*, as every public speaker's discretion will suggest to him.

Mixed passions, or emotions of the mind, require a

mixed expression. *Pity*, for example, is composed of *grief* and *love*. It is therefore evident, that a correct speaker must, by his looks and gestures, and by the tone and pitch of his voice, express both *grief* and *love*, in expressing *pity*, and so of the rest.

There may be *other* humours or passions, besides these, which a reader, or speaker, may have occasion to express. But these are the *principal*. And, if there be any *others*, they will occur among the following *examples* for practice, taken from various authors, and *rules* will be given for expressing them. And though it may be alledged, that *some* of these passions, or humours, are such, as hardly *ever* come in the way of the speaker at the *bar*, in the *pulpit*, or either house of *parliament*, it does not therefore follow, that the labour of studying and practising the proper ways of expressing them is *useless*. On the contrary, every speaker will find his account in *enlarging* his sphere of *practice*. A gentleman may not have occasion every day, to *dance* a *minuet* : but he has occasion to go into company every day : and he will go into a room with much the better grace for his having learned to *dance* in the most *elegant* manner. The *orator* may not have actual occasion to express *anger*, *jealousy*, *malice*, and some few others of the more *violent* passions, for which I have here given rules. But he will, by applying his organs of elocution to express *them*, acquire a masterly *ease* and *fluency*, in expressing those he has actually *occasion* to express.

It is to be remembered, that the *action*, in expressing the various humours and passions, for which I have here given rules, is to be suited to the *age*, *sex*, *condition*, and *circumstances* of the character. Violent *anger*, or *rage*, for example, is to be expressed with great agitation (see *Anger*) but the rage of an infirm *old man* or of a *woman*, and of a *youth*, are all different from one another, and from that of a man in the *flower* of his age, as every speaker's discretion will suggest.

A *hero* may shew *fear*, or *sensibility* of *pain* ; but not in the same *manner* as a *girl* would express those sensations. Grief may be expressed by a person reading a melancholy story, or description, in a room. It may be

acted upon the stage. It may be dwelt upon by the pleader at the bar ; or it may have a place in a sermon. The passion is still grief. But the manner of expressing it will be different in each of the speakers, if they have judgment. A *correct* speaker does not make a *movement* of limb, or feature, for which he has not a *reason*. If he addresses *heaven*, he looks *upward*. If he speaks to his *fellow-creatures*, he looks round *upon them*. The *spirit* of what he says, or is said to him, appears in his *look*. If he expresses *amazement*, or would excite it, he *lifts* up his *hands* and *eyes*. If he *invites* to virtue and happiness, he *spreads* his *arms*, and *looks benevolence*. If he *threatens* the vengeance of heaven against vice, he *bends* his *eyebrows* into *wrath*, and *menaces* with his *arm* and *countenance*. He does not *needlessly* *saw* the *air* with his *arm*, nor *stab* himself with his *finger*. He does not clap his right *hand* upon his *breast* unless he has occasion to speak of *himself*, or to introduce *conscience*, or somewhat *sentimental*. He does not start *back*, unless he wants to express *horror* or *aversion*. He does not come *forward*, but when he has occasion to *solicit*. He does not *raise* his voice, but to express somewhat peculiarly *emphatical*. He does not *lower* it, but to *contrast* the *raising* of it. His *eyes*, by turns, according to the *humour* of the matter he has to express, *sparkle* *fury* ; *brighten* into *joy* ; *glance* *disdain* ; *melt* into *grief* ; *frown* *disgust* and *hatred* ; *languish* into *love* ; or *glare* *distract*ion.

But to apply *properly*, and in a masterly manner, the almost endlessly various expression of the different passions and emotions of the mind, for which nature has so curiously fitted the human frame—*hic labor*—*here is the difficulty*. Accordingly a consummate public *speaker* is truly a *phœnix*. But much *less* than all this, is generally speaking, sufficient for most occasions.

There is an *error*, which is too inconsiderately received by many judicious persons, *viz.* that a public speaker's shewing himself to be in *earnest*, will alone secure him of duly *affecting* his *audience*. Were this true, the enthusiastic *rant* of the *fanatic*, who is often very much in *earnest*, ought to *please* the *judicious* ; in whom, on the contrary we know, it excites only *laughter*, or *pity*.

It is granted, that *nature* is the *rule* by which we are to *speak* and to *judge* of propriety in speaking. And every public *speaker*, who faithfully, and in a masterly manner, follows that universal guide, commands *attention* and *approbation*. But a speaker may, either through incurable natural *deficiency*, or by deviating into some incorrigible *absurdity* of manner, express the *real* and the *warm* sentiments of his *heart*, in such an *awkward* way as shall effectually defeat his whole design upon those who hear him, and render *himself* the object of their ridicule. It is not enough, as Quintilian * says, to be a *human creature*, to make a *good speaker*. As, on one hand, it is *not true*, that a *speaker's* shewing himself in *earnest* is alone *sufficient*, so on the other, it is certain, that if he does not *seem* to be in earnest, he cannot but *fail* of his design.

There is a true *sublime* in *delivery*, as in the other imitative *arts*; in the *manner* as well as in the *matter*, of what an orator delivers. As in *poetry*, *painting*, *sculpture*, *music*, and the other elegancies, the true *sublime* consists in a set of *masterly*, *large*, and *noble* strokes of art, superior to florid *littleness*; so it is in *delivery*. The *accents* are to be *clear* and articulate; every *syllable* standing off from that which is next to it, so that they might be *numbered* as they proceed. The *inflections* of the voice are to be so distinctly *suit*ed to the *matter*, that the *humor* or *passions* might be known by the *sound* of the *voice* only, where there could not be one *word* heard. And the *variations* are to be, like the full swelling *folds* of the *drapery* in a fine picture, or statue, *bold* and *free*, and *forcible*.

True eloquence does not wait for cool *approbation*. Like irresistible *beauty*, it *transports*, it *ravishes*, it *commands* the *admiration* of all, who are within its reach. If it allows *time* to *criticise*, it is not *genuine*. It ought to *hurry* us out of ourselves, to *engage* and *swallow* up our whole *attention*; to *drive* every thing out of our *minds*, besides the *subject* it would hold forth, and the *point*, it wants to *carry*. The hearer finds himself as *unable* to

† ——— Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Prius ipse tibi.

Hor.

the grace of *action*, the piercing *glance*, or gentle *languish*, or fiery *flash* of the *eye* ; whatever of lively *passion*, or striking *emotion* of mind, whatever of fine *imagination*, of wise *reflection*, or irresistible *reasoning* ; whatever of *excellence* in human nature, all that the *hand* of the *Creator* has impressed of his *own image* upon the *noblest* creature we are acquainted with, all this appears in the consummate *speaker* to the highest *advantage*. And whoever is proof against such a display of all that is noble in human nature, must have neither *eye* nor, *ear* nor *passion*, nor *imagination*, nor *taste*, nor *understanding*.

Though it may be alledged, that a great deal of *gesture*, or *action*, at the *bar*, or in the *pulpit*, especially the *latter*, is not wanted, nor is quite in *character* ; it is yet certain, that there is no part of the man, that has not its proper *attitude*. The *eyes* are not to be *rolled* along the ceiling, as if the speaker thought himself in duty bound to take care how the flies behave themselves. Nor are they to be constantly cast *down* upon the ground, as if he were before his judge, receiving sentence of death. Nor to be fixed upon *one point*, as if he saw a ghost. The *arms* of the *preacher* are not to be *needlessly thrown out*, as if he were drowning in the pulpit ; or *brandished*, after the manner of the ancient *pugiles*, or boxers, exercising themselves by fighting with their own shadow, to prepare them for the Olympic contests. Nor, on the contrary, are his *hands* to be *pocketed up*, nor his *arms* to *hang* by his sides as lank as if they were both *withered*. The *head* is not to stand *fixed*, as if the speaker had a perpetual crick in his neck. Nor is it to *nod* at every third word, as if he were acting Jupiter, or his would-be-son, Alexander.*

A judicious speaker is master of such a *variety* of decent and natural *motions*, and has such command of attitude, that he will not be long enough in *one posture* to offend the eye of the spectator. The *matter*, he has to pronounce, will suggest the propriety of *changing* from

* With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears ;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

DARTEN'S ODE.

time to time, his *look*, his *posture* his *motion*, and *tone* of voice, which if they were to continue too long the *same*, would become *tedious*, and *irksome* to the beholders. Yet he is not to be every moment *changing* posture, like an harlequin, nor *throwing* his *hands* about, as if he were shewing legerdemain tricks.

Above all things, the public speaker is *never* to *forget* the great rule, *ARS EST CELARE ARTEM*. It would be infinitely more pleasing to see him deliver himself with as little *motion*, and no better *attitude*, than those of an Egyptian mummy, than *distorting* himself into all the *violations* of *decorum*, which *affectation* produces. *Art*, *seen through*, is *execrable*.

Modesty ought ever to be *conspicuous* in the behaviour of all, who are obliged to exhibit themselves before the eye of the *public*. Whatever of *gesture*, or exertion of *voice*, such persons use, they ought to appear plainly to be *drawn* into them by the *importance*, *spirit* or *humor* of the *matter*. If the speaker uses any *arts* of *delivery*, which appear plainly to be *studied*; the effect will be that his *awkward* attempt to work upon the passions of his hearers, by means, of which he *is not master*, will render him *odious* and *contemptible* to them. With what *stiff* and *pedantic solemnity* do some public speakers utter *thoughts*, so *trifling*, as to be *hardly worth uttering at all*! And what *unnatural* and *unsuitable tones* of voice, and *gesticulations*, do others apply, in delivering what, by *their* manner of delivering, one would be apt to question, not only whether it is their *own* composition, but whether they really *understand* it.

The clergy have one considerable *apology* from the awkwardness of the *place* they speak from. A *pulpit* is, by its very *make*, necessarily *destructive* of all *grace* of *attitude*. What could even a *Tully* do in a *tub*, just *big enough* for him to *stand* in, *immersed* up to the *arm-pits*, *pillowing* his *chin* upon its *cushion*, as *Milton* describes the sun upon the orient wave? But it is *hardly* to be expected, that this, or any other *impropriety* in *sacred matters*, of which there are many *greater*, should be *altered*. *Errors*, in them,

become, by long establishment, *sacred*.^{*} And I doubt not, but some of the *narrower* part of the *clergy*, as well as of the *people*, would think any other form of a pulpit, than the *present*, though much *fitter* for *exhibiting* the speaker to an advantage, an *innovation* likely to prove *dangerous* to *religion*, and which is worse, to the *church*.

Nor is it to be expected, that *decorum* of manner, in *preaching*, should be carried to any great perfection in England, while *reading* is thought to be *preaching*. If the Greek and Roman orators had *read* their sermons, the effect would have been, I suppose, pretty much the same as that which sermons produce among us. The hearers might have, many of them, *dropped asleep*. In some foreign countries, preachers are so much aware of the disadvantage of *reading*, that such, as have *weak memories*, have a prompter behind, in the pulpit, out of sight. However, it must be owned, that, if preachers would bestow a little pains in committing to the *memory* the substance of their discourses, so as not to be *slaves* to written *notes*, and endeavour to gain a tolerable *readiness* at extemporary *amplification* (which at the *bar* is *indispensable*) their discourses might have *effect*, though the *eye* should now and then be *cast* upon the *notes*, if not in a *clumsy* manner, and with *hesitation*. Quintilian † *himself* will not object to *so much* use of notes. as I have here allowed ; though he absolutely requires his orator to be possessed of a *memory*. ‡

^{*} See the writings of many of the *clergy themselves* to this purpose, as Dr. Clark, Hare, Hoadly, Whiston, Clayton, &c. the CANDID DISQUISITIONS, and the CONFESSORIAL.

† Inst. Orat. L. x. C. vii.

‡ Dean Swift, in his *Letter to a young Clergyman*, writes on this subject, as follows :

“ I cannot but think, that what is *read* differs as much from what is repeated *without book*, as a copy does from an original. At the same time I am fully sensible, what an extreme difficulty it would be upon you to alter this ; and that if you did, your sermons would be much less valuable than otherwise, for want of time to improve and correct them. I would therefore gladly come to a compromise with you in this matter.”

He then goes on to advise, that he should write his sermons in a large fair hand, and read them over several times before delivering them, so as to be able, with the help of an eye, cast down now and then, upon the paper, to pronounce them with ease and force.

To hear a *judicious* and *elegant* discourse from the pulpit, which would, in *print*, make a noble figure, *murdered* by him, who had learning and taste to compose it, but having been neglected as to one important part of his education, knows not how to deliver it otherwise than with a *tone* between *singing* and *saying*, or with a *nod* of his *head*, to enforce, as with a hammer, every emphatical word, or with the same *unanimated monotony*, in which he was used to repeat *Quæ genus*, at Westminster school; what can be imagined more *lamentable*! yet what more *common*! Were the educators of youth, intended for the ministry, of the opinion of the *prince of orators*, viz. that delivery is the *first*, *second* and *third* part of *oratory*, they would spare sometime from the many *less necessary* parts of school learning, to apply it to one so very *essential*; without which the weight of the most *sacred subject*, the greatest depth of *critical disquisition*, the most unexceptionable *reasoning*, the most accurate *arrangement of matter*, and the most striking *energy of style*, are all *lost* upon the audience, who sit *unaffected*, and depart *unimproved*. From hence it is, that while places of public *worship* are almost *empty*, *theatres* are *crowded*. Yet in the *former* the most *interesting subjects* are treated. In the *latter* all is *fiction*. To the *former* all are invited without any *expense*. The *charge* and *trouble* of attending the *latter* are *considerable*. But it will not be otherwise, so long as the speakers in the *former* take no more pains to enforce their public instructions than if they delivered *fictions*, and those in the *latter* bestow so much to make *fictions* seem *true*. It may be said, this observation has *often* been made *before*. The more is the *pity*. And it ought to be *often* made *again*, and to be *dwelt upon*, till the fault is amended.

- Did preachers labour to acquire a masterly *delivery*, places of public *instruction* would be *crowded*, as places of public *diversion* are *now*. *Rakes* and *infidels*, merely to shew their *taste*, would frequent them. Could all frequent them and *none* profit?

It is common to hear complaints from the clergy, of the *inattention* of their hearers, even to *dozing*, and sometimes to profound *sleep*. But *where* does this complaint fall at last? Even upon the *preachers* themselves, who

address their hearers with such *coldness* and *indifference* as to leave them *nothing* to do, but to *go to sleep*. Let the preacher but *exert* himself properly, and he may *defy* his hearers to *go to sleep*, or withdraw their *attention* for a moment.

The clergy are likewise very full of their complaints of the little *effect* their labours produce. *Infidelity* and *vice*, they cry, prevail more than ever. Churches are poorly *filled*. And those, who attend for fashion's sake, are not much *better* than their *neighbours*.

But what is the *plain English* of this lamentable outcry? Why, truly, that they find people *loath* to go to the places of public instruction to be *disgusted* or *lulled to sleep*. And, that when they *have them there*, they cannot *persuade* them to quit their vices and follies by *lolling* twenty minutes upon a velvet cushion, and *reading* to them a *learned discourse*. That they cannot *warm* them to the love of virtue by a *cold*, ill-read, pulpit harangue. That they cannot win their *affections* whilst they *neglect* all the *natural* means for *working* upon the human *passions*. That they cannot *kindle* in them that *burning* zeal which suits the most *important* of all *interests*, by talking to them with the *coolness* of a set of *Stoic philosophers*, of the *terrors* of the *Lord*, of the *worm* that *never dies*, and the *fire* that is *not quenched*, and of future *glory*, *honor*, and *immortality*, of everlasting *kingdoms*, and heavenly *thrônes*.

I know it is common for preachers to plead, in *excuse* of the *frigidity* of their manner, in addressing their audiences, their *modesty*, and fear of being accused of *affectation*. But are *these* any *hindrance* to the elocution of the *actors*, or even of the *actresses*? who, by study and practice, come to get the better of *timidity*, and to attain an elegant and correct utterance (and are indeed, the *only speakers* we have in England) without any appearance of *affectation*; which would render them *insufferable*. But do our *preachers*, in general, bestow *any thought*, or use *any means*, of any kind, for improving themselves in speaking? The younger part of the *players rehearse*, and *practice over and over*, *many a time*, and are *long* under the *tuition* of the principal actors, before they appear in public. But there are, I believe, *no other* public speakers among us, who take

such *pains*, though they bestow *great pains* in improving themselves in *learning*; which shews, that the *neglect* of this accomplishment, is more owing to the want of a due *sense* of its *usefulness*, than to any *other* cause. And yet, of the two, *learning* is much *less necessary* to a *preacher*, than skill in *persuading*. Quintilian* makes this latter the *supreme excellence* in his *orator*.

Let the reader only consider, that a *shoemaker*, or a *taylor*, is under a *master* *seven years*, at least, before he sets up for himself. But the *preacher*, goes into the pulpit at *once*, without ever having had *one lesson*, or article of instruction in that part of his art which is the *chief* and most weighty, and without which all his *other accomplishments* are worth *nothing* toward gaining the *end* of *preaching*.

It may be alledged that the *clergy* cannot be expected to be great *orators* for *fifty* or an *hundred* pounds a year, which poor pittance is as much as many hundreds, I may say thousands, of them, have to maintain themselves and their families. The more is the pity.

But there are many *players* who do not get *more* than the lower clergy. And yet *they study hard*, for no greater encouragement, and actually acquire such skill in *working* upon the *passions* of mankind, that, for my part, if I wanted to have a composition of mine *well spoken*, I would put it into the hands of a second-rate player, rather than of *any preacher* I ever heard.

What could be imagined more *elegant*, if *entertainment alone* were sought; what more *useful*, if the *good* of *mankind* were the object, than the sacred function of preaching *properly performed*? Were the most *interesting* of subjects treated with proper perspicuity and adequate judgment, and well wrought discourses, delivered to listening crowds, with that *dignity* which becomes a teacher of divine truth, and with that *energy*, which should shew, that the *preacher* spoke from his *own heart*, and meant to speak to the *hearts* of his *hearers*, what *effects* might not *follow*? Mankind are not *wood* or *stone*. They are undoubtedly capable of being *roused* and *startled*. They may be *drawn*,

* Quint. Inst. Orat. L. vi. C. ii.

and *allured*. The voice of an able preacher, thundering out the divine *threatenings* against *vice*; would be in the ear of the *offender*, as if he heard the sound of the last *trumpet* summoning the dead to judgment. And the *gentle call of mercy*, encouraging the *terrified*, and almost *despairing penitent*, to look up to his offended heavenly Father, would seem as the *song of angels*. A whole multitude might be *lifted to the skies*. The world of spirits might be opened to the eyes of their minds. The terrors of that punishment, which awaits vice; the glories of that state, to which virtue will, through divine favour, raise the pious, might be, by a powerful preacher, rendered present to their understandings, with such conviction, as would make indelible *impressions* upon their *hearts*, and work a substantial *reformation* in their lives.*

The convincing and irrefragable *proof*, that real and important *effects* might be produced by preachers by a proper application of *oratory* to the purposes of instructing and amending mankind, is, That *oratory* has been in all times, known *actually* to *produce great alterations* in men's ways of thinking and acting. And there is no denying *facts*. To bring instances of this in a copious manner, as the subject might deserve; would be to quote more history than could be comprehended in such a volume as this. Nor can any reader imagine, an art could have been in all free governments, so laboriously cultivated by *statesman*, had they not found it *useful* in the *state*. Do we not, in our own times, see the *effects* produced by it in the British *parliament*? But if any one should alledge, that there is *nothing* in the power of *preachers* by means of *oratory*; does it not follow, that then the *whole function* of *preaching* may as well be *laid aside*? for if *good speaking* will have no effect upon mankind, surely *bad* will have *none*.

Reasoning *a priori*, one would conclude, that we should see both the study, and the effects of oratory, carried to a pitch *beyond* what they reached in the *ancient times* of *Heathenism*. Have we not the advantage of those *noble*

* Quintilian (INST. ORAT. L. vi. C. ii) makes the knowledge and command of the *pathetic*, the main instrument of *persuasion*, which according to him, is the *great business* of the orator.

models, which the ancients struck out by the mere force of natural unassisted genius? Ought we not to *exceed* those *models*? But do we *come up* to them? Have we not incomparably *clearer* views of *nature*, and of all *knowledge*, than the *ancients* had? Have we not whole *sciences* of which they knew *nothing*? The *Newtonian* philosophy alone! to what *sentiments* does it lift the mind! How do the ideas, it gives us, of *immensity* filled with *innumerable worlds* revolving round *innumerable suns*; those *worlds* themselves the centres of *others*, secondary to them; all *attracting*: all *attracted*; *enlightening*, or *receiving light*; at *distances* unmeasurable, but all under *one law*!—How do these ideas tend to *raise* our *conceptions* of the *Author* of such a work; Ought not our *productions* to *exceed theirs*, who had *no* such helps to *enrich* and *enliven* their imaginations? But, above all, as much as the *heavens* are higher than the earth, so much ought the views which *revelation* presents us with, to *ennoble* all our *productions* above those of the *ancients*, on whom that glorious light never shone. What had a *Demosthenes*, or a *Cicero*, to inspire so divine an ardour into their addresses to the people, compared with those *sublime doctrines*, which *angels* desire earnestly to pry into? If the poetical *description* of Jupiter shaking the heavens with his nod, *warmed the imagination* of a *Phidias* to such a pitch, as enabled him to produce the most majestic piece of statuary, that ever was beheld; and if the imagination of the *author** of that poetical description was exalted by the scenes he saw, and the learning he acquired by travelling into *Egypt*, and other parts; how ought the genius of the *christian orator* to be elevated, how ought both his compositions, and his manner of delivering them, to shine *superior* to all that *antiquity* ever saw; as he enjoys superior advantages for *ennobling* all his sentiments, and giving dignity and spirit to all he *composes* and *utters*! If we find a *Plato* or a *Cicero*, whenever they touch upon the sublime doctrine of a *future state*, rise above themselves, warmed with—shall I say the *prospect*? no—with the *possibility*, or at most, with the *hope* of immortality; how animated ought our descriptions to be, how forcible our manner of treating of what we pretend firmly to *believe*; of what we know

* Hon. vid. H. 1.

the Author of our religion confirmed by actually *rising* from the grave, triumphing gloriously over death, and *ascending* visibly to heaven.²

Poor were the motives, and cold the encouragements which *they* could offer to excite their hearers to bravery, and to virtue, compared with those which we have to propose. For if they put them in mind of their country, their wives, their children, their aged and helpless parents; if they called upon them to shew themselves worthy *descendants* of their illustrious *ancestors*; if they roused their *shame*, or their sense of *honor*; if they held forth the prize of deathless *fame*! all these are as cogent arguments *now*, as they were *then*. What advantage our *Christian* orators have over them, toward gaining their end, of alarming, persuading, and reforming mankind, appears from considering *how* little chance *we* should have of producing any good effect upon a people strongly *attached* to pleasures, riches, and honours, by telling them, that if they continued to pursue these their beloved objects by unlawful means, they might expect, after their death, to be carried before Minos *Rhadamanthus*, and *Æacus*, who would condemn their souls to Tartarus, where the soul of *Ixion* was tied upon a wheel, and whirled about without rest; where *Prometheus* had his liver gnawed by a vulture, which grew again as fast as it was devoured, and where *Danaus's* fifty daughters had a set of barrels, with holes in their bottoms, to keep continually full to the top: and where all wicked souls would be condemned to some such punishment; but if, on the contrary, they would act the part of honest and worthy men, and exert themselves to the hazard, and, perhaps, loss of their lives, in the defence of the liberties of their country, their souls would be ordered, by the judges of the dead, to be placed in the Elysian fields, where were pleasant greens, and lucid streams, and fragrant groves; and where they should amuse themselves with the innocent pleasures, which delighted them while here. Had our *Christian* orators *no better motives* to urge, than such as could be drawn from the consideration of certain *imaginary rewards* and *punishments* to be distributed in a certain *possible*, but *doubtful* future state in some *unknown* subterranean region; it might be expected, that their zeal

in urging them would be but *cold*, and the effect of their addresses to the people, *inconsiderable*. But the ancient orators had *no better* motives, from *futurity*, than *these* which I have mentioned, and those they could draw from *other* considerations were the same, which we may use *now*. What accounts should we have had of the power with which they spoke, and of the *effects* of their speeches, if they had had the awful *subjects* to treat of, and the *advantages* for treating of them with effect, which *our* preachers have! O shame to modern times! A Pericles, or a Demosthenes, could *shake* all *Greece*, when they warned their countrymen against an *invasion*, or alarmed them about the danger of their *liberties*! Whilst we can hardly keep our hearers *awake* when we stand forth to warn them in name of God, against the consequences of vice, ruinous to *individuals*, ruinous to *nations*; the cause not only of the subversion of states and kingdoms, when luxury and corruption spread their fatal contagion, and leave a people the unthinking prey of tyranny and oppression; but of utter irretrievable *destruction* of the *souls* and *bodies* of half a species* from the presence of God, and from the glory of his power, at that tremendous day, when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be *raised*, and when he shall sit upon the throne of judgment, from whose face heaven and earth shall fly away;† whose voice shall pronounce on the wicked the dreadful sentence, "Depart, ye cursed;" and whose breath shall blow up the unquenchable flame in which rebellious angels and men shall be irrecoverably swallowed up and destroyed.

It may, perhaps, be objected here, that sacred *truth* needs no *ornament* to set it off, no *art* to enforce it. That the *apostles* were *artless* and *illiterate* men; and yet they *gained* the great *end* of their *mission*, the *conviction* of multitudes; and the *establishment* of their *religion*. That therefore, there is no necessity for this attention to delivery, in order to qualify the preacher for his sacred office, or to render his labors successful.

* "Straight is the gate, and narrow the way, that leadeth to life, and few there be who find it." *Matt.* vii. 14.

† *Rev.* xxi. 11.

To all this the answer is ready, viz. First, the apostles were not *all* artless and illiterate. St. Paul, the *greatest* and *most general* propagator of christianity, is an *eminent exception*. He could be no *mean orator*, who *confounded* the *Jews* at Damascus,* made a *prince*, before whom he stood to *be judged*, confess, that he had *almost persuaded* him to become a convert to a religion every where *spoken against*;† threw another into a fit of *trembling*, as he sat upon his *judgment-seat*;‡ made a defence before the learned court of Areopagus, which gained him for a *convert* a member of the *court itself*;§ struck a whole *people* with such *admiration* that they took him for the *god of eloquence*;|| and gained him a place in Longinus's ¶ list of *famous orators*. Would the cold served-up *monotony* of our English *sermon-readers* have produced such effects as these? But farther, the apostles might very well spare *human accomplishments*; having what was worth them all, viz. the Divine gift of working *miracles*; which if our preachers had, I should not have much to say about their qualifying themselves in *elocution*. But, as it is, *public instruction* is the preacher's *weapon*, with which he is to combat infidelity and vice. And what avails a *weapon* without *skill* to *wield* it? *Medicines* the most salutary to the body are taken with *reluctance*, if nauseous to the taste. However, they are *taken*. But the more necessary physic for the *soul*, if it be not rendered somewhat *palatable*, will be absolutely *rejected*. For we are much less prudent in our care for the *most valuable* part of ourselves than for the *least*. Therefore the preacher ought, above *all other* public speakers, to labor to *enrich* and *adorn*, in the most masterly manner, his addresses to mankind; his views being the most *important*. What grand point has the *player* to *gain*? Why, to draw an audience to the

* Acts ix. 22. † Acts xvi. 28. xxviii. 22. ‡ Acts xxiv. 23. § Acts xvii. 34. || Acts xiv. 12. ¶ "It was with no small pleasure I lately met with a fragment of Longinus which is preserved as a testimony of that critic's judgment, at the beginning of a manuscript of the New Testament in the Vatican library. After that author has numbered up the most celebrated orators among the Grecians, he says, "Add to these Paul of Tarsus, the patron of an opinion not yet fully proved." Spect. No. 633.

theatre.*^q The *pleader* at the bar, if he lays before the judges and jury, the *true state* of the *case*, so as they may be most likely to see where the *right* of it lies, and a just decision may be given, has done his duty ; and the affair in agitation is an *estate*, or at most, a *life*, which will soon, by course of nature, be extinct. And of the *speaker* in either *house* of parliament, the very utmost, that can be said, is that the *good* of his *country*, may, in great measure, depend upon his *tongue*. But the infinitely important object of preaching is, the *reformation* of *mankind*, upon which depends their happiness in *this world*, and throughout the *whole* of their *being*. Of what *consequence* is it, then, that the art of preaching be carried to such *perfection*, that *all* may be drawn to places of public instruction, and that those, who attend them, may receive *benefit* ! And if almost the *whole* of preaching be *delivery*, how necessary is the study of *delivery* ! That *delivery* is incomparably the most *important* part in public instruction, is manifest from this, that very *indifferent matter*, well *delivered*, will make a *considerable impression*.† But *bad utterance* will defeat the whole effect of the noblest composition ever produced. While exorbitant *appetite*, and unruly *passion within*, while evil *example*, with alluring *solicitation without* (to say nothing of the *craft* and *assaults* of the grand *enemy* of mankind) while these invite and ensnare the frail and thoughtless into guilt ; shall *virtue* and *religion* hold forth *no charms* to engage votaries ? *Pleasure* decks herself out with *rich attire*. *Soft* are her *looks*, and *melting* is the sweetness of her *voice*. And must *religion* present herself with *every disadvantage* ? Must she appear *quite unadorned* ? What *chance* can she then have in competition with an enemy so much *better* furnished with every necessary *invitation* and *allurement* ? Alas !

* I deny not, that the theatre is capable of being made a school of virtue. But it must be put under regulations, *other* than we have ever yet seen it ; and those too *various* to be specified here ; so *numerous* are the particulars, which want reformation, much *more* being at present *wrong* than *right*.

† “ A proof of the importance of delivery,” (says Quintilian) may be drawn from the additional force, which the actors give to what is written by the best poets, so that what we hear pronounced by them gives infinitely more *pleasure* than when we only read it.” And again, “ I think I may affirm, that a very *indifferent* speech, well *set off* by the speaker, shall have a *greater effect* than the *best*, if *destitute* of that advantage.” Quint. Inst. Orat. p. 441. “*Donnentis sunt vellecenciis*,” &c.

our preachers do not address *innocents* in paradise ; but thoughtless and often *habituated sinners*. Mere cold *explaining* will have but little effect on such. Weak is the hold, which *reason* has on most men. Few of mankind have able *heads*. All have *hearts* ; and all hearts may be *touched*, if the speaker is *master of his art*. The business is not so much, to *open the understanding* as to *warm the heart*. There are few who do not *know their duty*. To allure them to the *doing* of it is the difficulty. Nor is this to be effected by cold *reasoning*. Accordingly, the *scripture orators* are none of them cold. Their addresses are such as hardly any man can utter without warmth, “ Hear, O heavens ! Give ear, O earth ! To thee, O man, I call ; my voice is to the sons of men. As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked ; but rather that he turn from his wickedness, and live. Turn ye, turn ye, Why will ye die ? O Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them who are sent unto thee ! How often would I have gathered thy children, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not. Had’st thou, in this thy day, known the things which belong to thy peace !—But now they are hid from thine eyes.

It is true, the preacher is carefully to avoid *ostentation* ; he is not to preach himself, but Christ. But at the same time he is to “ stir up every *gift* that is in him ; to cry *aloud*, and not to spare, to lift up his voice like a trumpet ; to *reprove correct*, and *instruct* ; to be *instant* in season and out of season ; to become (innocently) *all things* to all men,” consequently to become an *orator*, if men are not to be affected by simple *unadorned* truth, however *weighty*.

✕ What can the people think of the *sincerity* of the preacher, who is *cold* and *languid* in his public *instructions*, while he is as *warm* and *zealous* as other men, in the defence of an inconsiderable part of his *property* ? Would he plead as *calmly* for his *life*, as he does with his people in the cause of *virtue* and *religion* ? *Coolness*, in a matter of the last *importance*, and about which one is really in *earnest*, is so unnatural as to be hardly *practicable*.

Therefore, Cicero* takes it for *granted*, that Calidius could not have addressed the senate in so *indifferent*, and *un-animated* a manner, if what he wanted to persuade them to believe had not been mere *fiction*. And Demosthenes, when one came to him, begging, that he would plead his cause against a person who had used him cruelly, of which usage he gave Demosthenes a very *cold* and *unanimated* account, could not *believe* that he had been so *injured*; till, upon his signifying his suspicion, the man was roused to some *warmth*; and then the orator was *convinced*, that his complaint was *well founded*, and immediately undertook his defence. †

If it should be said by preachers, “The people will be as much offended with us, if we *over-act* our part, as they are *now indifferent* about attending our ministry; so that it will *avail nothing* to study a more *lively delivery*,” to this I must beg leave to answer, that there is no reason to *fear any thing* from it. Because a manner of preaching may be used, which shall have *ten times* more *life* and *vivacity* in it, than the *present*, and yet (if it be not *unnatural* or *incorrect*) be very *safe* from all danger of *exceeding* due bounds as to *vivacity* and *force*. And, farther, we do in fact observe, that no preacher is *admired* (I do not mean by the mob, but by people of education) whose delivery is *dull* and *unanimated*; let his matter be *what it will*.

Lest any reader should think, I have been too *severe* upon the deficiencies of men of sacred characters, as to *delivery*, either in *leading* the *devotions* of the people or in *instructing* them in their *duty*; I will add, by way of *apology* for what I have said, some passages, to the same purpose, from the SPECTATOR.

“SIR,

The well reading of the common prayers is of so great importance, and so *much neglected*, that I take the liberty to offer to your consideration some particulars on that subject. And what more worthy your observation than this? A thing so public, and of so high consequence. It is

* Tullius, M. Calidi nisi fingeres, sic ageres?

† Plut. in. vit. Demosth.

Cic. Brut. p. 181, Tom. I.

indeed *wonderful*, that the frequent exercise of it should not make the performers of that duty *more expert in it*. This *inability*, as I conceive, proceeds from the *little care* that is taken of their reading while *at school*, where, when they are got into Latin, they are looked upon as above English, the reading of which is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose, without any due observation made to them of the proper accent and manner of reading. By this means they have acquired such *ill habits*, as will not easily be removed." The writer of the letter then goes on to mention the advantage he himself found from being led in his devotions by an elegant performer of the service at St. James's Garlick-hill church.

"My eyes and my thoughts (says he) could not wander as *usual*; but were confined to my prayers.—The confession was read with such a resigned humility, the absolution with such a comfortable authority, the thanksgivings with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in a manner *I never did before*. To remedy, therefore, the *grievance* above complained of, I humbly propose, that this excellent reader, upon the text, and every annual assembly of the clergy at Sion College, and all other conventions, should read prayers before them. For then those, that are *afraid of stretching their mouths*, and *spoiling their soft voices*, will learn to read with *clearness, loudness, and strength*. Others, who affect a *rakish negligent air*, by *folding their arms*, and *lolling upon their book*, will be *taught a decent behaviour*. Those who read so *fast* as if *impatient* of their work, may learn to speak *deliberately*. There is another sort, whom I call Pindaric readers, as being confined to *no set measure*. These pronounce five or six words with great *deliberation*, and the five or six subsequent ones with as great *celerity*; the first part of a sentence with a very exalted voice, and the latter very low, Sometimes with one sort of tone, and immediately after with a different one. These gentlemen will learn of my admired reader an evenness of voice and delivery. And all, who are innocent of these affectations, but read with such an *indifferency*, as if they did not *understand the language*, may be *informed of the art of reading movingly and fervently*; how to place

the *emphasis*, and give the proper *accent* to each word, and how to vary the voice, according to the nature of the sentence. There is certainly a difference between reading a prayer and a gazette. These are often pretty classical scholars, and would think it an unpardonable sin to read Virgil, or Martial, with *as little taste*, as they do divine service.”

Spect. No. 147.

And the same standard author, in his 407th paper, complains as follows.

“Our *preachers* stand *stock still* in the pulpit; and will not so much as move a *finger* to set off the best sermons in the world. We meet with the same speaking *statues* at our *bars*, and in all public places of debate. Our words flow from us in a *smooth continued* stream, without those strainings of the *voice*, motions of the *body*, and majesty of the *hand*, which are so much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death in *cold* blood, and keep our *temper* in a discourse, which turns upon every thing that is *dear* to us.

“It is certain, that proper *gestures*, and vehement exertions of the *voice*, cannot be *too much studied* by a public orator. They are a kind of *comment* upon what he utters, and *enforce* every thing he says with weak hearers,” (and surely the *bulk* of hearers are *weak*) “better than the strongest *argument* he can make use of. They keep the audience *awake*, and fix their *attention* to what is delivered to them; at the same time that they shew the speaker is in *earnest*, and *affected himself* with what he so passionately *recommends* to others.

“How *cold* and *dead* a figure in comparison of these two great men, (Demosthenes and Cicero) does an orator often make at the British bar, holding up his head with the most *insipid serenity*, and stroking the sides of a long wig,” &c.

Dean Swift (who was no friend to *over-doing* on the *serious* side) advises his young clergyman as follows :

“I take it for granted that you are already desirous to be seen in a pulpit. But I hope you think it prudent to pass quarantine among the desolate churches five miles round this town, where you may at least learn to *read* and *speak* before, you venture to expose your parts in a city congregation. Not that these are better judges, but

because, if a man must needs expose his folly, it is more safe and discreet to do so before few witnesses, and in a scattered neighbourhood. And you will do well, if you can prevail with some intimate and judicious friend to be your constant hearer, and to beg of him to give you notice, with the utmost freedom, of whatever he finds amiss either in your voice or gesture. For want of such early warning, many clergymen continue defective, and sometimes ridiculous, to the end of their lives. Neither is it rare to observe, among excellent and learned divines, a certain ungracious manner, or unhappy tone of voice, which they have never been able to shake off."

Are the faults complained of by these authors, who wrote almost fifty years ago, *amended*, or *likely* to be amended? Let the answer to this question be collected from the following verses, by Dr. Byram, prefixed to *For-
dyce's ART OF PREACHING*, published a few years ago.

For, what's a sermon, good, or bad,
If a man *reads* it like a lad?
To hear some people when they preach,
How they run o'er all parts of speech,
And neither *raise* a word nor *sink*;
Our learned bishops, one would think,
Had taken *school-boys* from the rod,
To make *ambassadors* of God.

And afterwards,

In point of sermons, 'tis confessed,
Our English clergy make the best:
But this appears, we must confess,
Not from the *pulpit*, but the *press*.
They manage with disjointed skill,
The *matter* well, the *manner* ill;
And what seems paradox at first,
They *make* the best, and *preach* the worst.

If there is, as we have seen, so much room to lament the deficiencies of those who are to *lead* the *devotions* of congregations, and to *instruct* them in their *duty*, and whose business it is to *win* them, by every *engaging* and *powerful art*, to the faithful performance of it; if there is so much reason to wish that those failures might be made up, and those errors amended, which are undoubtedly a great cause of the *reluctance* we observe, in many to attend, and their *coldness* and *indifference* in places of

public worship and instruction ; if the *clergy* are so deficient in their public performances, what is left for me to say of those devotion-confounding, ear-splitting pests of our churches, I mean the *parish-clerks* and *parish children* ? I would only ask, whether, if we had declared a final and irreconcilable hostility against common *decency*, not to say *propriety*, and had set ourselves to find out the most effectual means possible for turning *worship* into *burlesque* ; I would ask, I say, whether, if this was our design, there could be a more certain way to gain it, than to place a set of people in every church, who should come in between every two sentences spoken by the minister, with a *squall* as loud as the sound of ten trumpets, and totally *discordant* from one another, and from the *key* in which the minister speaks. If the minister speaks properly, why do not the clerk and the *charity-children* speak in concord with him ? If the clerk speaks properly, why do not the minister and the children speak in the same key with him ? Or if the children are right, why do not the minister and clerk scream as high, or at least, take a concordant key with theirs ? They cannot be all right, and all different from one another. How much more rational would it be spend the time, which is now so ridiculously thrown away in teaching the poor children to set the ears of the whole parish on edge, in making them understand thoroughly what they so often repeat by rote, without understanding, I mean the answers to those useful questions in their catechism, “ What is your duty to God ? ” and, “ What is your duty to your neighbour ? ” This would be of service to them all their lives ; whereas the other answers no end, that has the least connection with common sense.

It is by keeping clear of every thing disagreeable or grating, and by consulting all that may please, entertain, and strike, that the sagacious Roman Catholics keep up in their people, a delight in the public services of their foolish religion. If we were wise, and as much in earnest as we ought, we should imitate them in this. But what avails it to attempt to oppose that which has power to make wrong right, and absurdity proper, I mean the irresistible tyrant, Custom, whose dominion is in no nation more absolute (where there are so many so capable of judging) than in this our dear country.

LESSONS.

I.

HISTORICAL NARRATION. (1)

(THE Trojans (2) (if we may believe tradi- Narration-
tion) were the first founders of the Roman Com-
monwealth; who under the conduct of *Æneas*,
having made their *escape* from their own ruined
country, got to *Italy*, and therefor sometime lived
a *rambling* and *unsettled* life, without any *fixed*
place of abode, among the *natives*, an unculti-
vated people, who had neither *law* nor regular
government, but were wholly *free* from all rule
or restraint. This *mixed* multitude, however,
crowding together into *one* city, though origi-
nally *different* in *extraction*, *language* and *cus-*
*tom*s, united into one body, in a *surprising* (3)
short space of time. And as their little state
came to be *improved* by additional *numbers*, by
policy, and by extent of *territory*, and seemed
likely to make a *figure* among the *nations*; ac-
cording to the *common* course of *things*, the ap-
pearance of *prosperity* drew upon them the *envy*

(1) Narration requires very little of what is properly called *emphasis*, in pronouncing it; I have, however, ordered the *emphatical* words in this, and all the *lessons*, to be printed in *Italics*, for the reader's help. See in the *ESSAY*, *Narration*, and the *other* *passages* put upon the *margin* of the *lessons*.

(2) Of the manner of pronouncing matter contained in a *parenthesis*, see the *ESSAY*, p. 13.

(3) A small *elevation* of the voice will be proper here, to express moderate *wonder*. See *Wonder*.

of the *neighbouring states* ; so that the princes and people who *bordered* upon them, began to seek occasions of *quarrelling* with them. The *alliances* they could form, were but *few* : for most of the neighbouring states *avoided embroiling* themselves on their account. The Romans seeing, that they had *nothing to trust to*, but their *own conduct*, found it necessary (1) to *bestir themselves* with great *diligence*, to make *vigorous preparations*, to *excite one another* to face their *enemies* in the *field*, to hazard their *lives* in defence of their *liberty*, their *country*, and their *families*. And when, by their valour, they *repulsed the enemy*, they gave assistance to their *allies*, and gained friendships by *often giving*, (2) and *seldom demanding favours* of that sort. They had, by this time, established a *regular form of government*, to wit, the *monarchial*. And a *senate*, consisting of men *advanced in years*, and grown *wise by experience*, though infirm of body, *consulted* with their *kings* upon all *important matters*, and, on account of their age, and care of their country, were called *Fathers*. Afterwards, when *kingly power*, which was originally established for the *preservation of liberty*, and the *advantage of the state*, came to degenerate into *lawless tyranny*, they found it necessary to *alter the form of government*, and to put the *supreme power* into the hands of *two chief magistrates*, to be held for *one year only* ; hoping, by *this contrivance*, to prevent the *bad effects* naturally arising from the *exorbitant licentiousness* of princes ; and the *indefeasible tenure* by which they *generally imagine* they hold their *sovereignty*, &c. [Sal. (3) BELL. CATILINAR.]

(1) This sentence is to be spoken somewhat *quicker* than the rest, to express *earnestness*.

(2) The words, *often giving* and *seldom demanding*, being antithetical to one another, must be expressed with such an *emphasis*, as may point out the antithesis, or opposition.

(3) The reader is, once for all, desired to take notice, that I have not scrupled to *alter* both the *sense* and the *words* in many, if

II.

NARRATION.

DAMON and Pythias, of the *Pythagorean* Narration.
sect in philosophy, lived in the time of *Dionysius* the tyrant of Sicily. Their mutual *friendship* was so *strong*, that they were ready to *die* for one another. One of the two (for it is not known which) being *condemned to death* by the tyrant, obtained leave to go into his own country, to *settle his affairs*, on condition that the other should consent to be *imprisoned* in his *stead*, and put to *death* for him, if he did not return before the day of execution. The *attention* of every one, and especially of the *tyrant himself*, was excited to the *highest pitch*; as every body was curious to see what should be the *event* of so *strange an affair*. When the time was almost elapsed, and he, who was gone, did not appear, the rashness of the other, whose sanguine friendship had put him upon running so seemingly *desperate a hazard*, was universally blamed. But he still declared that he had not the least shadow of *doubt* in his mind, of his friend's *fidelity*. The event shewed how well he knew him. He *came* in due *time*, and *surrendered* to that *fate*, which he had no reason to think he should *escape*; and which he did not desire to escape by leaving his *friend* to suffer in his *place*. Such *fidelity* *softened* even the *savage heart* of

Doubting.

Confidence

Courage.

not most of the following passages, taken both from the ancients and the moderns. For my design was to put together a set of lessons *useful for practice*, which did not restrict me to the *very words* of any author. I have endeavoured to make each lesson a *complete piece*; which obliged me to insert matter of my own. I have excluded *improper sentiments*, and have substituted *modern expressions* for some antiquated ones, which I thought young people would be puzzled to understand; and I have inserted a few *fancies*, which occurred to me in copying but some of the passages, to render them more diverting to youth, whose taste long experience has given me some knowledge of.

Dionysius himself. He *pardoned* the condemned. He gave the two *friends* to one another; and begged that they *would* take himself in for a third. [*Val. Max. Cic.*]

III.

NARRATION.

Narration. **D**IONYSIUS, the tyrant of Sicily, shewed *how far* he was from being *happy*, even whilst he *abounded* in *riches*, and all the *pleasures* which *riches* can *procure*. Damocles, one of his flatterers, was complimenting him upon his *power*, his *treasures*, and the *magnificence* of his *royal state*, and affirming, that no monarch *ever* was *greater* or *happier* than he. “Have you a mind, Damocles,” says the king, “to taste this *happiness*, and know by *experience*, what my enjoyments are, of which you have so *high an idea*?” Damocles *gladly* accepted the offer. Upon which the king ordered that a *royal banquet* should be prepared, and a *gilded couch* placed for him, covered with rich embroidery, and side-boards, loaded with *gold* and *silver* plate of immense *value*. Pages of extraordinary *beauty* were ordered to wait on him at table, and to obey his commands with the *greatest readiness*, and the most *profound submission*. Neither *ointments*, *chaplets* of *flowers*, nor rich *perfumes* were wanting. The table was loaded with the most *exquisite delicacies* of *every kind*. Damocles fancied himself amongst the *gods*. In the midst of all his happiness, he sees let down from the roof, exactly over his neck, (1) as he lay indulging himself in state, a *glittering sword*, hung by a single hair. (2) The sight of *destruction* thus

Questioning

Fear.

(1) The ancients, every body knows, lay on *couches* at table.

(2) This may be spoken with as much of the *action* proper to Fear, (See *Fear* in the *ESSAY*, p. 21) as can be conveniently applied.

threatening him from on high, soon put a stop to his *joy* and *revelling*. The pomp of his *attendants*, and the glitter of the *carved plate*, gave him no longer *any pleasure*. He *dreads* to *stretch* forth his hand to the *table*. He throws off the chaplet of roses. He *hastens* to *remove* from his dangerous *situation*; and at last *begs* the *king* to restore him to his *former* humble condition, having no desire to enjoy any longer such a *dreadful* kind of happiness. [Cic. Tusc. Quest.]

Trepidation
or hurry.

IV.

NARRATION.

THE præter had given up to the triumvir, a woman of some *rank*, condemned for a capital crime, to be *executed* in the *prison*. He who had charge of the execution, in consideration of her *birth*, did not *immediately* put her to *death*; he even ventured to let her *daughter* have *access* to her in *prison*; *carefully searching* her, however, as she went in, lest she should carry with her any *sustenance*; concluding, that in a *few days*, the mother must, of course, perish for *want*, and that the *severity* of putting a woman of *family* to a *violent death*, by the hand of the *executioner*, might thus be *avoided*. Some days passing in this manner, the triumvir began to *wonder*, that the daughter *still came* to visit her mother, and could by *no means comprehend*, how the latter should *live so long*. *Watching*, therefore, *carefully*, what passed in the interview between them, he found to his great *astonishment*, (1) that the *life* of the *mother* had been, all this while, supported by the milk of the *daughter*, who came to the prison every day, to give her *mother* her *breasts* to *suck*. The *strange contrivance* between them was represented to the *judg-*

Narration.

Wonder.

(1) See *Admiration*, in the *Essay*, page 27.

es, and procured a *pardon* for the *mother*. Nor was it thought sufficient to give to so dutiful a *daughter* the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both *maintained* afterwards, by a *pension* settled on them for life. And the *ground*, upon which the prison stood, was *consecrated*, and a temple to *Filial Piety* built upon it.

Declama-
tion.

Pity.

What will not filial duty contrive, or what hazards will it not run ; if it will put a daughter upon venturing, at the peril of her own life, to maintain her imprisoned and condemned mother in so unusual a manner. For what was ever heard of more strange, than a mother sucking the breasts of her own daughter ? It might even seem so unnatural, as to render it doubtful, whether it might not be, in some sort, wrong, if it were not, that duty to parents is the first law of nature. [Val. Max. Plin.]

V.

HISTORICAL DESCRIPTION.

Aversion.

LUCIUS CATALINE, by birth a *Patrician*, was, by nature, endowed with *superior advantages* both *bodily* and *mental* ; but his *dispositions* were *corrupt* and *wicked*. From his youth, his *supreme delight* was in *violence*, (1) *slaughter*, *rapines*, and *intestine confusions* ; and such works were the employment of his *earliest years*. His constitution qualified him for bearing *hunger*, *cold*, and *want of sleep*, to a degree *exceeding belief*. His mind was *daring*, *subtle*, *unsteady*. There was no *character* which he could not *assume* and *put off* at pleasure, *Rapacious* of what belonged to *others* ; *prodigal* of his *own* ; violently *bent* on whatever became the object of his *pursuit*. He possessed a considerable share

(1) Enumeration requires a short *pause* between the particulars.

of *eloquence*; but little *solid knowledge*. His *insatiable temper* was ever pushing him to grasp at what was *immoderate, romantic*, and out of his *reach*.

About the time of the disturbances raised by *Sylla*, *Cataline* was seized with a *violent lust of power*; nor did he at all *hesitate* about the *means*, so he could but *attain* his *purpose* of raising himself to *supreme dominion*. His *restless spirit* was in a continual *ferment*, occasioned by the *confusion* of his own *private affairs*, and by the *horrors* of his *guilty conscience*; both which he had brought upon *himself* by living the life *above described*. He was *encouraged* in his *ambitious projects* by the general *corruption* of *manners*, which then prevailed amongst a people *infected* with two *vices*, not less *opposite* to one another in their *natures*, than *mischievous* in their tendencies, I mean *luxury* and *avarice*.

Narration.

Horror.

[*Sal. BELL. CATILINAR.*]

VI.

ARGUING. (1)

NO one, who has made the *smallest progress* in *mathematics*, can avoid observing, that *mathematical demonstrations* are accompanied with *such a kind of evidence*, as overcomes *obstinacy*, *insuperable* by many *other* kinds of reasoning, Hence it is, that so many learned men have laboured to illustrate other sciences with this sort of evidence; and it is certain, that the study of *mathematics* has given light to sciences *very little connected* with them. But *what* will not *wrong-headed* men abuse! This advantage, which *mathematical reasoning* has, for discovering *truth*, has given occasion to *some* to reject *truth itself*, though supported by the *most unexceptionable*

(1) See in the *ESSAY*, the articles *Arguing, Teaching, &c.* page 23 & 24.

arguments. Contending, that nothing is to be taken for *truth*, but what is proved by *mathematical* demonstration, they, in many cases, take away *all criterion* of truth, while they boast that they defend the only *infallible one*.

But how easy is it to shew the *absurdity* of such a way of philosophising? Ask those gentlemen, whether they have any more *doubt*, that there were, in former times, such men as *Alexander* and *Cæsar*, than whether *all the angles* of a plain triangle amount to the sum of *one hundred and eighty degrees*; they *cannot pretend* that they believe the *latter at all more firmly* than the *former*. Yet they have *geometrical demonstration* for the *latter*, and nothing more than mere *moral evidence* for the *former*. Does not this shew, that many things are to be received, are *actually* received, even by *themselves*, for *truth*, for *certain truth*, which are not capable of *mathematical demonstration*?

There is, therefore, an evidence, *different* from *mathematical*, to which we *cannot* deny our *assent*; and it is called by late philosophers, *moral evidence*, as the *persuasion* arising from it is called *moral certainty*; a certainty as *real*, and as much to be *depended upon*, as *mathematical*, though of a *different species*. Nor is there any more *difficulty* in conceiving how this may be, than in conceiving, that two buildings may be both *sufficiently substantial*, and in all the intents and purposes of buildings, *equally so*, though one be of *marble*, and the other of *Portland-stone*.

The object of mathematics is *quantity*. The geometrician measures *extension*; the mechanic compares *forces*. Divinity, ethics, ontology, and history, are naturally *incapable* of *mathematical disquisition*, or *demonstration*. Yet *moral subjects* are capable of being *inquired into*, and *truths* concerning them *determined* in that way which is *proper* to them, as well as *mathematical*.

in *theirs* ; in the same manner as *money* is reckoned by *tale*, *bullion* by *weight*, and *liquors* by *measure*, &c. [Graves Oration conc. Evid. MATHEM. ELEM. NAT. PHIL.]

VII.

ARGUING.

THE *regularity* of the *motions* and *revolutions* of the *heavens*, the *sun*, the *moon*, and *numberless stars* ; (1) with the *distinction*, *variety*, *beauty*, and *order* of *celestial objects* : the *slightest* observation of which seems sufficient to convince *every beholder*, that they *cannot* be the effect of *chance* ; these afford a proof of a Deity, which seems *irrefragable*. If he, who surveys an *academy*, a *palace*, or a *court of justice*, and observes *regularity*, *order*, and *æconomy*, prevailing in them, is *immediately convinced* that this *regularity* must be the effect of *authority* and *discipline*, supported by persons *properly qualified* ; how much *more reason* has he who finds himself *surrounded* by so *many* and such *stupendous* bodies, *Wonder*, performing their various *motions* and *revolutions*, without the *least deviation* from perfect *regularity*, through the *innumerable ages* of past *duration* ; how much *more reason* has he to conclude that such *amazing revolutions* are governed by superior *wisdom* and *power* !

Is it not therefore *astonishing*, that any man *Contempt* should ever have *dreamed* of the possibility, that a *beautiful* and *magnificent system* might arise from the *fortuitous concourse* of certain *bodies* carried towards one another by, I know not what, *imaginary impulse* ! I see not, why he, who is capable of ascribing the production of a

(1) Every body knows, that all the ancients, from Aristotle's time, held the Ptolemaic system, viz. of the earth's being unmoveable in the centre of the universe, and the whole heavens turning round her.

world to a cause *so inadequate*, may not expect, from the *fortuitous scattering about* of a set of letters of ivory, or metal, a *regular history* to appear. But I believe, he who hopes to produce, in this way, *one single line*, will find himself *for ever disappointed*. If the casual concourse of atoms has produced a *whole universe*, how comes it, that we never find a *city*, a *temple*, or so much as a *portico*, which are all *less considerable works*, produced in the same manner? One would imagine, they, who *prate so absurdly*, about the origination of the world, had *no eyes*, or had never *opened them* to view the *glories of this immense theatre*.

The reasonings of *Aristotle*, on this point, are *excellent*. "Let us suppose, says he, certain persons to have been born, and to have lived to mature age, *under ground*, in habitations accommodated with all the conveniencies, and even magnificence of life, except the *sight* of this *upper world*. Let us suppose those persons to have heard by fame, of *superior beings*, and *wonderful effects* produced by them. Let the earth be imagined *suddenly* to *open*, and expose to the view of those subterraneans, this *fair world*, which we inhabit. Let them be imagined to behold the face of the *earth* diversified with *hills* and *vales*, with *rivers* and *woods*; the *wide extended ocean*; the *lofty sky*; and the *clouds* carried along by the *winds*. Let them behold the *sun*, and observe his *transcendent brightness* and *wonderful influence*, as he pours down the *flood of day* over the *whole earth*, from *east* to *west*. And when *night* covered the *world* with darkness; let them behold the heavens adorned with *innumerable stars*. Let them observe the various appearances of the *moon*, now *horned*, then *full*, then *decreasing*. Let them have leisure to mark the *rising* and *setting* of the *heavenly bodies*, and to understand that their *established courses* have been going on from *age* to *age*.

Arguing.

Wonder.

Delight.

When they have surveyed and considered all these things, *what could they conclude*, but that the *accounts* they had heard in their subterranean habitation, of the existence of *superior beings*, must be true, and that these *prodigious works* must be the effect of *their power*?"

Thus Aristotle. To which I will add, that it is only our being *accustomed* to the *continual view* of these *glorious objects* that *prevents* our *admiring* them, and endeavouring to come to *right conclusions* concerning the *Author* of them. As if *novelty* were a better reason for exciting our *inquiries*, than *beauty* and *magnificence*.

[Cic. NAT. DEOR. Lib. II.]

VIII.

SNEER. (1)

RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIO-POEM.

FOR the *fable*; take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend (for instance, *Geoffry of Monmouth* or *Don Belianis of Greece*) those parts of the story, which afford most scope for *long descriptions*. Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures into *one tale*. Then take a hero, whom you may chuse for the sound of his *name*, and put him into the *midst* of these *adventures*. There let him work for *twelve books*; at the end of which you may take him out ready to *conquer*, or to *marry*; it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be *fortunate*. For the *machines*. Take of *deities*, *male* and *female*, as many as you can use. Separate them into two *equal parts*, and keep *Jupiter* in the *middle*. Let *Juno* put him in a *ferment*, and *Venus* mollify him. Remember on all oc-

Teaching.

(1) The *gravity of look* and *manner* is to be kept up as much in reading this, as if it were Aristotle's or Horace's serious directions on the same subject,

casions to make use of *volatile Mercury*. If you have need of *devils*, draw them from *Milton*; and extract your *spirits* from *Tasso*. When you cannot extricate your *hero* by any *human means*, or *yourself* by your *wits*, seek relief from *heaven*; and the *gods* will help you out of the scrape *immediately*. This is according to the direct *prescription* of *Horace* in his *ART OF POETRY*.

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus Inciderit.

That is to say, *A poet has no occasion to be at a loss, when the gods are always ready at a call.*

For the *descriptions*, as a *tempest*, for instance. Take *Eurus*, *Zephyrus*, *Austre*, and *Boreas*, and cast them together in *one verse*. Add to these of *rain*, *lightning* and *thunder*, (the *loudest* you can get) *quantum sufficit*. *Mix* your clouds and billows, till they *foam*; and *thicken* your description here and there with a *quicksand*. *Brew* your tempest well in your *head*, before you set it a *blowing*.

For a *battle*. Pick half a dozen *large handfuls* of images of your *lions*, *bears*, and other *quarrelsome animals*, from *Homer's Iliad*, with a *spice* or two from *Virgil*. If there remain an *overplus*, lay them by for a *skirmish* in an odd *episode*, or so. *Season* it well with *similes*, and it will make an *excellent battle*. For a *burning town*, if you choose to have one, old *Troy* is ready *burnt* to your hands, &c. [*Swift*, Vol. v. p. 132.]

IX.

REMONSTRANCE AND CON- TEMPT OF PRIDE.

Question.

DOES greatness secure persons of rank from *infirmities* either of *body* or *mind*? Will the *head-ache*, the *gout* or *fever*, spare a *prince* any

more than a *subject*? When *old-age* comes to lie *heavy* (1) upon him, will his *engineers* relieve him of the *load*? (2) Can his *guards* and *centinels*, by *doubling* and *trebling* their *numbers*, and their *watchfulness*, prevent the approach of *death*? Nay, if *jealousy*, or even *ill-humour*, disturb his *happiness*, will the *cringes* of his *fawning attendants* restore his *tranquillity*? What comfort has he, in reflecting (if he can make the reflection) while the *cholic*, like Prometheus's vulture, *tears* his *bowels*, that he is under a canopy of *crimson velvet* fringed with *gold*? When the *pangs* of the *gout* or *stone*, extort from him *screams* of *agony*, do the titles of *highness* or *majesty* come *sweetly* into his *ear*? If he is agitated (3) with *rage*, does the sound of *Serene*, or *Most Christian*, prevent his *staring*, *reddening*, and *gnashing* with his *teeth*, like a *madman*? Would not a *twinge* of the *tooth-ach*, or an *asfront* from an *inferior*, make the mighty *Cæsar* forget, that he was *emperor* of the *world*? [Montaigne.]

Contempts

Anguish,

Boasting.

Contempt,

X.

HORRORS OF WAR.

NOW had the Grecians snatch'd a *short repast*, Trepidation
And buckled on their shining arms *in haste*.
Troy rouz'd as soon; for on that *dreadful day*, Perplexity.
The fate of *fathers*, *wives*, and *infants* lay.
The gates, unfolding, pour forth all their train;
Squadrons on *squadrons*, cloud the dusty plain; Trepidation
Men, *steeds*, and *chariots* shake the *trembling*
ground.
The *tumult* thickens, and the *skies* resound.

(1) The word *heavy*, to be dragged out as expressing *distress*.
See *Complaining*, page 30.

(2) This sentence (*Can his guards, &c.*) to be spoken with fear.
See *Fear*, page 21.

(3) *If he is agitated, &c.* to be spoken full-mouthed, as *boasting*.
See *Boasting*, page 22.

- (1) And now with *shouts* the *shocking* armies clos'd,
To lances, lances—shields, to shields oppos'd,
Hust against host their shadowy legions drew ;
The *sounding* darts in iron tempests flew;
Victors and *vanguish'd* join *promiscuous* cries !
Triumphant shouts (2) and *dying* groans (3) arise !
Horror. With *streaming* blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And *slaughter'd* heroes swell the dreadful tide.
Long as the morning beams increasing bright,
O'er heaven's clear azure spread the sacred light,
Promiscuous death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with *equal* wounds.
But when the sun the height of heav'n ascends,
(4) The *Sire* of *Gods* his *golden* scales suspends
Awe. With *equal* hand. In these *explores* the fate
Of *Greece* and *Troy*, and *pois'd* the *mighty* weight.
Press'd with its *load*, the *Grecian* balance lies
Low sunk on earth ; the *Trojan* strikes the *skies*.
Horror. (5) Then *Jove* from *Ida's* top his *horror* spreads,
(6) The *clouds* *burst* *dreadful* o'er the *Grecian* heads ;
(7) Thick *light'nings* *flash* ; the *mutt'ring* *thunder* *rolls* ;
Their *strength* he *withers*, and *unmans* their *souls*.
Fear. Before his *wrath* the (6) *trembling* *host* *retire*,
The *gods* in *terror*, and the *skies* on *fire*. —
[Pope's HOM. IL. B, viii. v. 67.]

XI.

PETITIONING WITH DEJECTION.

(Passages taken from sundry Petitions (7) presented to the French King by a disgraced Minister. *Pens. Ing. Anc. Mod.* p. 167.)

- Dejection. **B**EING *weary* of the *useless* life I live at present, I take the liberty of *imploping* with *pro-*

- (1) To be spoken quick and loud.
- (2) To be spoken boldly,
- (3) To be spoken faintly, and with pity. See *Pity* page 20.
- (4) To be spoken *slowly* and with *veneration*. See *Veneration*, p. 25.
- (5) To be spoken *hollow* and *full-mouthed*.
- (6) To be spoken with a *quivering* voice
- (7) Though petitions are commonly presented in *writing*, yet they may be imagined to be addressed to the Prince *and* *voice*, and sometimes are.

L E S S O N S.

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found *submission*, your Majesty, that I may have leave to seek an *honourable death* in your Majesty's service. After the *disappointments*, and *reverses of fortune*, which I have had to *struggle with*, my *expectations* of rising again to prosperity, are brought *low enough*. But it would be a satisfaction to me, that my *real character* were known to your Majesty ; which if it were, I flatter myself, I should have your Majesty's *indulgence*, nay your *esteem*. Refuse not, most *gracious Sovereign*, the means, for gaining this end, to a man, who is ready to shed his *blood*, in proof of his *loyalty* and *affection* to your Majesty. Were my own *private interest alone* concerned, I should be peculiarly *cautious* how I intruded upon your Majesty with these *solicitations*. But, as the *only happiness* I desire in this world, is, to have an opportunity of *serving* my king and country ; I *humbly hope*, I may be *forgiven*, though I *urge* my *suit* with some *warmth* and *importunity*. I do not *presume*, Sire, to claim a *total exemption* from *hardship*. I pretend to *no right* to live a life of *indulgence*. All I *ask*, is, to change *one punishment* for *another*. And I *beseech* your Majesty to have *some consideration* for my *past services* ; and that a *year's imprisonment*, *five years exile*, the *ruin* of my *fortune*, the *submission* with which I have *borne* these *punishments*, and the *zeal* I *still* am ready to shew for your Majesty's service, may plead in my favour, and *disarm* your Majesty of your *indignation* against me. It is true, that in making your Majesty the offer of my life, I offer what is of *little value* even to myself. But it is *all* I have to offer. The *misfortune* I have lain under, these *six years*, of your Majesty's *displeasure*, has rendered life *so insipid* to me, that *besides* the *honor* of losing it in your Majesty's service, the prospect of an *end*, being, by *death*, put to my *vexations*, makes the thought of my dissolution *pleasing* to me. If it should seem good to your

Humble re-
monstrance.

Beseeching.

Earnest So-
licitation.

Remorse.

Beseeching.

Humble re-
monstrance.

Dejection.

- Profound Submission. Majesty to finish my distresses the *other way*, I mean, by your most *gracious pardon*, the obligation will be *still greater*; and to the *zeal* I have for your Majesty's, *interest*, I shall think myself obliged to add *gratitude* suitable to so *important a favour*. And with *such sentiments*
- Resolution. there is *nothing* I shall not be willing to enterprize for your Majesty's *service*. May heaven touch
- Devotion. the *heart* of your *Majesty*, that you may *at last* forgive your *sincerely penitent subject*. No one knows better than your Majesty, that it is as
- Humble remonstrance. *great to forgive as to punish*. If I *alone* am doomed to have *no benefit* from that goodness, which extends to *so many*, my lot must be *peculiarly calamitous*.

XII.

PRAISE, UNDER THE APPEARANCE
OF BLAME. (1)

VOITURE'S whimsical Commendation of the MARQUIS DE
PISANY'S Courage. (*Pens. Ing. Anc. Mod.* p. 152.)

- Congratulation. I AM *extremely glad* to hear that you are grown so *hardy*, that neither *labour*, *watching*, *sickness*, *lead*, nor *steel*, can hurt you. I could
- Wonder. *not have thought*, that a man, who lived on *water-gruel*, should have so *thick a skin*; nor did I imagine you had a *spell*, by which you was *powder-proof*. To account, how you come to be *still alive*, after the *desperate hazards* you have run, is more than I can pretend to. But I had rather,
- Congratulation. it were by the help of the *Devil himself*, than that you were as poor *Attichy*, or *Grenville*; if
- Disapprobation. you were *embalmed* with the richest *drugs* of the *East*. To tell you my *opinion plainly*, Sir, let

(1) This is to be spoken in the same manner as if one was *finding fault in earnest*; for it is the character of *Humour* to mean the contrary of what it *seems* to mean. And though the matter was originally part of a *Letter*, it may be imagined as *spoken*.

a man die for his *country*, or for *honor*, or *what you please*, I cannot help thinking he makes but a *silly figure*, (1) when he is *dead*. It seems to me a *great pity*, that some people should be so *careless* about their *lives*, as they *are*. For *despicable as life is*, a man when he has *lost it*, is not worth *half* what he was when he *had it*. In short, a *dead king*, a *dead hero*, or even a *dead demi-god*, is in my *mind*, but a *poor character*, and much good may it do him who is *ambitious* of it.

Concern.

Remembrance.

XIII.

A LOVE-SICK SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

AH well-a-day ! how long must I endure
 This *pining pain* ? (2) or *who* shall speed my *cure* ?
 Fond Love no cure will have ; seeks no repose ;
 Delights in grief, nor any measure knows.
 (3) Lo ! now the moon begins in clouds to rise,
 The bright'ning stars bespangle all the skies.
 The winds are hush'd. The dews distil ; and
 sleep
 Hath clos'd the eye-lids of my weary sheep.
 (4) I, only, with the prowling wolf, constrain'd
 (5) All night to wake. With hunger he is pain'd,
 And I with love. His hunger he may tame ;
 But who can quench (6) O cruel love ! thy flame ?
 Whilom did I, all as the poplar fair,
 Up-rise my heedless head, devoid of care ;
 'Mong rustic routs the chief of wanton game ;
 Nor could they merry make, till Lubin came.

Lamentation.

Anguish.

Complaint.

Anguish.

Lamentation.

(1) The speaker will naturally utter these words, *silly figure*, with a *shrug*.

(2) The words *pining pain*, cannot be spoken too slowly. See *Complaining*, page 30.

(3) These four lines are to be spoken *slowly* ; and with a *torpid uniformity of tone*.

(4) The speaker is to seem *roused here*, as by a sudden pang.

(5) These four words to express extreme *anguish*.

(6) A *stop* before and after the words, *O cruel love*, which are to be expressed with acclamations of *anguish*.

- Who* better seen than I in shepherd's arts,
 To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts?
How deftly to mine oaten reed so sweet,
 Wont they, upon the green, to shift their feet :
 ' And, *wearied* in the dance, *how* would they *yearn*
 Some well devised tale from me to learn !
 For many a *song*, and *tale* of *mirth*, had I
 To chase the loit'ring sun adown the sky.
 But *ah* ! since Lucy, coy, *deep wrought* her *spight*
 Within my *heart*, *unmindful* of *delight*,
 The jolly youths I fly : and all alone
 Deprecation To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan.
 Oh ! *leave* thy *cruelty*, relentless Fair,
 Complaint. E'er lingering long, I *perish* through *despair*.
 Had *Rosalind* been mistress of my mind,
 Tho' not so *fair*, she *would* have prov'd more *kind*.
 Advice. O *think*, unwitting maid ! while yet 'tis time,
 How flying years impair the youthful prime !
 Thy virgin bloom will not *for ever* stay,
 And flow'rs, tho' left ungather'd, *will decay*,
 The flow'rs, anew, returning seasons bring ;
 But faded *beauty* has no *second Spring*.
 Despair. (1) My words are wind ! She, *deaf* to all my cries,
 Takes *pleasure* in the *mischief* of her eyes.

[A. Philips.]

XIV.

REMONSTRANCE.

Part of *Socrates'* speech to *Montaigne*, in the French DIALOGUES
 OF THE DEAD. (*Pens. Ing. Anc. Mod.* p. 117.)

- Antiquity. **A**NTIQUITY is an object of a *peculiar sort* :
 Distance magnifies it. If you had been personally acquainted with *Aristotle*, *Phocion*, and *me* ;
 you would have found *nothing* in us very different
 from what you may find in people of your *own*
age. What commonly prejudices us in *favour*
 of *antiquity*, is that we are prejudiced *against*
 our *own times*. We *raise* the *ancients*, that we
 may *depress* the *moderns*. When *we* *ancients*
 Disappro-
 bation.

(1) A long pause.

were *alive*, we *esteemed* our *ancestors* *more* than they *deserved*. And our *posterity* esteem us more than we *deserve*. But the very *truth* of the matter is, our *ancestors*, and *we*, and our *posterity*, are all *very much alike*.

XV.

AUTHORITY AND FORBIDDING.

Jupiter forbids the Gods and Goddesſes taking any part in the contention between the Greeks and Trojans.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn, Narration.
 Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn ;
 When Jove conven'd the senate of the skies,
 Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise,
 ¶ The Sire of gods his awful silence broke ; Awe.
 The heavens, attentive, trembled as he spoke !
 " Celestial states ! immortal gods ! give ear ; (1) Authority.
 ¶ Hear our decree ; and rev'rence what ye hear ;
 The fix'd decree, which not all heaven can move ;
 — Thou, Fate ! fulfil it ; and ye, Powers, approve.
 (2) What god shall enter yon forbidden field, Threaten-
 Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield. ing.
 Back to skies with shame he shall be driven,
 Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heaven.
 (3) Or from our sacred hill, with fury thrown,

(1) There are three pretty long *pauses* to be made in this line, at the words, *states*, *gods*, and *ear*. The words, *Celestial states* ! may be spoken with the *right* arm extended, the palm upwards, and the *look* directed toward the *right*, as addressing that part of the assembly. The words *immortal gods* ! with the *left* arm extended, in the same manner, (the right continuing likewise extended) and the *look* directed toward the left hand part of the assembly. And the words, *give ear*, with the *look* bent directly forward. See *Authority*, page 22.

(2). At the words, *What god shall enter*, the left arm, which should continue extended, with the right, to the beginning of this fourth line of the speech, may be drawn in, and placed upon the hip, while the right is brandished with the clenched fist, as in threatening. See *Boasting*, page 22.

(3) The speaker will naturally here point downward with the fore-finger of his right hand.

*Deep, in the dark Tartarian gulph, shall groan ;
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors ;
As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
As from that centre to th' athereal world.*

Challeng-
ing.

(1) Let each, submissive, dread those dire abodes,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the God of gods.

League all your forces, then, ye pow'rs above ;
Your strength unite against the might of Jove.
Let down our golden everlasting chain,
Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth,
and main.

*Contempt
†Challeng-
ing.

Strive all of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag by this the Thunderer down to earth,
(2) Ye* strive in vain, if I † but stretch this hand,
I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land.
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight.
For such I reign unbounded, and above ;
And such are men and gods, compar'd to Jove.

XVI.

SUBLIME DESCRIPTION.

An Ode, from the sixth Psalm.

(Spec. No. 465.)

I.

Admiration

THE lofty pillars of the sky,
And spacious concave rais'd on high,
Spangled with stars, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Pours knowledge on his golden ray,

(1) "Let each," &c. The speaker may here again extend both arms as before, the open palms upwards, casting a look over the whole room, & suppose to be filled with the gods.

(2) The speaker will do well here, to have his arms in any other posture rather than extended ; because, after the pause in the middle of the line, the right arm must be extended with great solemnity.

And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Veneration

II.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars, that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

Admiration

III.

What, tho' in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What, tho' no real voice, nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
" The hand, that made us, is divine."

Question.

Veneration

XVII.

DESCRIPTION, SUBLIME AND
TERRIBLE.

The fight about Patrocles' body, broke off by Achilles' appearing on the rampart, unarmed, and calling aloud. (*Pope's Hom. II. xviii. v. 241.*)

THE hero rose,
Her *Ægis Pallas* o'er his shoulder throws ;
Around his brows a golden cloud she spread ;
A stream of glory flam'd above his head ;
As when from some beleagur'd town arise,
The smokes high-curling to the shaded skies,
(Seen from some island, o'er the main, afar,
When men, distress, hang out the sign of war)
With long projected beams the seas are bright,
And heaven's wide arch reflects the ruddy light ;
So from Achilles head the splendors rise,

Admiration

Reflecting *blaze* on *blaze* against the *skies*.
Forth march'd the chief, and distant from the
crowd,

Terror. *High on the rampart* (1) *rais'd his voice aloud*.
With her own shout Minerva swells the sound &
Troy starts astonish'd, and the *shores rebound*.

Trepidation. As the loud *trumpet's brazen mouth* from *far*,
With shrilling clangor sounds th' alarm of war,
So high his *dreadful voice* the hero rear'd ;
(2) *Hosts dropp'd their arms*, and *trembled* as they
heard ;

Terror. And *back the chariots roll*, and *coursers bound*,
And *steeds and men lie mingled on the ground*.
Aghast they see the living lightning play,
And *turn their eyeballs from the flashing ray*.
Thrice from the trench his brazen voice he rais'd,
And *thrice they fled confounded and amaz'd*.
Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely *rush'd*
On their *own spears*, by their *own chariots crush'd*.
While, *shielded from the darts*, the *Greeks obtain*
The *long disputed carcase* of the *slain*.

XVIII.

COMPLAINT.

Humorous petition of a French gentleman to the king, who had given him a title, to which his income was not equal, by reason of the weight of the taxes levied from his estate. (*Pens. Ing. Anc. Mod.* p. 428.)

[*After acknowledging the honour done him by the king's conferring on him a title, he goes on as follows.*]

*Complain-
ing.*

Vexation.

YOUR Majesty has only made me *more unhappy* by giving me a title. For there is nothing more *pitiable* than a *gentleman loaded with a knapsack*. This *empty sound*, which I was such

(1) The reader will hardly need to be told, that such matter ought to be expressed with a *raised voice*.

(2) These three lines to be spoken *quicker* than the rest.

a fool as to be *ambitious* of, does not keep away hunger. I know well enough, that *glory* makes us *live* after we are dead; but in *this world*, a man has but a *poor* time on't, if he has not a bit of *bread* to put in his *mouth*. I had but a *little* bit of land on the banks of the Rhone, on which I made a *shift* to *live*. But as it is now *taxed*, any *body* may have it for *me*; for I suppose I shall soon, with my *title* and *estate*, be glad of an *alms-house* for my seat. I have no *resource*, if there be a prosecution commenced against me, as they threaten, but in your Majesty's *goodness*. If indeed, my fate is to be decided by *that*, I am in no danger, but shall *laugh* at them *all*. If your Majesty were to seize my *poor patrimony* whole, what would a *few acres* of *marsh-land* be to the *mighty monarch* of *France* and *Navarre*? It † bears nothing but *willows*, and your Majesty values *no trees* but the † *laurel*. I therefore beseech your Majesty to give me leave to *enjoy* what my *little spot* brings in, without *deduction*. All that a *poor subject* asks of your Majesty is (—That your Majesty would *ask nothing* of *him*.)

Apprehension.

Comfort.

Deprecation

*Pomp.

†Contempt

‡Flattery.

Submission.

Intreating.

XIX.

TERRIBLE DESCRIPTION.

IN elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious, this our *distant* world subdu'd;
A *spacious city* stood, with *firmest walls*
Sure *mounded*, and with *num'rous turrets* crown'd,
Aerial spires and *citadels*, the seat
Of *kings* and *heroes* *resolute* in *war*;
Fam'd Ariconium; *uncontroll'd* and *free*,
Till *all-subduing Latian arms* prevail'd.
Then likewise, tho' to *foreign yoke* *submiss*,
Unlevell'd she remained; and e'en till now
Perhaps had stood, of *ancient British art*
A *pleasing monument*, not less admir'd
Than what from *Attic* or *Etruscan hands*

Narration.

- Arose ; had not the *heav'nly pow'rs* averse
 Decreed her *final doom*.) And now the fields
 Labour'd with *thirst*. Aquarius had not shed
 His *wonted show'rs*, and Sirius parch'd with *heat*
 Solstitial, the *green herb*. Hence 'gan relax
 The earth's *texture*. Hence *Tartarian dregs*,
 Horror. Sulphur and nitrous *spume*, enkindling *fierce*,
 Bellow'd tremendous in her *darksome caves*,
 More *dismal* than the *loud displod'd roar*
 Of *brazen engin'ry*, that ceaseless *storm*
 The bastion of a well-built city, deem'd
 Impregnable. Th' infernal *winds*, till now
 Closely imprison'd by *Titanian warmth*
 Dilating, and with *unctuous vapour* fed,
 Disdain'd their narrow cells ; and, their *full*
 strength
 Collecting, from beneath the solid mass
 Up-heav'd, and all her *castles, rooted deep*,
 Shook from their *lowest seat*. Old *Vaga's* stream
 Forc'd by the sudden *shock* ; her *wonted track*
 Forsook, and drew her *humid train* aslope,
 Awe. Wrinkling her *banks*. And now the *low'ring sky*,
 The *baleful light'ning*, and loud *thunder*, voice
 Of *angry heav'n*, fierce *roaring*, with dismay
 Trepidation The *boldest* hearts appall'd. (1) *Where* should
 they turn
 Distress'd ? *Whence* seek for aid ? When from
 below
 Hell *threatens* ; and when *fate supreme* gives *signs*
 Despair. Of *wrath* and *desolation*. *Vain* were *vows*,
 And *plaints*, and suppliant *hands*, to heav'n erect !
 Yet some to temples fled, and humble rites
 Contempt. Perform'd to *Thor* and *Woden*, fabled gods,
 Who with their *vo'ries* in one ruin shar'd,
 Trepidation O'erwhelm'd and crush'd. Others in *frantic mood*,
 Run *howling* through the *streets*. Their hideous
 yells
 Horror. Rend the dark *welkin*. Horror stalks around
 Wild staring, and his *sad concomitant*

(1) To be spoken quick from the words, *Where should*, to *desolation*.

*Despair, of abject look. At ev'ry gate
The thronging populace with hasty strides
Press furious, and, too eager of escape,
Obstruct the spacious way. The rocking street
Deceives their footsteps. To and fro they reel
Astonish'd, as with wine o'ercharg'd. When lo!
The parched earth her riv'n mouth disparts
Horrible chasm profound! With swift descent
Old Ariconium sinks; and all her tribes,
Heroes and senators, down to the realms
Of endless night. Meanwhile the loosen'd winds
Infuriate, molton rocks and globes of fire
Hurl'd high above the clouds; till all their force
Consum'd, her rav'nous jaws, earth satiate, clos'd.*

Trepidation

Horror,

[A. Philips.]

XX.

RIDICULE.

SWIFT on Trānsubstantiātion. (1) (*Tale of a Tub*, Sect. IV.)

SCENE.—*Lord Peter's house; a table covered with plates, knives, and forks, and a brown loaf in the middle of the table.*

LORD PETER, MARTIN, and JACK.

Peter. **B**BREAD, gentlemen, bread is the staff of life. In bread is contained *inclusive*, the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plumb-pudding, and custard; and, to render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are corrected by yeast, and which therefore becomes, to all intents and

Dictating.

(1) A pupil, in order to his expressing properly this lesson, must be let a little into the author's plot; that by Peter is meant the Pope; by Martin, the Lutheran Church; and by Jack, the Calvinists. That in this passage, he exposes the doctrine of the wafers being trānsubstantiated into the real body of Christ; the Papists refusing the cup to the laity; the arrogance of the Popes; and the exils arising from persecution.

purposes, a wholesome fermented liquor diffused through the mass of the bread. Therefore, he who eats bread, at the same time eats the best of food, and drinks the best of liquors. Come on brothers, the cause is good; fall to, and spare not. Here is a shoulder of excellent Banstead mutton [pointing to the brown loaf] as ever was cut with knife. Here you may cut and come again. But, now I think on it, I had better help you myself, now my hand is in. Young people are bashful. Come, brother Martin, let me help you to this slice.

Surprise. Martin. My lord! [so Peter ordered his brothers to call him] I doubt, with great submission, here is some little mistake. In my humble

Peevishness Peter. What, you are merry? Come, then, let us hear this jest, your head is so big with.

Submission. Martin, No jest indeed my lord. But unless I am very much deceived, your lordship was pleased, a little while ago, to drop a word about mutton; and I should be glad to see it upon the table.

Peevishness Peter. How! I don't comprehend you;

Submission. Jack. Why, my lord, my brother Martin, I suppose, is hungry, and longs to see the shoulder of Banstead mutton, you spoke of, come to table.

Peevishness Peter. Pray explain yourselves, gentlemen. Either you are both out of your wits, or are disposed to be merry a little unseasonably. You had better keep your jokes till after dinner. Brother Martin, if you don't like the slice I have helped you to, I will cut you another; though I should think it the choicest bit of the whole shoulder.

Question. Martin. What then, my lord, is this brown loaf a shoulder of Banstead mutton all this while?

Wonder. Peter. Pray, Sir, leave off your impertinence, and eat your victuals, if you please. I am not disposed to relish your wit at present.

Martin. May I then, my lord, be *soused* over head and ears in a *horse-pond*, if it seems to my eyes, my fingers, my nose, or my teeth, either less or more, than a slice of a stale six-penny brown loaf. Affirmation

Jack. If I ever saw a shoulder of mutton in my life look so like a six-penny brown loaf, I am an old basket-woman. Confirmation.

Peter. Look you, gentlemen, to convince you what a couple of *blind, positive, ignorant puppies*, you are, I will use but *one* plain argument. The devil roast both your souls on his gridiron to all eternity, if you don't believe *this* [clapping his hand upon the brown loaf] to be a *shoulder* of as good mutton as ever was sold in *Leaden-hall market*. Reproving. Execration.

Martin. Why truly, upon more mature consideration— Recollection.

Jack. Why, ay, now I have thought better on the thing, your lordship seems to be in the right.

Peter. O now you are come to yourselves. Boy fill me a bumper of *claret*. Come, brothers, here is a good *health* to you both. Reconciliation.

Martin and Jack. Thank your good lordship, and shall be glad to *pledge* you. Submission.

Peter. That you shall, my boys. I am not a man to refuse you *any thing* in reason. A moderate glass of wine is a *cordial*. There, [giving them a crust each,] There is a *bumper a-piece* for you. True natural juice of the *grape*. None of your nasty *balderdash* vintners' *brewings*— What now? [Observing them to stare,] are you at your doubts again? Here, boy; call neighbour *Dominic* (1) the *blacksmith*, here. Bid him bring his *tongs* with him. Red hot—d'ye hear? I'll teach you to doubt. Giving. Threatening.

Martin. (2) Come, *Jack*; this house is like to be too hot for you and me soon. He is quite Trepidation

(1) St. Dominic was the inventor of the Inquisition.

(2) To be spoken quick to the end.

raving mad. Let's get away (1) as fast as we can.

Jack. A plague on his crazy head. If ever I put my nose within his doors again, may it be pinched off in good earnest. [*Exeunt, running.*]

XXI.

EXHORTATION.

Prologue to Cato.

Teaching.	T O wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
	To raise the genius, and to mend the heart ; (2)
Courage.	To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
	Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold ;
Teaching.	For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
	Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age.
	Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
Wonder.	And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Contempt.	(3) Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move,
	The hero's glory, or the virgin's love.
	In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
	And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Exciting.	Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
	Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws.
	He bids your breast with ancient ardors rise,
	And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
	Virtue confest in human shape he draws,
Veneration.	What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was ;
	No common object to your sight displays ;
Awe.	But what with pleasure heav'n itself surveys,
Esteem.	A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
	And greatly falling with a falling state.
	While Cato gives his little senate laws,

(1) Separation of the Protestants from the Romish church.

(2) The words, *mend the heart*, may be expressed with the right hand laid upon the breast.

(3) I question whether all readers of this line (*Our author shuns, &c.*) understand it as the Author meant it. The sense, in plain prose, would be, "Our author thinks it beneath him to endeavour to affect you by the common subject of tragic distress, as the fall of a prince or statesman, or the misfortunes occasioned by love."

What bosom (1) beats not in his country's cause ? Earnestness
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed ?
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar midst triumphal cars, Contempt.
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state,
 As her dead father's rev'rend image past, Dejection.
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast ;
 The triumph ceas'd—Tears gush'd from ev'ry eye : Grief.
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by. Contempt.
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
 -And honor'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword. Grief.
 Britons attend ! Be worth like this approv'd, Teaching.
 And shew, you have the virtue (2) to be mov'd.
 With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd Contempt.
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she
 subdu'd.
 Our scene precariously subsists too long
 On French translation and Italian song ;
 Dare to have sense yourselves : Assert the stage, Exciting.
 (Be justly warm'd with your own native rage,
 Such plays alone should please a British ear,
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

XXII.

HUMOROUS

Scene between DENNIS the Critic, (satyrically reperedented by Swift, as mad) and the DOCTOR.

SCENE.—DENNIS's Garret. DENNIS, DOCTOR, NURSE, LINTOT the Bookseller, and another Author. DENNIS, looking wise, and bringing out his words slowly and formally.

Dennis. **B**EWARE, Doctor, that it fare not with you, as it did with your predecessor, the Warning.

(1) The words, *What bosom beats not*, may be spoken with the right hand pressed to the breast. (2) So may the word, *virtue*.

famous Hippocrates, whom the mistaken citizens of Abdera sent for in this *very manner*, to cure the philosopher *Democritus*. He returned full of admiration at the wisdom of the person, whom he had supposed a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it was *thus* that *Aristotle himself*, and all the great ancients, spent their days and nights wrapped up in criticism, and beset all round with their own writings. As for me, be assured, I have no disease, besides a swelling in my legs, of which I say nothing, since your art may farther certify you.

Questioning Doctor. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this swelling ?

Dennis. By Criticism.

Wonder. Doctor. By Criticism ! That's a distemper I have never heard nor read of.

Sudden anger. Dennis. Death, Sir ! A distemper ! It is no distemper ; but a noble art. I have sat fourteen

Contempt. hours a day at it ; and are you a doctor, and don't know that there is a communication between the brain and the legs ?

Question. Doctor. What made you sit so many hours, Sir ?

Earnestly. Dennis. Cato, Sir.

Doctor. Sir, I speak of your distemper. What gave you this tumour ?

Peevishness Dennis. Cato, Cato, Cato. (1)

Intreating. Nurse. For God's sake, Doctor, name not this evil spirit ; it is the whole cause of his madness. Alas ! poor master will have his fits again.

[Almost crying.]

Wonder. Lintot. Fits ! with a pox ; a man may well have fits and swell'd legs, that sits writing fourteen hours in a day. The Remarks the Remarks, have brought all his complaints upon him.

Question. Doctor. The Remarks ! What are they ?

Wonder. Dennis. Death ! have you never read my Remarks ? I'll be hang'd if this niggardly bookseller

(1) He published Remarks on Cato, in the year 1712.

has *advertised* the book as it should have been.

Lintot. Not *advertise* it, quotha! Pox! I have laid out *pounds* after *pounds* in *advertising*. There has been as *much* done for the book, as could be done for *any book* in *Christendom*.

Doctor. We had better not talk of *books*,
Sir: I am *afraid* they are the *fuel* that *feed* his
delirium. Mention books *no more*. I desire a
word in private with this gentleman. I suppose,
Sir, you are his *apothecary*? Cautioning.

Gent. Sir, I am his *friend*. Question.

Doctor. I doubt it not. What *regimen* have
you *observed*, since he has been under your care?
You remember, I suppose, the passage in *Celsus*,
which says, "If the patient, on the third day,
have an *interval*, *suspend* the *medicaments* at
night." Let *fumigations* be used to *corroborate*
the *brain*. I hope, you have, upon *no account*,
promoted *sternutation* by *Hellebore*? Teaching.

Gent. Sir, you *mistake* the *matter quite*

Doctor. What! An *apothecary* tell a *physi-*
cian he *mistakes*! You pretend to *dispute* my *pre-*
scription! *Pharmacopola componat. Medicus*
solus præscribat. Fumigate him, I say, this
very evening, while he is relieved by an *interval*.
Pride and
anger.

Dennis. *Death* Sir! Do you take my *friend*
for an *apothecary*! A man of *genius* and *learning*
for an *apothecary*! *Know*, Sir, that this gentle-
man professes, like myself, the two *noblest* sci-
ences in the universe, *Criticism*, and *Poetry*. By
the *immortals*, he *himself* is author of *three* whole
paragraphs in my *Remarks*, had a hand in my
Public Spirit, and assisted me in my description
of the *Furies* and *infernal regions* in my *Appius*.
Authority.

Lintot. He is an *author*. You *mistake* the
gentleman, *Doctor*. He has been an *author*
these *twenty years*, to his *bookseller's* knowledge,
if to *no one's else*. Anger.

Dennis. Is all the *town* in a *combination*!
shall *poetry* fall to the *ground*! Must our *re-*
putation in *foreign countries* be *quite lost*? *O*
Vexation.

- Anguish. *Destruction ! Perdition ! Cursed Opera ! Confounded Opera !* (1) As poetry once raised cities, so, when poetry fails, cities are overturned, and the world is no more.
- Anxiety. Doctor. He raves, he raves. He must be pinioned, he must be strait-waistcoated, that he may do no mischief.
- Vexation. Dennis. O I am sick ! I am sick to death !
- Comfort. Doctor. That is a good symptom ; a very good symptom. To be sick to death (says the modern theory) is *symptom præclarum*. When a patient is sensible of his pain, he is half cured. Pray, Sir, of what are you sick ?
- Question. Sir, of what are you sick ?
- Peevishness Dennis. Of every thing. Of every thing. I am sick of the sentiments, of the diction, of the protasis, of the epitasis, and the catastrophe. Alas, for the lost drama ! The drama is no more.
- Obsequious Nurse. If you want a dram, Sir, I will bring you a couple of penn'orths of gin in a minute. Mr. Lintot has drank the last of the noggin.
- Peevishness Dennis. O scandalous want ! O shameful omission ! By all the immortals, here is not the shadow of a peripetia ! No change of fortune in the tragedy.
- Obsequious Nurse. Pray, Sir, don't be uneasy about change. Give me the six-pence, and I'll get you change immediately at the gin-shop next door.
- Directing. Doctor. Hold your peace, good woman. His fit increases. We must call for help. Mr. Fear. Lintot a——hold him, pray, [Doctor gets behind Lintot.]
- Anxiety. Lintot. Plague on the man ! I am afraid, he is really mad. And, if he be, who, the devil will buy the Remarks ? I wish [scratching his head] he had been whip'd rather than I had meddled with his Remarks.
- Doctor. He must use the cold bath, and be cupped on the head. The symptoms seem des-

(1) He wrote a Treatise to prove, that the decay of public spirit proceeds from the Italian Opera.

perate. Avicen says, "If learning be mixed with a brain that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the brain ferments, till it be totally exhausted." We must endeavour to eradicate these indigested ideas out of the pericranium, and to restore the patient to a competent knowledge of himself.

Dennis. *Caitiffs, stand off! Unhand me; miscreants! [The Doctor, the nurse, and Lintot, run out of the room in a hurry, and tumble down the garret stairs altogether.] Is the man, whose labours are calculated to bring the town to reason, Mad? Is the man, who settles poetry on the basis of antiquity, mad? See Longinus in my right hand, and Aristotle in my left! [Calls after the Doctor, the bookseller, and the nurse, from the top of the stairs.] I am the only man among the moderns, that support the venerable ancients. And am I to be assassinated? Shall a bookseller, who has lived upon my labours, take away that life, to which he owes his support? [Goes into his garret, and shuts the door.]*

XXIII.

ADORATION.

Milton's Morning Hymn. (PARAD. LOST. B. V. v. 153.)

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good, Veneration.
 Almighty! thine this universal frame,
 Thus wond'rous fair! Thyself (1) how wond'rous Admiration
 then
 Unspeakable! who sitt'st above the heav'ns, Veneration.
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare Love, with
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine. Veneration

(1) "Thyself how wond'rous," &c. The sense, in prose, would be, "If thy works be so wonderfully excellent, thy own original excellence is unspeakable, and inconceivable." It is not, I believe, generally understood so, else readers would not (as I have heard many) make a pause between the word *then* and *unspeakable*.

Sacred Rap-
ture. *Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! For (1) ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing. (2) Ye in heav'n!*

*On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,*

Admiration
Lowly Sub-
mission. *Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet! praise him in thy sphere
While morn arises, that sweet hour of prime.*

*(3) Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater. Sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high moon hast gain'd, and when thou
fall'st,*

Rapture. *Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their sphere on high,
And ye five other wand'ring orbs, that move
In mystic dance, not without song! resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth*

*Of nature's womb, that in quaterion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.*

*Ye mists, and exhalations, that now rise
From hill, or streaming lake, dusky or grey,
'Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds, th' uncolour'd sky,
Or cheer with falling show'rs the thirsty ground,*

(1) The reader need scarce be told, that such matter ought to be expressed with as much smoothness and liquidity of utterance as possible.

(2) "*Ye in heav'n.*" This is generally ill pointed. These words are a complete sentence. The meaning is, "I call on you (Angels) to praise God in your celestial habitation." And then the poet goes on to call on the *terrestrials* to join their humble tribute.

(3) "*Thou sun of this,*" &c. To be spoken a little more *ore retundo*, or *full-mouthed*, than the foregoing, to image the stupendous greatness of a world of fire, equal as supposed by astronomers, to a million of earths.

*Rising, or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow
Breathe soft or loud, and wave your tops, ye
pines,*

*With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave,
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise,
Join voices, all ye living souls. Ye birds,
That singing, up to heaven's high gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep.
Witness, if I be silent, morn or ev'n
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise—
Hail, universal Lord! Be bounteous still,
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now day the dark dispels.*

Profound
Submission.

XXIV.

PEEVISHNESS.

*The scene between Priuli, a Venetian senator, and
Jaffier, who had married his daughter without
his consent, and being afterwards reduced to
poverty, and soliciting his father-in-law to re-
lieve his distress, receives the following treat-
ment. [VENICE PRESERVED.]*

PRIULI and JAFFIER.

Priuli. NO more! I'll hear no more. Be gone *Peevishness.*
and leave me.

Jaffier. Not hear me! By my sufferings but *Courage.*
you shall.

*My lord! my lord! I am not that abject wretch
You think me. Where's the difference, throws Remonstr.*
me back

So far behind you, that I must not speak to you?

Priuli. Have you not wrong'd me? *Peevishness.*

- Courage. *Jaffier.* Could my nature e'er
But have endur'd the *thought* of doing wrong,
Distress. I need not now thus *low* have bent myself
To gain a *hearing* from a *cruel* father.
Remonstr. You *cannot* say that I have *ever* wrong'd you.
Peevishness. *Priuli.* I say you've *wrong'd* me in the *nicest*
point,
The *honor* of my *house.* You *can't* defend
Remonstr. Your *baseness* to me. When you first came
home
From travel, I with *open arms* received you.
Pleased with your *seeming* virtues: sought to
raise you.
My *house, my table, fortune, all* was yours;
Chiding. And, in *requital* of my *best endeavours,*
You *treacherously* practis'd to *undo* me;
Seduc'd the *joy* of my *declining* age,
My *only child,* and stole her from my *bosom.*
Remonstr. *Jaffier.* Is this your *gratitude* to him who
sav'd
Your daughter's life? You *know,* that, but for me
Self defence You had been *childless.* I *restor'd* her to you,
When *sunk* before your *eyes* amidst the *waves,*
I *hazarded* my *life* for her's; and *she*
Has *richly paid* me with her *generous* love.
Reproach. *Priuli.* You stole her from me, like a *thief*
you stole her,
At *dead of night.* That *cursed* hour you chose
To *rifle* me of *all* my heart held *dear.*
Exclamation. But may *your joy* in her prove *false* as *mine.*
May the *hard* hand of *pinching* poverty
Oppress and *grind* you; till at last you find
The *curse* of *disobedience* all your *fortune.*
Chiding. *Home,* and be *humble.* Study to *retrench.*
Discharge the *lazy vermin* of thy *hall,*
Those *pageants* of thy *folly;*
Reduce the *glittering* *trappings* of thy *wife*
To *humble-weeds* fit for thy *narrow* state.
Then to some *suburb-cottage* both retire,
And with your *starveling* brats enjoy your *misery.*
Home, home, I say. [Exit.]

XXV.

CONTEMPT OF THE COMMON OBJECTS OF PURSUIT.

HONOR and *shame* from no *condition* rise ; Teaching.
Act well your *part* : *There* all the honor lies.

Fortune in men has some *small diff'rence* made ;

One *flaunts* in *rags* ; one *flutters* in *brocade* ;

The *cobler apron'd*, and the *parson gown'd* ;

The *friar hooded*, and the *monarch crown'd*.

“ *What differ more* (you cry) *than crown and* Question.
cowl ?”

(1) I'll tell you, friend ! A *wise man* and a *fool*, Informing.

You'll find, if once the *wise man* acts the *monk* ; Teaching.

Or, *cobler* like, the *parson* will be *drunk* ;

* *Worth* makes the *man*, and † *want* of it the *sel-* *Approbat.
low ; †Contempt

The *rest* is all but *leather* or *prunella*.

Stuck o'er with *titles* and *hung round* with
strings,

That thou may'st be by *kings*, or *whores of kings*, Sneer.

Boast the *pure blood* of an *illustrious race* Contempt.

In *quiet flow* from *Lucrece* to *Lucrece* :

But *by* your *father's* worth if *yours* you rate,

Count me those only, who were *good* and *great*.

Go! if your *ancient*, but *ignoble* blood,

Has crept thro' *scoundrels* ever since the flood ;

Go! and pretend your family is *young*,

Nor own, your fathers have been *fools* so long.

What can *ennoble sots*, or *slaves*, or *cowards* ? Question.

Alas ! not *all* the *blood* of all the *Howards*.

Look next on *greatness*. Say, where *great-* Sneer.
ness lies ?

Where but among the *heroes* and the *wise* .

Heroes are all the *same* it is agreed,

(1) This line (I'll tell you, friend," &c.) may be expressed in a sort of important *half-whisper*, and with significant *looks* and *nod*, as if a grand secret was told.

- Contempt. From *Macedonia's madman* to the *Swede*;
 The whole *strange* purpose of their lives to *find*,
 (1) Or *make*—*an enemy* of all mankind.
 Not *one* looks *backward*: *onward* still he goes;
 Yet ne'er looks *forward* farther than his *nose*.
 No less alike the *politic* and *wise*;
 (2) All *sly*, *slow* things, with *circumspective*
 eyes.
 Men in their *loose*, *unguarded* hours they take,
 Not that *themselves* are *wise*, but *others* weak;
 Remonstr. But *grant* that *those* can *conquer*; *these* can
 cheat;
 Aversion. 'Tis phrase *absurd* to call a *villain* *great*.
 Who *wickedly* is *wise*, or *madly* *brave*,
 Is but more the *fool*, the *more* a *knave*.
 Approba. Who *noble* ends by *noble* means obtains,
 Or, failing, *smiles* in *exile*, or in *chains*,
 Admiration. Like good *Aurelius* let him *reign*; or *bleed* -
 Like *Socrates*; that man is *great* indeed.
 Contempt. What's *fame*? A *fancy'd* life in *others* *breath*,
 A thing *beyond* us, e'en *before* our *death*.
 Just what you *hear's* your own; and what's *un-*
known,
 The same (my lord!) if *Tully's* or your own.
All, that *we* *feel* (3) of it, *begins* and *ends*
 In the *small* circle of our *foes*, or *friends*;
 To all *besides* as much an *empty* shade,
 An *Eugene* living, as a *Cæsar* dead;
 Alike or *when*, or *where*, they *shone*, or *shine*,
 Or on the *Rubicon*; or on the *Rhine*,
 Contempt. A *wit's* a *feather*, and a *chief's* a *rod*;
 Approba. An *honest* man's the *noblest* work of God.
 Aversion. *Fame*, but from death a *villain's* name can save,
 As *justice* tears his *body* from the *grave*;
 Blaming. When what t' *oblivion* better were resign'd,

(1) I have put a *pause*, after *make*, though to the contrary to general rule, to mark the *antithesis* between *find* and *make*, more distinctly.

(2) "All *sly*, *slow* things," to be pronounced very *slowly*, and with a *cunning* look.

(3) "All that *we* *feel*," &c. to be expressed with the *right* hand laid upon the *breast*.

Is hung on *high* to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of *true desert*,
Plays round the head, but *comes not to the heart*. (1) Contempt.

One *self-approving* hour whole years outweighs
 Of *stupid starers*, and of *loud huzzas*;
 And more *true joy* Marcellus *exil'd* feels,
 Than *Cæsar* with a *senate* at his heels.

In *parts superior* what advantage lies?
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be *wise*? Question.
 'Tis but to *know*, how *little* can be known; Concern.

To see all *other's* faults and feel our *own*;
 Condemn'd in *bus'ness*, or in *arts to drudge*
 Without a *second*, and without a *judge*.
Truths would you *teach*, to *save a sinking land*,
All fear; *none aid* you; and *few understand*.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view Suffering.
 Above life's *weakness*, and its *comforts* too.

Bring then these blessings to a *strict account*, Arguing.
 Make *fair deductions*: see to what they 'mount.
 How much of *other each* is sure to *cost*;
 How *each* for *other* oft is wholly *lost*;
 How inconsistent *greater* goods with *these*;
 How sometimes *life* is *risk'd*, and always *ease*,
 Think.—And if *still* such things thy envy call,
 Say, would'st thou be the *man* to whom they fall? Question.

To sigh for *ribbands*, if thou art so silly, Contempt.

Mark how they grace *Lord Umbra*, or *Sir Billy*.
 Is *yellow dirt* the passion of thy life? Contempt.

Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus' wife*. Concern.

If *parts* allure thee, think how *Bacon* shin'd,
 The *wisest*, *brightest*—*meanest* of mankind. Contempt.

Or ravish'd with the *whistling of a name*,
 See *Cromwell* damn'd to *everlasting fame*. Aversion.

If all *united* thy ambition call, Teaching.

From *ancient story* learn to *scorn* them all.

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

(1)—“*Comes not to the heart*,” to be spoken with the *right hand* laid upon the *breast*. As is likewise, “*Marcellus exil'd* feels;” in the line below.

XXVI.

CLOWNISH BASHFULNESS AND AWK-
WARDNESS.*The meeting of Humphrey Gubbin and Mr. Pounce.*

(From the Comedy of the TENDER HUSBAND.)

Foolish
wonder.

Humph. **H**OW prettily this park is stock'd with *soldiers*, and *deer*, and *ducks*, and *ladies*.—*Ha!* Where are the *old fellows* gone? *Where* can they *be*, trow? I'll ask these people.—*A--a--a--you pretty young gentleman*, [*to Fain-love*] did you see *Vather*?

Question.

Fain. Your father, Sir?

Humph. Ey, my *Vather*, a *weasel-faced* cross old gentleman, with *spindle shanks*?

Fain. No, Sir.

Humph. A *crab stick* in his hand.

Pounce. We have met nobody with these marks. But *sure* I have seen *you before*, are you not Mr. *Humphrey Gubbin*, son and heir to Sir *Harry Gubbin*?

Question.

Humph. Ey, ey, an that were all, I've his son; but how lung I shall be his heir, I *can't* tell: for a talks o' *disinheriting* on ma every day!

Joy.

Pounce. Dear Sir, I am *glad* to see you. I have had a desire to be acquainted with you ever since I saw you *clench* your *fist* at your father, when his back was turned toward you. I *love* a young man of *spirit*.

Vexation.

Humph. Why, Sir, would it not *vex* a man to the very *heart*, *blood* and *guts* on him, to have a crabbed old fellow *snubbing* a body every minute before *company*?

Exciting. •

Pounce. Why, Mr. *Humphrey*, he uses you like a *boy*.

Complain-
ing.

Humph. Like a *boy*, quotha! He uses me like a *dog*. A *lays ma* on now and then, e'en as if a were a breaking a *hound* to the game.—You can't

think what a *tantrum* a was in this morning, because I boggled a little at marrying my own *born cousin*.

Pounce. A man can't be too *scrupulous*, Mr. Humphrey; a man can't be too *scrupulous*. Cautioning.

Humph. Why, Sir, I could as soon love my my own *flesh* and *blood*. We should squabble like *brother* and *sister*, not like *man* and *wife*. Do you think we *should not* Mr.—. Pray, gentlemen, may I crave your *names*? Complain-
ing.

Question.

Pounce. Sir, I am the *very person*, that has been employed to *draw* up the *articles* of *marriage* between *you* and your *cousin*. Curiosity.

Humph. Ho, ho! say you so? Then mayhap, you can *tell* one some things one wants to *know*.—A—a—pray, Sir, what *estyeate* am I heir to? Wonder.

Pounce. To *fifteen hundred pounds a year*, *intailed estate*. Information

Humph. *Sniggers*! I'se glad on't with *all my heart*. And—a—a—can you satisfy ma in *another question*—Pray, how *old* be I? Joy.

Question.

Pounce. *Three and twenty* last March. Information

Humph. *Plague on it*! As sure as you are there, they have kept ma *back*. I have been told by goody *Clack*, or goody *Tipple*, I don't know which, that I was born the *very year* the stone *pig stie* was built; and every body knows the *pig stie* in the back close is *three and twenty years' old*. I'll be *duck'd* in a *horse pond*, if here has not been *tricks* play'd ma. But, pray, Sir may'nt I crave your *name*? Vexation.

Question.

Pounce. My name, Sir, is *Pounce*, at your service. Information

Humph. *Pounce* with a P—

Pounce. Yes, Sir, and *Samuel* with an S.

Humph. Why, then, Mr. *Samuel Pounce*, [chuckling and wriggling, and rubbing his hands earnestly] do you know any *clever gentlewoman* of your acquaintance, that you think I could *like*? For I'll be *hang'd* like a *dog*, an I Earnestness

han't taken a *right down aversion* to my cousin, ever since Vather proposed her to ma. And since every body knows I came up to be *married*, I should not care to go down again with a *flee* in my ear and look *balk'd*, d'y'e see.

Plotting.

Pounce. [After a pause.] Why, Sir, I have a *thought just* come into my head. And if you will walk along with this gentleman and me, where we are going, I will communicate it.

Joy.

Humph. With all my heart, good Mr. Samuel *Pounce.* (Exeunt.)

XXVII.

MOURNFUL DESCRIPTION.

From Æneas's account of the Sack of Troy. (*Dryd. Virg. Æn. II.*)

Attention.

ALL were *attentive* to the *godlike man*,
When from his lofty couch he thus *began* :

Respect.

Great queen ! What you command me to relate

Grief.

Renews the *sad remembrance* (1) of our *fate* ;

An *empire* from its *old foundations* *rent* ;

And *every woe* the Trojans *underwent* ;

A *pop'lous city* made a *desart place* ;

All that I *saw* and part of which I *was* ;

Not ev'n the *hardest* of our *foes* could hear,

Nor *stern Ulysses* tell without a *tear* .

* * * * *

Horror.

'Twas now the *dead of night*, when *sleep re-*
pairs

Our *bodies worn* with *toils*, our *minds* with *cares*,

When *Hector's ghost* (2) before my sight *appears* ;

Pity.

Shrouded in blood he stood, and *bath'd* in *tears*

Such as when by the *fierce Pelides* *slain*,

Thessalian coursers *dragg'd* him o'er the *plain*.

Swoln were his *feet*, as when the *thongs* were
thrust

(1) The words, "*sad remembrance*," may be spoken with a *sigh*, and the *right-hand* laid upon the *breast*.

(2) The words, "*Hector's Ghost*," may be spoken with a *start*, and the attitude of fear. See *Fear*, page 21.

Through the pierc'd limbs: his body black with
dust.

Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils
Of war triumphant in *Æacian* spoils,
Of him who made the fainting Greeks retire,
Hurling (1) amidst their fleets the *Phrygian* fire,
His hair and beard were clotted stiff with gore,
The ghastly wounds, he for his country bore,
Now stream'd afresh.

Courage.

Pity.

I wept to see the visionary man,
And whilst my trance continu'd thus began.
(2) O light of *Trojans*, and support of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
O, long expected by thy friends! From whence
Art thou so late return'd to our defence?
Alas! what wounds are these? What new dis-
grace

Grief.

Deforms the manly honors of thy face?

(3) The spectre, gnawing from his inmost
breast,

Horror.

This warning in these mournful words express'd.

Warning.

"Haste, goddess born! Escape by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes already have possess'd our wall;
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
Enough to country and to deathless fame.
If by a mortal arm my fathers throne
Could have been sav'd—this arm the feat had
done.

Troy now commands to thee her future state,
And gives her gods' companions of thy fate.

Under their Umbrage hope for happier walls,
And follow where thy various fortune calls."

Directing.

(1) "*Hurling*," to be expressed by throwing out the arm, with the action of hurling.

(2) "O light of *Trojans*," &c. to be expressed by opening the arms with the action of welcoming.

(3) "The spectre," &c. these two lines, and the ghost's speech, are to be spoken in a deep and hollow voice, slowly and solemnly, with little rising or falling, and a torpid inertia of action.

(1) He said, and brought, from forth the sacred choir,

The gods, and *relics* of th' immortal fire.

Trepidation. Now *peals* of shouts came thund'ring from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud lament, and mingled war,
The noise approaches, though our palace stood
Aloft from streets, embosom'd close with wood;
Louder and louder still, I hear the alarms
Of human cries, distinct, and clashing arms,
Fear broke my slumbers.

I mount the terrace; thence the town survey,
And listen what the swelling sounds convey.
Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd;
And Grecian fraud in open light appear'd.
The palace of Deiphobus ascends
In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.
Ucalegon burns next; the seas are bright
With splendors not their own, and shine with
sparkling light.

Courage. New clamours, and new clangors now arise,
The trumpet's voice, with agonizing cries.
With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms.
But first to gather friends, with whom to oppose,
If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes,
By courage rous'd, by love of country fir'd,
With sense of honour and revenge inspir'd.

Trepidation. Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
Had scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the
flame.

With relics loaded, to my doors he fled,
And by the hand his tender grandson led.

Question. What hope, O Pantheus? Whither can we run,
Where make a stand? Or what may yet be done?
Scarce had I spoke, when Pantheus, with a groan

Grief. (2) Troy—is no more! Her glories now are gone.

(2) "He said, and," &c. Here the voice resumes its usual key.

(1) "Troy is no more," Such short periods, comprehending much in a few words, may often receive additional force by a pause (not exceeding the length of a semicolon) between the *nominal* and the *verb*, or between the *verb* and what is governed by it, which, otherwise, is contrary to rule.

The fatal day, th' appointed hour is come,
When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands:
Our city's wrapt in flames: the foe commands.
To sev'ral posts their parties they divide;
Some block the narrow streets, some scour the
wide.

Awe.

Horror.

The bold they kill; th' unwary they surprise;
Who fights meets death, and death finds him
who flies.

XXVIII.

RUSTICITY. AFFECTATION.

This scene of Humphrey Gubbin's introduction to
his romantic Cousin. [Tend. Husb.]

HUMPHREY, AUNT, and COUSIN BIDDY.

Humph. AUNT, your saarvant——your saar-
vant aunt.—Is—that—ha,—aunt?

Respect.

Question.

Aunt. Yes cousin Humphrey, that is your
Cousin Bridget. Well, I'll leave you together.

Information
with Satis-
faction.

[Ex. Aunt. They sit.]

Humph. Aunt does as she'd be done by, cou-
sin Bridget, does not she, cousin? [A long pause
looking hard at her.] What, are you a London-
er, and not give a gentleman a civil answer, when
he asks you a civil question?—Look ye, d'ye see,
cousin, the old folks resolving to marry us, I
thought it would be proper to see how I lik'd
you. For I don't love to buy a pig in a poke, as
we say in th' country, he, he, he. [Laughs.]

Question.

Wonder.

Indifference

Biddy. Sir, your person and address bring to
my mind the whole story of Valentine and Orson.
What, would they give me for a lover, a Titan-
ian, a son of the earth? Pray, answer me a ques-
tion or two.

Stiff affect-
ation.

Affected
delicacy.

Humph. Ey, ey, as many as you please, cou-
sin Bridget, an they be not too hard.

Indifference

- Affectation** *Biddy.* *What wood were you taken in ? how*
Question. *long have you been caught ?*
- Wonder.** *Humph.* *Caught !*
- Question.** *Biddy.* *Where were your haunts ?*
- Surprise.** *Humph.* *My haunts !*
- Question-
ing.** *Biddy.* *Are not clothes very uneasy to you ?*
Is this strange dress the first you ever wore ?
- Wonder.** *Humph.* *How !*
- Question.** *Biddy.* *Are you not a great admirer of roots,*
Affectation *and raw flesh ?—Let me look upon your nails,*
of Fear. *I hope you won't wound me with them.*
- Wonder.** *Humph.* *Where ! [Whistles] Hoity, toity !*
What have we got ? Is she betwattied ? Or is
she gone o' one-side.
- Affected
aversion.** *Biddy.* *Can'st thou deny, that thou wert*
suckled by a wolf, or at least by a female satyr ?
'Thou hast not been so barbarous, I hope, since
thou cam'st among men, as to hunt thy nurse.
- Pity.** *Humph.* *Hunt my nurse ! Ey, ey, 'tis so, she's*
out of her head, poor thing as sure as a gun.
[Draws away.] Poor cousin Bridget ! How
Anxious *long have you been in this condition ?*
enquiry.
- Offence.** *Biddy.* *Condition ! What dost thou mean by*
condition, monster ?
- Quest. with
Pty.** *Humph.* *How came you upon the high ropes ?*
Was you never in love with any body before me ?
- Affected
aversion.** *Biddy.* *I never hated any thing so heartily*
before thee.
- Indifference** *Humph.* *For the matter of that cousin, an it*
were not a folly to talk to a mad-woman there's
Question. *no hatred lost, I assure you. But do you hate*
me in earnest ?
- Aversion.** *Biddy.* *Dost think any human being can look*
upon thee with other eyes, than those of hatred ?
Humph. *There is no knowing what a woman*
loves or hates, by her words. But an you were
in your senses cousin, and hated me in earnest, I
should be main contented, look you. For, may I
Indifference *be well horse-whipt, if I love one bone in your*
Boasting. *skin, cotusin ; and there is a fine woman I am*
told, who has a month's mind to ma,

Biddy. When I think of such a *consort* as thee, the wild boar shall defile the cleanly ermine, or the tyger be wedded to the kid. Aversion.

Humph. An I marry you, cousin, the pole-cat shall catter-waul with the civit.

Biddy. To imagine such a *conjunction*, was as *unnatural* as it would have been to describe *Statira* in love with a chimney sweeper, or *Oroondates* with a nymph of *Billingsgate*; to paint, in romance, the silver streams running up to their sources in the sides of the mountains; to describe the birds on the leafy boughs uttering the hoarse sound of roaring bears, to represent knights errant murdering distressed ladies, whom their profession obliges them to relieve; or ladies yielding to the suit of their enamoured knights before they have sighed out half the due time at their feet. Romantic affectation.

Humph. If this poor gentlewoman be not out of herself, may I be hang'd like a dog. Clownish pity.

XXIX.

ASKING. REPROOF. APPROBATION.

From Mr. Pope's TEMPLE OF FAME. (1)

A Troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,

And proud defiance, in their looks they bore.

"For thee," (they cry'd) "amidst alarms and strife,

Cringing.

We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with fire and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood.

(2) Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone."

(1) The pupil, if he has not read the TEMPLE OF FAME, must be informed of the plot of the poem, viz. The author represents numbers of the pursuers of fame, as repairing, in crowds, to the temple of that goddess, in quest of her approbation, who are differently received by her, according to their respective merits, &c.

(2) "Those ills," &c. The meaning of this line (which is not too obvious) is, "Our being guilty of such extravagancies, shews how eager we are to obtain a name."

Reproof. " *Ambitious fools !*" (the Queen reply'd and frown'd)

" *Be all your deeds in dark oblivion drown'd.
There sleep forgot, with mighty Tyrants gone ;
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown.*"

Wonder. A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,

And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

When came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.

Indifference " *Great idol of mankind ! We neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame ;
But safe in desarts from the applause of men,
Would die unheard of as we liv'd unseen.*"

Delight. 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy (1) partake,
To follow virtue e'en for virtue's sake."

Wonder. "And live there men who slight immortal fame ?
Who then with incense shall adore our name ?

Information But, mortals ! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.

Exciting. Rise, Muses ! rise ! Add all your tuneful breath !
These must not sleep in darkness, and in death."

Beautiful description She said. (2) In air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ;
So soft, tho' high ; so loud, and yet so clear ;
Ev'n list'ning angels lean from heaven to hear.
To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

While thus I stood intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear ;

Quest. with Reproof. (3) "What could thus high thy rash ambition
raise ?

Art thou, fond youth ! a candidate for praise ?"

(1)—"The secret joy," to be expressed with the hand laid upon the breast.

(2) To be spoken as melodiously as possible.

(3) *What could thus high,*" &c. must be spoken with a lower voice than the foregoing.

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came ; Apology.
 For who so fond, as *youthful bards*, of fame ?
 But *few*, alas ! the *casual blessing boast*, Concern.
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
 How vain that *second life* in *others' breath*,—
 Thy *estate*, which *wits inherit*—after death.
Ease, health, and life, for *this* they must resign,
 (Unsure the *tenure*, and how *vast* the *fine* !)
 The *great man's curse*, without the *gains* endure,
 Though *wretched, flatter'd*, and though *envy'd*,
 poor.

All *luckless wits* their enemies *profest*,
 And all *successful, jealous friends* at best.
 Nor *fame* I *slight*, nor for her *favours call* ; Indifference
 She comes *unlook'd* for, if she comes *at all*.
 But if the *purchase cost* so dear a price, Apprehension of evil.
 As *soothing folly*, or *exalting vice* ;
 And if the *Muse* must *flatter lawless sway*,
 And follow still, where *fortune* leads the way ;
 Or if *no basis* bear my *rising name*,
 But the *fall'n ruins* of *another's fame* ;
 Then *teach* me, *Heav'n*, to *scorn* the *guilty bays*, Deprecation.
 Drive from my *breast* that *wretched lust* of *praise*.
Unblemish'd let me *live*, or *die unknown* ;
 O *grant* me *honest fame* ; or *grant* me *none*,

XXX.

POLITE CONVERSATION.

The scene between Mr. Bevil and Indiana, in which the endeavours to find out whether he has any other regard for her, than that of rational esteem, or Platonic love.

(CONSCIOUS LOVERS.)

BEVIL and INDIANA.

Bev. MADAM, your most obedient. How do you do to-day ? I am afraid you wished me gone last night before I went. But you were partly to blame. For who could leave you in the agreeable humour you was in ? Respect.

Ind. If you was pleased, Sir, we were *both* pleased. For your company, which is *always agreeable*, was more *peculiarly* so last night.

Bev. My company, Madam! *Your ally*. I said very little.

Ind. Too little you *always* say, Sir, for my *improvement*, and for my *credit*; by the *same* token, that I am afraid, you gave me an opportunity of saying *too much* last night; and unfortunately when a woman is in the talking vein, she wants *nothing* so much as to have *leave* to *expose herself*.

Bev. I hope, Madam, I shall always have the sense to give you leave to expose yourself, as you call it, without *interruption*.

[Bowing respectfully.]

Ind. If I had your *talents*, Sir, or your *power*, to make my *actions* speak for me, I might be *silent*, and yet pretend to somewhat *more* than being *agreeable*. But as it is——

Humility.

Bev. Really, Madam, I know of *none* of my *actions* that deserve your *attention*; If I might be *vain* of any thing, it is, that I have *understanding* enough to mark *you out*, Madam, from *all* your *sex*, as the most *deserving* object of my *esteem*.

Anxiety.

Ind. [Aside,] A *cold word*! Though I cannot *claim* even his *esteem*. [To him.] Did I think, Sir, that your esteem for me proceeded from any thing in *me*, and not altogether from *your own generosity*, I should be in danger of *forfeiting* it.

Respect.

Bev. How so, Madam?

Ind. *What* do you *think*, Sir, would be so *likely* to puff up a weak woman's *vanity*, as the *esteem* of a man of *understanding*? *Esteem* is the result of *cool reason*; the voluntary *tribute* paid to inward *worth*. *Who*, then, would not be *proud* of the *esteem* of a person of *sense*, which is always *unbiassed*; whilst *love* is often the effect of *weakness*. [Looking hard at Bevil, who casts down his eyes respectfully.] *Esteem* arises from

a *higher* source, the substantial merit of the *mind*.

Bev. True, Madam—And *great minds only* can *command* it, [bowing respectfully.] The utmost *pleasure* and *pride* of my *life*, Madam, is, that I endeavour to *esteem* you as—I ought.

Apprehension.

Ind. [Aside.] As he ought! Still more perplexing! He neither *saves* nor *kills* my *hope*. I will try him a little *farther*. [To him.] Now, I think of it, I must beg your *opinion*, Sir, on a point, which created a *debate* between my *aunt* and me, just *before* you came in. She would *needs* have it, that no man ever does any *extraordinary kindness* for a *woman*, but from *selfish* views.

Question.

Respect.

Bev. Well, Madam, I cannot say, but I am in the *main*, of her *opinion*: if she means, by *selfish views*, what some understand by the *phrase*; that is, his own *pleasure*; the *highest pleasure human nature* is *capable* of, that of being *conscious*, that from his *superfluity*, an *innocent* and *virtuous spirit*, a person, whom he thinks one of the *prime ornaments* of the *creation*, is raised *above* the *temptations* and *sorrows* of *life*; the *pleasure* of seeing *satisfaction*, *health* and *gladness*, *brighten* in the countenance of one he *values* above *all mankind*. What a man bestows in *such* a way, may, I think, be said, in *one sense*, to be laid out with a *selfish view*, as much as if he spent it in *cards*, *dogs*, *bottle companions*, or *loose women*. with this *difference*, that he shews a *better taste* in *expense*. Nor should I think this any such *extraordinary matter* of *heroism* in a man of an *easy fortune*. Every *gentleman* ought to be *capable* of this, and I doubt not but *many are*. For I hope, there are *many* who take more *delight* in *reflection* than *sensation*; in *thinking*, than in *eating*—But *what* am I *doing*? [Pulls out his watch hastily] My hour with Mr. Myrtle is *come*—Madam, I must take my leave *abruptly*.

Sudden Recollection.

But, if you please, will do myself the pleasure of waiting on you in the *afternoon*. Till when, Madam, your most obedient. [Exit.]

XXXI.

SERIOUS MEDITATION.

From Young's NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Alarm.

THE clock strikes one. We take no note of time,

But by its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they?—With the years beyond the flood.

It is the signal that demands dispatch.

How much is still to do! My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what?—A fathomless abyss.

Admiration

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He, who made him such!
Who center'd in our make such strange extremes,

From diff'rent natures marvellously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!

Distinguish'd link in Being's endless chain,

Midway from nothing to the One Supreme.

A beam ætherial—sully'd, and absorpt!

Though sully'd and dishonor'd, still divine!

Dim miniature of Greatness absolute!

An heir of glory! A frail child of dust!

Helpless immortal! Insect infinite!

A worm! A God! I tremble at myself!

What can preserve my life? or what destroy?

An Angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave,
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

XXXII.

SEEMING CIVILITY.

*The meeting between the knight of the Red Cross,
attended by Truth, with Hypocrisy.*

(Spencer's FAIRIE QUEENE.) (1)

AT length they chaunst to meet upon the Description
way

An aged *sire* (2) in long black weeds yclad, (3)

His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie grey,

And by his belt his booke he hanging had.

Sober he seem'd, and very sagely sad,

And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,

Simple of shew, and void of malice bad.

And all the way he prayed as he went,

And often knock'd his breast as one that did
repent.

He faire the knight saluted, louting (4) low,

Who faire him quited, (5) as that courteous was,

And after asked him, if he did know

Of straunge adventures which abroad did pas.

"Ah my deare sonne," (quoath he) "how
should, alas,

Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,

Bidding his beads (6) all day for his trespas,

Tidings of warre, and worldly trouble tell?

With holy father fits not with such things to
mell. (7)

But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,

And homebred evil ye desire to heare,

(1) The edition from which this is taken viz. *Church's*, is in my opinion, incomparably preferable, for correctness, to all others.

(2) Hypocritify.

(3) Clothed.

(4) Bowing.

(5) Returned his salutation.

(6) Saying his prayers.

(7) Meddle.

Alarm. Of a *straunge man* I can you *tidings tell*,
That wasteth *all this countrey* far and neare."
"Of *such*," (said he) "I chiefly do *inqueere*,
And shall thee *well rewarde* to shew the place
In which that *wicked Wight* (1) his *dayes* doth
weare. (2)

**Threaten-
ing.** For to all *knighthood* it is *foul disgrace*,
That such a *cursed creature* lives so long a *space*."

Fear. "Far hence (quoath he) in *wastfull wilderness*
His *dwelling is*, by which *no living wight*
May ever pass, but thorough *great distresse*."

Advising. "Now" said the *ladie* (3) "draweth toward
night,
And well I wote, (4) that of your *later fight*
Ye all *forwearied* be : for what so *strong*,
But, *wanting rest*, will also *want of might* ?
The *sunne*, that *measures heavens* all day
long,
At *night* doth *baite* his *steeds* the *ocean waves*
among.

Then with the *sunne*, take, Sir, your *timely rest*,
And with new *day* new *worke* at once begin,
Untroubled night, they say, gives council *best*."

"*Right well*, Sir knight, ye have advised
bin."

Quoath then that aged man ! "The way to
win (5)

Is wisely to advise ; now *day* is *spent*

Inviting. Therefore with me you may take up your *Inn*
For this *same night*." The knight was well
content :

So with that godly Father to his home they
went.

(1) Creature.

(2) Paix.

(3) Truth.

(4) Know.

(5) Conquer.

XXXIII.

TREPIDATION. VEXATION.

The humorous scene of cramming Sir John Falstaff into the basket of foul linen, to prevent his being caught by jealous Ford. (1)

FALSTAFF and Mrs. FORD.

Serv. [without.] **M**ADAM, Madam, Madam! Haſte.
Here is Mrs. Page, sweating and blowing, and looking wild, and says she must speak with you immediately.

Fal. She ſhan't ſee me. I will enſconce me Fear.
behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray do. She is a very tattling Direſting.
woman.

Enter MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter? How now? Queſtion.

Mrs. Page. O Mrs. Ford! What have you Alarm.
done! You're ſham'd; you're overthrown; you are undone forever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mrs. Page? Fear.

Mrs. Page. O well a-day, Mrs. Ford! Hay- Reproof.
ing an honeſt man to your husband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpicion.

Mrs. Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpicion? Queſtion.

Mrs. Page. What cauſe of ſuſpicion! Out Reproof.
upon you; How I'm miſtaken in you; I could not have thought you capable of ſuch a thing.

(1) In teaching the right utterance of this ſcene, the pupil muſt be let into the plot of it, if he has not read or ſeen the play. He muſt be made to underſtand, that Falſtaff, a fat, old, humorous, worthleſs, needy knight, has, in the former part of the play, made love to Mrs. Ford and Mr. Page, with a view, merely of getting money of them, and that they concert this interview, and its conſequences, on purpoſe to be revenged on him for his attempt to corrupt them; while Ford is jealous in earneſt; and Falſtaff, from time to time, communicates to him, under the name of Brook. (not knowing him to be Mrs. Ford's husband,) an account of his intrigues, and their bad ſucceſs.

Anxiety. *Mrs. Ford.* Why, alas! what is the matter?
 Alarm. *Mrs. Page.* Matter! Why, woman, your husband is a coming hither, with all the officers of Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Fear. *Mrs. Ford.* It is not so, I hope.
 Warning. *Mrs. Page.* Pray heaven it be not so, that you have a man here. But it is most certain, that Mr. Ford is coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search the house. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, I am glad of it. But if you have any body here, convey him out as fast as you can. Be not amazed. Call your senses to you. Defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your happiness forever.

Trepidation *Mrs. Ford.* What shall I do? There is a gentleman here, my dear friend. And I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pounds he were safe out of the house.

Exciting. *Mrs. Page.* Never stand crying: You had rather! You had rather. Your husband's at hand. Bethink you of some conveyance. In the house you cannot hide him. Look, here is a basket. If he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and you may throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking. It is whitening time; send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Anxiety. *Mrs. Ford.* He is too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Enter FALSTAFF from behind the arras.

Hurry. *Falst.* Let me see it. I'll in. I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.

Surprise & reproach. *Mrs. Page.* What, Sir John Falstaff! Is this the love you professed to me in your letters?

Apology. *Falst.* I do love you for all this. Help me out of this scrape, and I'll convince you how

much I love you. [He goes into the basket : they cover him with foul linen.]

Mrs. Page. [To Falstaff's boy.] *Help* to cover your *Master*, sirrah. [To Falstaff.] *Ah*, you are a sad *dissembler*, Sir John. [To Mrs. Ford.] Call your *men*, Mrs. Ford. *Quick*, quick.

Haste.

Reproaching.

Ordering.

Mrs. Ford. What, John ! Robert ! John ! Why John, I say. Make *haste* and take up these *clothes* here. *Where's* the *cowl-staff* ? How you *gape* ! Carry them away *directly* to Mrs. Plash, the laundress, at *Datchet-mead*. [They carry away the basket. Ford meets them. Is prevented searching the basket. Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page retire, and enjoy the punishment, they had inflicted on Falstaff.]

Scene changes to the Inn.—Enter FALSTAFF just out of the Thames.

Falst. Bardolph, I say.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Falst. Go, fetch me a *quart* of *sack*. Put a *toast* in it. (Exit Bard.) Have I *lived* to be *carried* in a *basket*, like a *barrow* of butcher's *offals*, and to be *thrown* into the *Thames* ? Well, if ever I let myself be served such *another* trick, I'll have my *brains*, if there be *any* in my *skull*, taken out, and *battered*, to be given my dog *Jowler* for his breakfast on *new year's day*. The rogues *chucked* me into the *river* with as little *remorse* as they would have *drown'd* a bitch's *blind puppies*, *fifteen* i' the *litter*. And then a man of my *weight* must have a *comfortable alacrity* in *sinking*. If the bottom had been on a level with the bed of the river *Styx*, *down* I should have *gone*. For that matter, I had been fairly *drown'd* if the shore had not been so kind as to *shelve* it a little in my favour. And then to *think*, only to *think* of my being *drown'd* !—A man of my *size* ! For your fresh water swells you an *ordinary* man.

Confusion.

Vexation.

Self Condemnation.

Vexation.

to the size of your middling *porpus*. As for me, an I were to be drown'd, I suppose there is ne'er a *whale* of them all, that would not be out of countenance at the sight of me.—Bardolph—is she *sack brew'd*?

To him enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Falst. Now, Master Brook. You come to know what has passed between me and Ford's wife.

Ford. That is indeed my *business*, Sir John.

Falst. Master Brook, I will not *lie* to you. I was at her house at the *hour* she appointed me.

Ford. And you *sped*, Sir.

Vexation. Falst. *Very ill-favour'dly*, Master Brook.

Surprise. Ford. How, Sir, did she change her *mind*?

Vexation. Falst. No, Master Brook. But the *mischievous* old cuckold, her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a *continual alarm* of jealousy, comes provoked and instigated by his distemper, and at his heels a whole *rabble* of people to search the house for his wife's lover.

Surprise. Ford. What! While you were there?

Falst. While I was there, Master Brook.

Question. Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Information with Vexation. Falst. Master Brook, you shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mrs. Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and by her invention, and Ford's wife's direction, I was convey'd into a *buck-basket*.

Wonder. Ford. A buck-basket?

Vexation. Falst. Yea, a buck-basket; rammed in with foul shirts and smocks, sweaty socks, dirty handkerchiefs, greasy night caps, and infant's clouts fresh from their stinking tails; that, Master Brook, there was as great a variety of villainous smells, as there was of living things in Noah's ark. There I suffered the pangs of three unnatural

deaths. First, the intolerable *fear* of being detected by a *jealous* old *bell-weather*; next, to be *coil'd up* like an overgrown *snake* in a *dung-hill*, *roll'd round* within the *circumference* of a *peck*, *hilt to point, heel to head*; thirdly and lastly, Master Brook, to be *stopt in*, like a *strong distillation*, with *stinking cloathes* that *fermented* in their own *grease*. Think of *that* Master Brook, a man of *my body*; that am as liable to *melt* as a lump of Epping *butter* exposed to the *sun-beams* on the twentieth of June at *noon-day*. Think of *that*, Master Brook, and that, while I was in the *midst* of this high *salivation*, from which that I escaped without *suffocation*, is neither more nor less than a *miracle*; while I was in the height of this hot bath, I say, with my very *bones melted* almost to the consistency of *calves foot jelly*, to be flung into the *Thames*, *coql'd*, *glowing hot* as I was, *case-hardened* at once; think of *that*, Master Brook; *hissing hot*; think of *that* Master Brook.

XXXIV.

VARIOUS CHARACTERS.

From Mr Pope's MORAL ESSAYS. (Epist I.)

'TIS from *high life high characters* are drawn,
A saint in *crape* is *twice* a saint in *lawn*.
A judge is just! a *chanc'lor*—*juster still*;
A *gown-man* learn'd: a *bishop*—*what you will*;
Wise, if a minister; but if a *king*,
More wise, more just, more learn'd, more every
thing.—

Sneer, or
Mock Praise

'Tis education forms the common mind; ——— Teaching.
Just as the *twig* is *bent*, the *tree's inclin'd*.

(1) *Boastful and rough*, your first son is a *'squire*;

(1) Though these lines contain *descriptions*, or *characters*, they may be expressed with *action*, almost as if they were *speeches*. This first line, "*Boastful and rough*," &c. may be spoken with the *action* of *Boasting*. See *Boasting* in the Essay, page 27. The next with that of *tempting*. See *Tempting*, page 30. The *soldier's* character.

- Smooth. *The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar ;*
 Strut. *Tom struts a soldier, open, bold and brave ;*
 Sneering. *Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave.*
 Pride. *Is he a churchman ? Then he's fond of pow'r ;*
 * Formal. *A Quaker ?* sly. A Presbyterian ?† sour ;*
 † Peevish. *A smart free-thinker ? All things in an hour—*
 Teaching. *Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,*
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
Search then the ruling passion ; There alone
The wild are constant, and the cunning known.
This clue once found unravels all the rest ;
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest ;
 *Contempt *Wharton ! the scorn,* and wonder, † of our*
 † Admirat. *days,*
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise.
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
 Eagemess. *Women and fools, must like him or he dies,*
 Admiration *Tho' wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,*
 Contempt. *The club must hail him master of the joke.*
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too,
Then turns repentant, and his God adores,
With the same spirit as he drinks and whores.
Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
A salmon's belly, Helluo, (1) was thy fate, (2)
The doctor call'd, declares, all help too late.
" Mercy" (cries Helluo) " mercy on my soul !
Is there no hope ?——Alas ! then bring the
jowl."——(3)
" Odious ! in woollen ! 'Twould a saint pro-
voked."

may be represented by the arms *a-kimbo*, the lips *pouting out*, and a *blustering* manner of reading the line. The scrivener's, with the eyes turn'd *askant*, a *low voice*, and the action of *shame*. See *shame*, page 21. The Quaker's, with the words spoken through the *nose*, and the appearance of *affestation of piety*. See *affestation*, page 27.

(1) *English* readers may not, perhaps, know, that *Helluo* signifies *Glutton*.

(2) That is, a surfeit of fresh salmon was thy death.

(3) The glutton will indulge appetite (so indeed will every habitual offender in every kind) in spite of all consequences.

(Where the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
 "No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace,
 Wrap these cold limbs, and shade this lifeless face,
 One need not, sure, be ugly though one's dead;
 And—Betty—give this cheek—a little—red."

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
 An humble servant to all human kind,
 Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue
 could stir;

"If—where I'm going—I could serve you Civil, with
 Sir." Weakness.

"I give and I devise," (old Euclio said,
 And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."

"Your money, Sir"—"My money, Sir!—
 What—all?"

Why—if I must"—(then wept)—"I give it Weeping.
 Paul."

"The manor, Sir?"—"The manor—Hold—"
 (he cry'd)

"I cannot—must not part with that"—and dy'd. Weakness.

And you, brave Cobham! at your latest breath Dignity.

Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death,
 Such in that moment, as in all the past,

"O save my country, Heav'n!"—shall be your Praying.
 last.

XXXV.

RECONCILIATION.

The scene between Mr. Bevil and Mr. Myrtle.
 [Consc. Lov.]

Bev. SIR, I am extremely obliged to you for Complaint.
 this honour.

Myrt. The time, the place, our long acquaint- Anger.
 ance, and many other circumstances, which af-
 fect me on this occasion oblige me, without cere-
 mony, or conference, to desire, that you will com-
 ply with the request in my letter, of which you
 have already acknowledged the receipt.

Complais. *Bev.* Sir, I have received a letter from you in a very *unusual style*. But, as I am *conscious* (1) of the *integrity* of my behaviour with respect to you, and intend that *every thing* in this matter, shall be your *own seeking*, I shall *understand nothing* but what you are pleased to *confirm face to face*. You are therefore to take it for *granted* that I have *forgot* the contents of your *epistle*.

Anger. *Myrt.* Your *cool behaviour*, Mr. Bevil, is agreeable to the *unworthy use*, you have made of my *simplicity* and *frankness* to you. And I see, your *moderation* tends to your *own advantage*, not *mine*; to your *own safety*, not to *justice* for the *wrongs* you have done your *friend*.

Offence. *Bev.* My *own safety*! Mr. Myrtle?

Reproach. *Myrt.* Your *own safety*, Mr. Bevil.

Displeasure. *Bev.* Mr. Myrtle, there is *no disguising* any longer, that I *understand* what you would *force* me to. You *know* my *principle* upon that *point*; and you have *often* heard me express my *disapprobation* of the *savage manner* of deciding quarrels, which tyrannical *custom* has introduced, to the breach of *all laws* both *divine* and *human*.

Firmness. *Myrt.* Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil! It would be a *good first principle*, in those, who have so *tender a conscience* that way, to have as much *abhorrence* at *doing injuries*, as—[Turns away abruptly.]

Bev. As what?

Irritating. *Myrt.* As *fear* of *answering* them.

Self Vindication. *Bev.* Mr. Myrtle, I have *no fear* of *answering any injury* I have done you, because I have *meant* you none; for the *truth* of which I am ready to appeal to *any indifferent person*, even of your *own choosing*. But I *own*, I am afraid of doing a *wicked action*, I mean of *shedding your blood*, or *giving you* an opportunity of *shedding mine, cold*. I am not afraid of you, Mr. Myrtle.

Seriousness. But I *own*, I am afraid of *Him*, who *gave me*

Pious Veneration.

(1)—“conscious of the integrity,” &c. may be expressed with the right hand laid upon the breast

this life in trust, on *other conditions*, and with *other designs*, than that I should hazard, or throw it away, because a rash inconsiderate man is pleased to be *offended*, without knowing whether he is *injured*, or not. No—I will not, for your, or any man's humour, commit a *known crime*, a crime which I cannot repair, or which may, in the *very act*, cut me off from all possibility of *repentance*.

Courage.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you, this coolness, this moralizing, shall not cheat me of my love. You may wish to preserve your life, that you may possess Lucinda. And I have reason to be indifferent about it, if I am to lose all that, from which I expected any joy in life. But I shall first try one means toward recovering her, I mean, by shewing her what a dauntless hero she has chosen for her protector.

Rage.

Irritating

Bev. Shew me but the least glimpse of argument that I am authorized to contend with you at the peril of the life of one of us, and I am ready upon your own terms. If this will not satisfy you, and you will make a lawless assault upon me, I will defend myself as against a ruffian. There is no such terror, Mr. Myrtle, in the anger of those, who are quickly hot, and quickly cold again, they know not how, or why. I defy you to shew wherein I have wrong'd you.

Firmness.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, it is easy for you to talk coolly on this occasion. You, who know not, I suppose, what it is to love, and from your large fortune and your specious outward carriage, have it in your power to come, without much trouble or anxiety, to the possession of a woman of honour; you know nothing of what it is to be alarmed, distracted with the terror of losing what is dearer than life. You are happy. Your marriage goes on like common business, and, in the interim, you have for your soft moments of dalliance, your rambling captive, your Indian princess, your convenient, your ready Indiana.

Irritating.

Jealously.

Sarcasm.

Anger roused. *Bev.* You have *touch'd* me beyond the *patience* of a man : and the defence of *spotless innocence*, will, I hope, excuse my *accepting* your *challenge*, or at least my *obliging* you to retract your *infamous aspersions*. I *will not*, if I can avoid it *shed your blood*, nor shall you mine. But
 Authority. *Indiana's purity*, I *will defend*. Who *waits* ?
 Submission. *Serv.* Did you call, Sir ?
 Command. *Bev.* Yes, go call a coach.
 Trepan with submission. *Serv.* Sir,—Mr. Myrtle—Gentlemen—You are friends—I am but a *Servant*—But—
 * Anger. *Bev.* *Call a coach.

[Exit Serv.]

Recollect. [*A long pause ; they walk sullenly about the room.*]

[Aside.] Shall I (though provoked beyond *sufferance*) *recover* myself at the entrance of a *third person*, and that my *servant* too ; and shall I not have a due *respect* for the dictates of my own *conscience* ; (1) for what I owe to the *best of fathers*, and to the *defenceless innocence* of my *lovely Indiana*, whose very *life* depends on *mine* ?
[To Mr. Myrtle.] I have, *thank heaven*, had time to *recollect* myself, and have *determined* to *convince* you, by *means* I would willingly have *avoided*, but which yet are preferable to *murderous duelling*, that I am more innocent of *nothing*, than of *rivalling* you in the affections of
 Remonstr. *Lucinda.* Read this *letter* ; and *consider*, what effect it would have had upon you to have found it about the man you had *murdered*.

Sullenness. *[Myrtle reads.]* " I hope it is *consistent* with the laws a woman ought to impose upon herself to
 Surprise. acknowledge, that your manner of *declining* what has been *proposed* of a treaty of marriage in our family, and *desiring*, that the *refusal* might come from *me*, is more engaging than the *Smithfield courtship* of him, whose arms I am in danger of being *thrown* into, unless your *friend exerts*

(1) To be spoken with the right hand on the breast.

himself for our comon safety and happiness. (1)
—O, I want no more, to clear your innocence,
my injured worthy friend—I see her dear name
at the bottom.—I see that you have been far
enough from designing any obstacle to my hap-
piness, while I have been treating my benefactor
as my betrayer—O Bevil, with what words
shall I—

Shame.

Remorse.

Bev. There is no need of words. To convince
is more than to conquer. If you are but satis-
fied that I meant you no wrong, all is as it
should be.

Benevo-
lence.

Myrt. But can you—forgive—such mad-
ness?

Anguish.

Bev. Have not I myself offended? I had
almost been as guilty as you, though I had the
advantage of you, by knowing what you did not
know.

Benevo-
lence and
forgiving.

Myrt. That I should be such a precipitate
wretch?

Remorse.

Bev. Prithee no more.

Myrt. How many friends have died by the
hand of friends, merely for want of temper!
What do I not owe to your superiority of under-
standing! What a precipice have I escaped! O
my friend;—Can you ever—forgive—Can you
ever again look upon me—with an eye of fa-
vour?

Forgiving.
Self con-
demnation
with Hor-
ror.
Intreating,
with re-
morse.

Bev. Why should I not? Any man may
mistake. Any man may be violent, where his
love is concerned. I was myself.

Benevo-
lence.

Myrt. O Bevil! You are capable of all that
is great, all that is heroic.

Admiration

[Enters a servant to Bevil, and gives a letter.]

(1) In reading the letter, the countenance of Myrtle ought to
quit, by degrees, the look of anger, and to pass to those marked on
the margin.

XXXVI,

CHARACTERS.

From Mr. Pope's MORAL ESSAYS. (Epist. III.)

- Narration. **W**HERE London's column, pointing to the
 skies,
 Like a tall bully, lifts its head, and lies,
 There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
 A plain, good man, and Balaam was his name;
 Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth:
 His word would pass for more than he was
 worth.
 One solid dish his week-day meal affords;
 And added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's,
 Constant at church, and change. His gains were
 sure,
 His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
- Examination. The Devil was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
 Earnest. And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old;
 Narration. But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
 And tempts by making rich; not making poor.
 Rous'd by the prince of air the whirlwinds sweep
 The surge, and plunge his father in the deep:
 Then full against his Cornish lands they roar;
 And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.
- Pride. Sir Balaam, now! He lives like other folks;
 He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes.
 "Live like yourself, was soon my lady's word;
 And lo! two puddings smoak'd upon the board.
 Asleep, and naked, as an Indian lay,
- Craft. An honest factor stole a gem away;
 And pledg'd it to our knight. Our knight had wit,
 He kept the di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
- Anxiety. Some scruple rose. But thus he eas'd his thought,
 Affected piety. "I'll now give six-pence where I gave a groat;
 Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice.
 And am so clear, too, of all other vice."
- Craft. The tempter saw his time; the work he ply'd;
 Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side;
 Earnest. Till all the demon makes his full descent,

In one *abundant show'r of cent per cent* ;
 Sinks *deep* within him, and possesses *whole* ;
 Then *dubs* director, and secures his *soul*.
 Behold ! Sir Balaam, now a man of *spirit*,
 Ascribes his *gettings* to his *parts* and *merit*.
 What late he call'd a *blessing*, now was *wit*,
 And *God's* good *providence*, a *lucky hit*.
 Things change their *titles*, as our *manners* turn ;
 His *compting-house* employs the *Sunday morn*.
 Seldom at *church* ('twas such a *busy life*)
 But duly sent his *family* and *wife*,
 There (so the *Devil* ordain'd) one Christmas tide
 My good old lady caught a *cold*, and *dy'd*.
 A nymph of *quality* admires our *knight*.
 He *marries* ; bows at *court* ; and grows *polite* :
 Leaves the *dull cits*, and joins (to please the *fair*)
 The *well-bred cuckolds* in *St. James's* air.
 First, for his son a *gay commission* buys,
 Who *drinks*, *whores*, *fights*, and in a *duel dies*.
 His daughter struts a *viscount's tawdry wife* ;
 And bears a *coronet*, and *p—x* for *life*.
 In Britain's *senate* he a *seat* obtains ;
 And one more *pensioner* *St. Stephen's* gains.
 My lady takes to *play* ; so *bad* her chance,
 He must repair it. Takes a *bribe* from *France*.
 The *house* impeach him. Coningsby *harangues*,
 The *court* forsake him ; and Sir Balaam hangs.
 Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy *own* :
 His wealth, yet *dearer*, forfeit to the *crown*.
 The *devil* and the *king* divide the *prize*,
 And *sad* Sir Balaam curses *God*, and *dies*.

Pride.

Narration.

Confusion.

XXXVII.

ANXIETY. RESOLUTION.

Cato sitting in a thoughtful posture. In his hand Plato's book on the immortality of the soul. A drawn sword on the table by him. After a pause, he lays down the book, and speaks.

IT must be so—*Plato* thou reason'st well—
 Else whence this *pleasing hope*, this *fond de-*
sire ; (1)

Deep con-
 templation.

(1)—“ This *fond desire*,” may be spoken with the *right hand* laid on the *breast*.

- Desire. This *longing* after *immortality* ?
 Fear. Or whence this *secret dread*, and *inward horror*
 Of *falling* into *nought* ?—Why *shrinks* the *soul*
 Back on *herself*, and *startles* at *destruction* ?
 Awe. 'Tis the *Divinity* that *stirs within us* ;
 'Tis *Heav'n itself* that *points out* an *Hereafter*,
 And *intimates eternity* to man.
 *Satisfact. (1) *Eternity* !—thou *pleasing**—*dreadful*†
 †Apprehen. *thought* !—
 Curiosity. Through what *variety* of *untry'd being*,
 Through what *new scenes* and *changes* must we
pass ?
 The *wide*, th' *unbounded prospect* lies before me ;
 Anxiety. But *shadows*, *clouds*, and *darkness*, rest upon it.
 *Courage. *Here will I hold. †If there's a *Power* above us ;
 †Venera. And *that there is*, all *nature* cries aloud
 Through *all her works*—He *must delight* in
virtue.
 Satisfact. And that, which *He delights* in, *must be happy*.
 Anxiety. But *when* !—or *where* !—This *world* was made
 for *Cæsar*.
 *Courage. I'm *weary* of *conjectures*.—*This *must end them*,
 [Laying his hand on his sword.]
 Firmness. Thus am I *doubly arm'd*. (3) My *death*, my
life ;
 My *bane* and *antidote* : are *both* before me ;
 Apprehen. This—in a *moment*, brings me to an *end*.
 Comfort. Whilst this informs me, I shall *never die*.
 Noble. The *soul* (3) *secur'd* in her *existence*, *smiles*
 Pride. At the *drawn dagger*, and *defies* its point.
 Triumph. The *stars* (4) shall *fade away*, the *Sun himself*
 Grow *dim* with *age*, and *nature* sink in *years* ;
 But *thou* (5) shalt *flourish* in *immortal youth*,

(1) "*Eternity* !—thou *pleasing*," &c. requires an *eye fixed* with *profound thoughtfulness*, on one point, throughout this line.

(2)—"*My death*, my *life*," &c. Long *pauses* between, and pointing, or looking at the *sword*, in pronouncing "*my death*," and at the *book*, in pronouncing "*my life*," and so in "*my bane*, and *antidote*," and in the two following lines.

(3) "*The soul*," &c. may be pronounced with the *right hand* laid upon the *breast*.

(4) "*The stars*," &c. may be spoken with the eyes raised toward *Heaven*, and the arms moderately spread.

(5)—"*thou shalt flourish*," &c. The *right hand* upon the *breast*.

(1) *Unhurt* amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of nature, and the crush (2) of worlds.

XXXVIII.

ANGER. THREATENING.

*Satan's speech to Death, stopping his passage
through the gates of hell ; with the answer.*

(Milt. *Parad. Lost*. B. II. v. 681.)

W HENCE, and what art thou, execrable Quest with
shape,

That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance Anger.

Thy miscreated front athwart my way

To yonder gates ? Through them I mean to pass, Resolution.

That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee. Contempt.

Retire, (3) or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of Heav'n.

To whom the goblin, full of wrath, reply'd,

" Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou He, Anger.

Who first broke peace in Heav'n, and faith till
then

Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms

Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons,

Conjur'd against the Highest, for which both
thou

And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd

To waste eternal days in woe and pain ?

Contempt

And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of Heav'n,

with Anger.

Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,

Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,

Pride.

Thy king and lord ? Back to thy punishment,

Threaten.

False fugitive (4) and to thy speed add wings,

Lest with a whip of scorpions, I pursue

Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart

Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt be-
fore."

(1) "Unhurt," &c. The arms spread again as before.

(2) "The crush," &c. The hands-brought together with force.

(3) "Retire," is to be spoken as a whole sentence, and with the
greatest force of threatening. See *Anger*, page 29.

(4) "and to thy speed," to be spoken quick.

XXXIX.

DEPRECATION. RECOLLECTION.

The speech of Sin to Satan, to prevent an hostile encounter between the latter and Death; with the effect of her speech.

(*Milt. PARA. LOST. B. II. v. 726.*)

- Exclam. “(1) **O** Father, what intends thy hand,” (she cry’d)
- Reproof. “Against thy on’y son? What fury, O son, Possesses thee to *bend* that mortal dart Against thy father’s head? And know’st for whom;
- Vexation. For Him who sits above, and *laughs* the while At thee ordain’d his *drudge*, to execute Whate’er his *wrath*, which he calls *justice*, bids;
- Alarm. His *wrath*; which *one day*, will *destroy* ye both.”
- Narration. She *spake*, and at her words the hellish pest *Forbore*. Then *these* to her, *Satan return’d*;
- Surprise. “So *strange* thy *outcry*, and thy *words* so *strange* Thou *interposest*, that my sudden hand
- Recollect. *Prevented*, *sparcs* to tell thee yet by *deeds* What it *intends*; till first I *know* of thee,
- Question. What *thing* thou *art*, thus double form’d, and *why* In this infernal vale *first met*, thou call’st *Me father*, and that *phantasm* call’st *my son*, I *know* thee *not*; nor ever *saw*, till now,
- Aversion. *Sight* more *detestable* than *him* and *thee*.”

XL.

VEXATION. PERTNESS. CRINGING.

Part of Mr. Pope’s complaint of the impertinence of scribblers.

- Gratitude. **F**RRIEND (2) to my life! (which did not *you* prolong.
- (3) “The *world* had *wanted*—many an *idle* song)
- (1) “O Father,” &c. must be spoken *quick*, as people do, when they mean to prevent imminent mischief.
- (2) Dr. Arbuthnot.
- (3) “The *world* had *wanted*.”—Thus far ought to be spoken with great emphasis, as if somewhat very important were con-

What drop, or nostrum, can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath, or love?

- A dire dilemma! Either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and try'd down to judge, how wretched I,
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.

To laugh were want of goodness, and of grace;
And to be grave exceeds all pow'r of face.

I sit with sad civility. I read

(1) With serious anguish, and an aching head;

Then drop at last, but in unwilling ears,

This saving counsel. "Keep your piece nine
years," (2)

Advising.

"Nine years!" cries he, who high in Drury-
Lane,

Off. with
Surprise.

Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,

Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,

Oblig'd by hunger—and request of friends;

"The piece, you think, is incorrect. Why
take it,

Pertness.

I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it.

Three things another's modest wishes bound;

Cringing.

My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Vexation.

Pitholeon(3) sends to me; "You know his

Cringing.

Grace,

I want a patron—ask him for a place."

"Pitholeon libell'd me—" *But here's a letter *

Offence.

"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no
better.

Cringing.

Dare you refuse him? (4)Curl invites to dine;

Threatning.

He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me! A packet! "'Tis a stranger sues;

Surprise.

A virgin tragedy: an orphan muse."

ing; and the remaining part of the line, "many an idle song,"
in a ludicrous manner.

(1) "With serious anguish," &c. may be spoken as if sick. See
Sick-ess, page 32.

(2) Alluding to Horace's "Nonumque prematur in annum.

(3) Pitholeon. The name of a foolish ancient poet.

(4) "Curl invites," &c. Mr. Pope was, it seems, ill used by
Curl, a bookseller—by the writer of a Journal News-paper—and
by a "Parson much bemus'd in beer."

- Anger. If I *dislike* it, "*Furies, death, and rage*."
- Cringing. If I approve, "*Commend it to the stage.*"
- Comfort. *There, thank my stars, my whole commission ends!*
The players and I are luckily, no friends,
- Anger. *Fir'd that the house reject him, "Sdeath! I'll*
print it,
- Cringing. And *shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with*
Lintot."
- Excuse. "*Lintot (dull rogue!) will think your price too*
much,"
- Cringing. "*Not if you, Sir, revise it and retouch.*"
- Vexation. All my *demurs* but *double his attacks*;
- Whedding. At last he whispers, "*Do; and we go snacks.*"
- Offence. *Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door;*
- Dismission with Anger. "*Sir, let me see you, and your works no more.*"

XLI.

REFLECTION

ON LOST HAPPINESS. SELF-CONDEMNATION. HORROR. DESPERATION.

Satan's Soliloquy. (*Mik. PARAD. LOST. B. IV. v. 32*)

- Admiration **O** *Thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd,*
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the god
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
- Hatred. *Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,*
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee, how I hate thy beams,
- Painful Reflection. *That bring to my remembrance from what state*
I fell; how glorious once above thy sphere;
- Self Condemnation. *Till pride and worse ambition threw me down;*
Warring in heaven, gainst heaven's matchless king.
Ah wherefore! He deserv'd no such return
- Vindication of an enemy. *From me, whom he created what I was*
In that right eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none, nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
- Self condemnation. *How justly due! yet all his good in me*
Produc'd rank malice; lifted up so high,

Subjection I *disdain'd*: thought *one step* higher
 Would set me *highest*, and in a moment quit
 The *debt immense of endless gratitude*,
 So *burdensome, still paying, still to owe*.
Forgetful what from him I still *receiv'd*,
 And *understood nat*, that a *grateful mind*
 By *owing owes not*, but *still pays*; at once
Indebted, and discharged; what *burden then*?
 O had his *pow'ful destiny* ordain'd
 Me some *inferior Angel*! I had stood
 Then *happy*; no *unbounded hope* had rais'd
Ambition. Yet *why not*? some other *pow'r*
 As great, might have *aspir'd*, and *me*, though
mean,

Self-Con-
demnation

Anguish.

Reflect. on
lost happin.

Drawn to his part. But other *pow'rs* as great
Fell not, but stand *unshaken*, from *within*,
 Or from *without*, to *all temptations arm'd*.
 Had'st thou the same *free-will*, and *pow'r* to
stand?

Self con-
demnation

Thou *had'st*; *whom* hast thou then, or *what*
t' accuse,

But Heaven's *free love* dealt equally to all?
 Be then his *love accurs'd*! since *love or hate*
 To me alike it deals *eternal woe*.
 Nay *curs'd* be thou; since against *his*, *thy will*
 Chose *freely* what it now so justly *rues*.

Blasphemy.

Rage. self
condemn.

O *wretched spirit*! which way shall I *fly*?
 Infinite *wrath*, and infinite *despair*;
 Which way I *fly* is *Hell*, myself am *Hell*;
 And in the *lowest deep* a *lower deep*.
 Still *threat'ning* to *devour* me, *opens wide*,
 To which the *Hell*, I suffer, seems a *Heaven*—
 O then, at *last relent*. Is there no place
 Left for *repentance*? None for *pardon left*?

Desperation

Essay to-
ward repen.

* Pride.

None left, but by *submission*; *and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my *dread of shame*
 Among the *sprits beneath*, whom I *seduc'd*
 With *other promises*, and *other vaunts*
 Than to *submit*; boasting I could *subdue*
 Th' *Omnipotent*. *Ay me!* they little know
 How *dearly* I abide that boast so vain;

Anguish

- Under what *torments* inwardly I *groan*,
 While they *adore* me on the throne of Hell,
 With *diadem* and *sceptre* high advanc'd,
 The *lower* still I fall, only *supreme*
 In *misery*; such *joy* *ambition* finds.
- Pride. But say I *could repent*, and *could obtain*,
 By act of grace, my *former state*; how soon
 Would *height* recal *high thoughts*, how soon
unsay
 What feign'd *submission* *swore*? *ease* would recant
Vows made in *pain*, as *violent* and *void*.
- Malice. For *never* can *true reconciliation* grow
 Where *wounds* of *deadly hate* have *pierc'd* so *deep*,
 Which would but lead me to a *worse relapse*,
 And *heavier fall*; So should I purchase *dear*
Short intermission bought with *double smart*.
- Hopeless. This *knows* my *punisher*, therefore as *far*
 Anguish. From *granting* *He*, as *I* from *begging* *peace*;
All hope excluded thus, *behold* instead
- Malice. Of *us*, *outcast*, *exil'd*—his *new* *delight*,
Mankind, created, and for *them* this world.
 So *farewel hope*; and with *hope* *farewel* *fear*,
 Fixed def- *Farewel remorse*: all *good* to me is *lost*;
 peration *Evil* be *thou* *my good*; by *thee* at least
- Resolved. *Divided* empire with heaven's King I hold,
 Obdur. By thee, and *more* than *half*, perhaps, shall reign;
 malice bent *As man*, ere long, and *this new world* shall *know*.
 on mischief

XLII.

WALKING IN SLEEP, AND A DIS-
TURBED CONSCIENCE.

Enter LADY MACBETH, (1) *with a taper*.

- Liftening. Gent. **L**OOK you! *here she comes*. *This is*
her guise. *Observe* her. *Stand close*.

(1) The pupil, if he has not seen MACBETH, must be informed, that Duncan, one of the ancient kings of Scotland, was, according to Buchanan and other historians, murdered by Macbeth, one of the nobles of that kingdom, at the instigation of his lady, in

Doct. Her eyes are open.

Wonder.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands. Attention.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue this a quarter of an hour.

La. Macb. Yet here's a spot. (1)

Guilt.

Doct. Hark, she speaks.

Attention.

La. Macb. Out, cursed spot. Out, I say—

Guilt.

(2) One, two. Now is the time to do it—Hell is murky—Fie, my lord! A soldier afraid!

Horror.

What need we fear? Who knows it? Who has

Encourag.

power to call us to account?—But, who could have thought the old man had so much blood in him?

Guilt.

Gent. Do you mark that?

Atten. with

La. Macb. The Thane of Fife is a married

Suspicion.

man. Where is his wife now? Murdered, did

Guilt.

you say? Who could be so bloody to mangle such

sweetness?—What, will these hands never be

clean? No more of that, my lord; no more of

Encourag.

that. You mar all with your starting.—

Here is the smell of blood still.—All the per-

Guilt.

fumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Oh! oh! oh!

Anguish.

Doct. What a sigh was there! That heart is

Suspicion.

sorely charged. This disease is beyond my practice.

La. Macb. Wash your hands, put on your

Encourage.

night gown. Take courage—I tell you, Ban-

quo is buried, all but the blood that was shed at

his dispatching; and that has no likeness to be

known by. Are you afraid that he'll come out

Fear.

of his grave again? To bed, to bed, to bed.

their own house, in order to Macbeth's ascending the throne; and that *Shakespeare*, in this scene, intends to represent her troubled in her sleep with guilt and fear.

(1) There must be but *little emphasis* used in expressing what Lady Macbeth says, because it is but *dreaming*.

(2) "One, two," must be spoken as *counting* a great clock.

There is a knocking at the gate. Come, come, come. What is done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

XLIII.

INTREATING. COMPLAINT OF INJURY. REFUSING.

The Embassy from Agamemnon to Achilles, (after the latter had, in disgust, retired from the army) to endeavour to prevail with him to return, and join the allies against the Trojans. Ulysses at table, in Achilles's tent, speaks.

- Submission.** **H**EALTH to Achilles! Happy are thy guests!
 Not those more honor'd whom Atrides feasts;
 Tho' gen'rous plenty crown the loaded boards;
 That Agamemnon's regal tent affords.
- Anxiety.** But greater cares sit heavy on our souls;
 Not eas'd by banquets, or by flowing bowls.
- Sympathy.** What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear,
 The dead we mourn, and for the living fear.
- Apprehen.** Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
 And owns no help, but from thy saving hands.
 Troy, and her sons, for ready vengeance call;
 Their threat'ning tents already shade our wall.
 Hear how with shouts their conquests they pro-
 claim,
- And point at ev'ry ship the vengeful flame.
- Awe with** For them the Father of the gods declares;
Apprehen. Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.
- Terror.** See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise!
 All human force the raging chief defies;
 What fury in his breast, what light'ning in
 his eyes!
- He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame
 The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
- Beseeching.** Return, Achilles! Oh return, tho' late,
 To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate;
 If in that heart or grief, or courage lies,

Rise to redeem: Ah yet to conquer rise.
The day may come, when, all our warriors slain, Warning.
That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.

He afterwards enumerates the advantageous conditions offered by Agamemnon, to engage him to return. To all which Achilles gives the following answer.

————— *Ulysses! (1)—hear* Stem Firm-
ness.
A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear,
What in my secret soul is understood,
My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let Greece then know my purpose I retain,
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Long toils, long perils in their cause I bore: Displeasure
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight, or not fight, a like reward we claim;
The wretch and hero find their prize the same;
Alike, regretted in the dust he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours! lo, what fruit remains!
As the bold bird her helpless young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want de-
fends;
In search of prey she wings the spacious air,
And with untasted food supplies her care;
For thankless Greece such hardships have I brav'd,
Her matrons, and her tender infants sav'd.
Long sleepless nights in heavy arms have stood,
And spent laborious days in dust and blood.
I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain.
Then at Atrides haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd and the spoils I made.
Sneer with
Reproof.
Your mighty monarch these in peace possess;
Some few my soldiers had; himself the rest.
Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again.

Resolution.

(1) "*Ulysses!*" is to be spoken as a whole sentence.

- Refusing. Ye *have* my answer.—*What remains to do,
 *Sneer. Your king, *Ulysses*, may consult with you.
 What needs he the defence *this arm* can make?
 Has he not *walls*, no human force can shake?
 Has he not *fenc'd* his guarded navy round
 With *piles*, with *ramparts*, and a trench pro-
 found?
 And will not *these*, the wonders he has done,
 Repel the rage of *Priam's* single son?
- Self-comm. There *was* a time ('twas when for Greece I
 fought)
 When *Hector's* prowess no such wonders wrought.
 He kept the verge of *Troy*, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles' vengeance at the *Scæan* gate.
- Resolution. But now those *deadly* contests are no more,
To-morrow we the fav'ring gods implore;
 Then shall ye see our *parting vessels* crown'd,
 And hear with oars the *Hellespont* resound.
- Insult. Then tell your king, that *all* the *Greeks* may
 hear,
 And learn to *scorn* the man they *basely* fear.
 (For, arm'd in *impudence*, mankind he *braves*,
 And meditates new *cheats* on all his *slaves*;
 Though *shameless* as he is, to meet these *eyes*
 Is what he *dares not*; if he dares, he *dies*.)
- Fixed Hatred. Tell him, *all terms*, *all commerce* I decline,
 Nor share his *counsels*, nor his *battles* join:
 For, *once* deceiv'd was *his*; but *twice* were
 mine.
- Resolution. My *fates*, long since, by *Thetis* were *disclos'd*;
 And each alternate, *life*, or *fame*, *propos'd*.
 Here if I *stay* before the *Trojan* town,
 Short is my *date*; but *deathless* my *renown*.
 If I *return*, I quit immortal *praise*—
 For *years* on *years*, and *long* extended *days*.
 Convinc'd tho' *late*, I *find* my *fond* *mistake*,
 And *warn* the *Greeks* the *wiser* choice to make;
 To *quit* these *shores*; their *native* *seats* enjoy,
 Nor hope the *fall* of *heaven-defended* *Troy*.
 Life is not to be *bought* with *heaps* of *gold*;
 Not all, *Apollo's* *Pythian* *treasures* hold,

Or *Troy* once held, in peace and pride of sway,
Can bribe the poor possession of a day,
Lost herds and treasures we by arms regain,
And steeds unrival'd on the dusty plain.
But, from our lips the vital spirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the silent dead.

He concludes with declaring his determined resolution not to return. And the Ambassadors take their leave, to go back to the army.

XLIV.

HUMOROUS

SCENE FROM SHAKESPEAR'S MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt and Starveling.

Quince. IS all our company here?

Inquiring.

Bot. You had best call them conjunctly and severally, generally and especially, that is, whereof to call them man by man, according to the scrip.

Directing.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name in this town, that is fit to be seen upon the stage before the duke and dutchess.

Informing.

Bot. (1) Good Peter Quince, go to work in a method. Begin at the top, and go on to the bottom; that is, whereof as a man may say, first tell us what the play treats of, then read the names of the actors, and so your business will stand by itself as regular, as a building set upon the very pinnacle of its foundation.

Directing.

Quin. Why then the play is the most delectable and lamentable comedy entitled and called, The cruel tragedy of the death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Informing.

(1) "Good Peter Quince, &c." To be spoken with a great effusion of wisdom; but in a clumsy and rustic manner.

- Pity.** *Bot.* A very moving play, I warrant it. A very deep tragedy, I know by the sound of the title of it. *Pyramus* and *Thisby*! I suppose they are to have their throats cut from ear to ear, or their bellies ripped up from the waistbands of their breeches to their chins. Well now, good Peter, call forth your actors by the scrawl. Masters, spread yourselves out into a clump, every man conjunctly by himself.
- Directing.** *Quin.* Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, weaver.
- Authority.** *Bot.* Ready. Name my part, and proceed.
- Affectation.** *Quin.* You, Nick Bottom, are set down for *Pyramus*.
- Smartness.** *Bot.* I am to play *Pyramus*? Well, and who is *Pyramus*? A gentleman or a simple man?
- Teaching.** *Quin.* *Pyramus* is a lover, and *Thisby* is his sweetheart. *Pyramus* kills himself for grief, because a lion had got hold of *Thisby's* cloak, and tore it, which makes *Pyramus* conclude, as how he had tore her too, and eaten her up, all but the cloak; whereof he had not touched her. So that poor *Pyramus* loses his life d'ye see, for nothing at all; whereof you know, that is enoughto make a man hang himself.
- Inquiring.** *Bot.* What then, am I to hang myself for vexation, because I had killed myself for nothing?
- Denying.** *Quin.* No; that is not in the play.
- Apprehen.** *Bot.* Here will be salt tears wept, or I am mistaken. An I be the man, that acts this same *Pyramus*, let the ladies look to their eyes. I will condole and congratulate to some tune. I will break every heart, that is not double hooped with flint. I have a main notion of acting your lover, that is crossed in love. There is but one thing, that is more to my humour than your tribulation lover. That is, your tyrant; your thundering tyrant; I could play you, for example I could play you such a tyrant as *Herriccoles*, (1)

(1) Hercules.

when he gets on the *brimstone shirt*, and is all on fire, as the unlucky boys burn a great rat alive with spirits. And then, when he takes up little—what's his name—(1) to *squirt* him off Ranting. of the cliff into the sea. O then 'tis fine, (2) "I'll spilt the raging rocks; and shiv'ring shocks, with thund'ring knocks, shall break the locks, of prison gates. And *Febal's* (3) ear, shall shine from far, and kindle war, with many a scar, and make and mar the stubborn fates." There Applause. is your right tragedy stuff. This is *Harriacole's* vein to a hair. This is your only true tyrant's Directing. vein. Your lawyer's vein is more upon the condoling and congratulating. Now, *Peter Quince*, Authority. name the rest of the players.

Quin. Francis Flute, Bellows-mender. Affectation

Flute. Here, Peter Quince. Smartness.

Quin. *Francis, you must take *Thisby* on *Authority you.

Flute. †What, that is to be *Nick Bottom's* †Inquiring sweetheart, and to have my cloak worried alive by the great beast? Why, Peter, I have a beard Doubt. a coming. I shan't make a clever woman, as you may say, unless it were Mrs. What d'ye Inquiring. call her, Mrs. Tibby's mother or aunt. Has not the gentlewoman of the play a mother, or an aunt, that appears?

Quin. Yes; but you must do *Thisby*. You will Encourag. do *Thisby* well enough, man. You shall do it Authority. in a mask. Robin Starveling, taylor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince. Affectation

Quin. §You must play *Pyramus's* Father; I §Authority will play *Thisby's* father; Flute must play *Thisby*; and *Snowt* *Thisby's* mother. Simon Snug, Affectation joiner.

Snug. Here, Peter Quince. Smartness.

(1) Lichas.

(2) This bombastic passage (probably intended to ridicule some play written in Shakespeare's time) cannot be too much smoothed and raised.

(3) Phœbus's.

* Authority *Quin.* *Simon*,* you must act the part of the lion.

Inquiring. *Snug.* *Heh!* the part of the lion, do you say, Peter Quince? Why I never made a *beast* of myself in my *life*, but *now* and then, when I have drunk a *cup too much*.

Encourage. *Quin.* *Pshaw, Pshaw*, a *better man than you or I either*, has been made a *beast* before *now*; ay, and a *horn'd beast* too. But the lion is a *royal beast*, the *king of beasts*. So, *Simon*, you must play the part of the *lion*.

Doubt. *Snug.* Well, but an it be a *long part*, I can't remember it; for I have but a *poor brain*. Let me see how many *pages*.

Quin. Why, *Simon*, it is not *written*. And, for the matter of that, you may do it *off hand*. It is nothing but *roaring*.

Advising. *Bot.* I'll tell you *what*, *Peter Quince*; you were better to let *me* act the part of the lion. *Simon Snug* is but a *hen-hearted* sort of a fellow. He won't roar you so loud as a *mouse* in the hole in the *wall*. But, if you will let *me* play the part, I will make such a *noise*, as shall do any man's heart *good* to hear me. I will roar, that the duke shall cry, *Encore, encore*, let him *roar*, let him *roar*, once *more*, once *more*.

Cautioning *Quin.* But if you were *too terrible*, you might frighten the *dutchess* and the *ladies*, that they would *shriek*, and that were enough to *hang us all*.

Self vindication. *Bot.* Ay; if the *dutchess* and the *ladies* were *frighted* out of their *wits*, to be sure, perhaps they might have *no more wit*, than to get us all *hang'd*; but do you *think*, *Peter Quince*, that I have *no more inhumanity* in my nature, than to *frighten* people? I would *restrain* and *aggravate* my voice, that I would roar you as *gentle* as any *sucking dove*; I would roar you an it were any *nightingale*.

Quin. I tell you, Nick Bottom, hold your Authority. tongue, with your roaring, and set your heart at rest. You shall play nothing but *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, if I must, I must. What cannot Submission. be *endur'd*, you know, must be *cur'd*. But what. Inquiring. beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. You must not have on a *grey beard*, Directing. you know; because it will not look *natural* for a man with a *grey beard* to be acting the part of a *lover*.

Bot. Why look you, Master Peter Quince, I Self vindi- don't think it so very *unnatural* to see people, cation. with *grey beards*, acting the part of *lovers*; at least, I am sure, it had not *need* be *unnatural*; for it is *common* enough. But, howsomdever it will look a little *unnatural*, as you say, to see the *young woman*, Mrs. Tibby, *fondling* and looking *sweet* upon a man with a *grey beard*. Wherefore, upon *minture liberation*, I will play it in a beard *black as jet*.

Quin. Here, then, *Masters*, take your parts, Exhoning and *con* them over with as much *retention* as you can; that you may be ready to *rehearse* by to-morrow night.

Bot. But *where* must we *rehearse*, Peter Inquiring. Quince?

Quin. Why, your know, if we should go to Apprehen. rehearse in a *garret*, or a malt-loft, we should but draw a *mob*, and perhaps get ourselves taken up for *cromancers*. Therefore we must go to the *palace wood*, and do it by *moonlight*. Then you Contriving. know, we shall do it with *dacity* and *imposer* of mind, when there is no body to *deplaud*, or *hiss*.

Bot. Right, Peter Quince. We will be *ready* for you. [Exeunt.]

XLV.

CHIDING.

The Speech of HECTOR to PARIS, on his avoiding, on the field of battle, MENELAUS, the husband of HELEN, whom he had decoyed from Sparta to Troy, which occasioned the Trojan war.

(POPE'S Homer, II. III. v. 53.)

- Narration.** *AS godlike Hector sees the prince retreat,
He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous heat;*
- Reproof.** *" Unhappy Paris ! But to women—brave !
So fairly form'd, and only to deceive !*
- Vexation.** *Oh, hadst thou dy'd, when first thou saw'st the
light,
Or dy'd at least before the nuptial rite !*
- Contempt.** *A better fate than vainly thus to boast
And fly, the scandal of the Trojan host.*
- Vexation.** *Gods ! how the scornful Greeks exult to see
Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee !
Thy figure promis'd with a martial air ;*
- Contempt.** *But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.
In former days, in all thy gallant pride,
When thy tall ships triumphant stem'd the tide ;
When Greece beheld thy painted canvas flow,
And crowds stood wond'ring at the passing show ;*
- Inquiry with contempt.** *Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,
You met the approaches of the Spartan queen ?
Thus from her realm convey'd the beautiful prize,
And both her warlike lords (1) outshone in Helen's
eyes ?*
- This deed, thy foes' delight, thy own disgrace,
Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race,
This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight ;*
- Challenge.** *Or hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not
right ?
Soon to thy cost his sword would make thee know,
Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.*

(1) Theseus, her first, and Menelaus, her second husband

Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,
Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre,
Beauty and youth—in vain to these you trust,
When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust.
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow,
Crush the dire author of his country's woe."

Warning.

Threaten.

XLVI.

REMORSE. CONFESSION. VIRTU-
OUS RESOLUTION. AFFECTION.
JOY. RAPTURE.

Scene between Sir Charles Easy and his Lady, (to whom he had been false) after his coming to understand, that his falsehood was known to her, though borne without the least complaint, or outward appearance of dissatisfaction, on her part.

Sir Ch. SIT still, my dear—I want to talk with you—and, which you well may wonder at, what I have to say is of importance too. But it is in order to our friendship's being upon a better footing hereafter, than it has been hitherto.

Serious conversation.

Lady Easy. Your behaviour to me, Sir Charles, has always been friendly and loving; nor can I charge you with a look, that ever had the appearance of unkindness.

Affection with Submission.

Sir Ch. The perpetual spring of your good humour Madam, lets me draw no merit from what I have appeared to be. For you seem to be of a temper to love, or at least to behave kindly to your husband, let his character be what it will. Yet I cannot, even now, reconcile with your good sense, your venturing upon marriage with a man of my indolent character.

Compliment.

Lady Easy. I never thought it such a hazard. And your having never shewn, even in the time of courtship, the least affectation to be

Submissive Affection.

any thing, but what you was *by nature* ; and your shewing, through that *carelessness of temper*, an undesigning *honesty of mind*, which I suspected a *want* of in *smoother behaviour*, won me by taking *no pains* to win me, and *pleased* and *courted* me by taking *no pains* to *please* or *court* me. I concluded, that, *such a temper* could never be *deliberately unkind*. Or, at the *worst*, I hoped, *that any errors* which might arise from *want* of *thinking*, might be *borne* ; and that *one moment's thought* would *end* them. Thus, Sir Charles, you see my *worst* of *fears*. And *these*, weighed against the *hopes* I had of *winning your heart*, (as you know our sex are not too *diffident* of the *power* of our own *charms*) were as *nothing*.

Wonder.

Shame.

Sir Ch. My dear, your *understanding*, when I consider my *own conduct*, *startles* me, and makes my own look *despicable*. I *blush* to think I have worn so valuable a *jewel* in my *bosom*, and, till *this hour*, have scarce had the *curiosity*, or rather the *common sense*, to think of *looking* upon its *lustre*.

Self-denial.

Lady Easy. You set too *high* a value, Sir Charles, on the *common qualities* of *harmlessness*, and *good nature* in a *wife*.

Praise.

Shame.

Sir Ch. *Virtues*, like *benefits*, are *doubled* by being *modestly concealed*. And I confess, I *suspect* you, Madam, of *virtues*, which, as much as they *exalt your character*, *disgrace* mine.

Apprehen.

Lady Easy. I don't *understand* you, Sir Charles.

Trepidation

Sir Ch. I must speak *plainer* then—Be *free*, and tell me, *where* did you *leave* this *handkerchief* ? (1)

Starting.

Lady Easy. Ha !

Tenderness,

Shame.

Sir Ch. What do you *start* at—You have *nothing* to be *troubled* about.—Would to *Heaven* I had as *little*. [Aside.]

Anxiety.

Lady Easy. I *cannot speak*—and I could *wish* you would not *oblige* me—It is the *only*

(1) It was by the handkerchief, that he knew his baseness was discovered by his lady.

thing I ever refused you—And, though I cannot give you a reason, why I would not speak, yet I hope you will excuse me, without a reason.

Intreating.
Stinging re-
morse.

Sir Ch. What then? Does this delicate creature scruple to accuse me of what I have so little scrupled to be guilty of! Monster! To injure such goodness! [Aside] Well, then, Madam, your will shall be a reason. I will urge the point no farther. And, indeed, it would ill become me. Since you are so generously tender of reproaching me, I will declare to you, that what your delicacy avoids charging me with, that my own reflection bears home upon me with tenfold force. Your heroic behaviour has waked me to a sense of your disquiet past—disquiet so unworthily caused by me—and—and—[hesitating through fulness of heart] so nobly borne by—her—who least deserved to be forced to bear it.—But, Madam—[sighing] if I have used you ill—I hope I have sentiment enough still left to secure you from all fear of my offending hereafter. As an earnest of which, let me beg of you to discharge your woman.

Tenderness
with admi-
ration.

Remorse.

Virtuous
resolution.
Intreating.

Intreating.

Lady Easy. My dearest! I think not of her. Your tenderness overcomes me. [Weeping.]

Sensibility.

Sir Ch. Nay, surely, you have no room to praise my tenderness. Such tenderness, as I have shewn to worth like yours, might—but I see you are in pain to give me this confusion. I will not therefore, increase your uneasiness by reflections on what I have been; but rather, reserving them for my private recollections, try to soothe your anguish by the prospect of happiness to come—happiness from my recovery to a sense of your inimitable excellence, which hereafter, I intend shall be the business and the joy of my life to study, and admire. Expect then, thou best of womankind, from my future affection, all that can be conceived of tender and of kind. Nothing, you can expect, shall come up to what you shall experience; for no tenderness can equal

Joy, & self-
abatement.
Remorse.

Tenderness

Protestation
of affection.

your *deservings* at the hands of such a husband as I have *hitherto been*. Receive me, then, *entire at last*, and take what *no woman ever truly had*, —not even your *incomparable self*—my *conquered heart*. [Embracing.]

Inexpressible
transport
of Love
and Joy.

Lady Easy. O my *recovered*, my *almost lost*, my *inestimable jewel*!—My *husband*—My *love*!—O *extasy of joy*!—Too much for *human nature*!—Thus to have *all I love on earth*, come *voluntarily and unsolicited*, to *load me with kindness*, and *crown me with happiness*! What is the *rapture of the lover sighing at our feet*, to the *solid joy of receiving the relenting, returning husband*! O *dearest love*! Be *not so profusely kind*. O *Heaven*!—Teach me to shew *gratitude suitable to such a blessing*.

Pious grati-
tude.

XLVII.

DISCONTENT. EXCITING. RE- PROACHING. PLOTTING.

The scene, in which CASSIUS excites BRUTUS to oppose CÆSAR's power.

(Shakespeare's JUL. CÆS.)

Discontent. *Cassius.* HONOR is the *subject of my story*;
I cannot tell, what *you and other men*
Think of this *life*, but for *my single self*,
Contempt. I'd rather *sleep i' th' dust*, than live to be
In *awe of such a thing as I myself*.
Pride. I was born *free as Cæsar*. So were *you*.
We both have *fed as well*, and we can both
Endure the *winter's cold* as well as he.
Narration with Contempt. For once, upon a *raw and gusty day*,
The troubled *Tiber chafing with his shores*,
Cæsar says to me. "Dar'st thou, *Cassius*, now
Question. Leap in with me into this *angry flood*,
And *swim to yonder Point*?" Upon the *word*,
Courage. *Accoutred as I was*, (1) I *plunged in*,

(1) This passage cannot be expressed with life, without something of the action of *swimming*.

And bade him *follow* ; so indeed he *did*.
 The torrent *roar'd*, and *we* did *buffet* it
 With *lusty sinews*, *throwing* it *aside*,
 And *stemming* it with hearts of *controversy*.
 But ere we could *arrive* the Point *propos'd*,
 Cæsar cry'd, "*Help me, Cassius, or I sink !*"
 *Then, as *Æneas*, our great *ancestor*,
 Did do the *flames* of *Troy*, upon his *shoulders*,
 The *old Anchises* bear, so, from the *waves* of *Tiber*,
 Did I the *tired Cæsar* ; †and *this man* †Wonder.
 Is *now* become a *god*, and *Cassius* is
 A *wretched creature*, and must *bend* his *body*, — Contempt.
 If *Cæsar* carelessly but *nod* to him.
 He had an *ague* when he was in *Spain*,
 And when the *fit* was on him, I did *mark*
 How he did *shake* : 'tis *truth*, this *god* did *shake* ;
 His *coward lips* did from their *colour* *fly*,
 And that same *eye*, whose *bend* doth *awe* the *world*,
 Did *lose* its *lustre* ; I did *hear* him *groan* ;
 Aye, and that *tongue* of his, that bade the *Romans*
Mark him, and *write* his *speeches* in their *books*,
 Alas, it cry'd, " Give me some *drink*, *Titinius*" — †Sickness.
 As a *sick girl*. Ye *gods*, it doth *amaze* me,
 A man of such a *feeble* temper, should
 So get the *start* of the *majestic world*,
 And bear the *palm* alone.
 Brutus. Another general shout !
 I do believe that their *applauses* are
 For some *new honours* that are *heap'd* on *Cæsar*.
 Cassius. Why, *man*, he doth *bestride* the *nar-*
 row *world* — Wonder.
 Like a *Colossus*, and we *sorry dwarfs*
 Walk under his *huge legs*, and *peep* about
 To find ourselves *dishonourable graves*.
 Men *sometimes* have been *masters* of their *fates* :
 The *fault*, dear Brutus, is *not* in our *stars*,
 But in *ourselves*, that we are *underlings*.
 Brutus & Cæsar ! What should be in that *Cæsar* ?
 Why should that name be sounded *more* than *yours* ?
 Write them *together* ; *yours* is as *fair* a name ;
 Sound them ; it doth *become* the *mouth* as *well* ;

Distress &
intreating.
*Courage.

†Wonder.

Contempt.

Narration
with con-
tempt.

Contempt.

Sickness.
Wonder.

Liftening.
Wonder.

Discontent.
Ranting.

Regret.

Exciting.

- Weigh* them ; it is as *heavy* ; *conjure* with them ;
Brutus will start a *ghost* as soon as *Cæsar*.
 Wonder. Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 Contempt. Upon *what meat* doth this our *Cæsar* feed,
 That he is grown so *great* ? *Age* thou art *sham'd* ;
Rome, thou hast *lost* the breed of *noble bloods*.
When went there by an age, since the *sun* shone,
 But it was fam'd with *more* than *one* man ?
When could *they* say, 'till now, who talk'd of *Rome*,
 That her *wide walls* encompass'd but *one* man ?
 Exciting. Oh ! you and I have heard our *fathers* say,
 There was a *Brutus* once, that would have *brook'd*
 A *whipt*, gall'd slave to lord it over *Rome*
 As soon as this dread *Cæsar*.
 Approbat. *Brutus*. (1) That you do love me, I am *nothing* *jealous* ;
 Serious con- What you would *work* me to, I have *some* aim ;
 sideration. How I have *thought* of this, and of *these* times,
 I shall recount *hereafter*. For this *present*,
 I would not (so with *love* I might intreat you)
 Be any farther *mov'd*. What you have *said*,
 Plotting. I will *consider* ; what you *have* to say,
 I will with *patience* hear, and find a *time*
 Both *meet* to hear, and *answer* such *high* things.
 'Till then, my *noble friend*, *chew* upon this ;
 Discontent. *Brutus*—had rather be a *Lybian*,
 Than to repute himself a *son* of *Rome*,
 Under such *hard* conditions as *this* time
 Is like to *lay* upon us. [Exeunt.]

XLVIII.

JOY. TROUBLE. FLATTERY. DARING.
 FEAR. ROMANTIC IMAGINATION.

EVE's Account of her troublesome Dream.

(PARAD. LOST. B. V. v. 28.)

Joy & love. **O** sole, in whom my thoughts find *all* repose,
 My glory, my perfection ! Glad I see

(1) The character of Brutus being *cool* courage, his speech is to be expressed accordingly.

Thy face, and morn return'd. For I this night
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,

Disagreeable remembrance-

(1) *If dream'd*—not as I oft am wont, of thee :

Works of day past, or morrow's next design ;

But of offence and trouble, which my mind

Knew never till this irksome night. Methought,

Close at mine ear, one call'd me forth to walk,

With gentle voice; I thought it thine; it said,

“ Why sleep'st thou *Eve* ? Now is the pleasant time,

Wheedling

The cool, the silent, save where silence yields

To the night warbling bird, that now awake,

Pleasing description.

Tunes sweetest his love labour'd song; now reigns

Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light

Shadowy sets off the face of things. (2) In vain,

If none regards, Heav'n wakes with all his eyes

Flattery.

Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire ?

In whose sight all things joy with ravishment,

Attracted by thy beauty—still to gaze.”

I rose, as at thy call; but found thee not,

Narration.

To find thee I directed then my walk;

And on, methought, alone I pass'd thro' ways,

That brought me on a sudden to the tree

Apprehension.

Of interdicted knowledge. Fair it seem'd,

Much fairer to my fancy than by day :

Wonder.

And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood

One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from

Heav'n,

By us oft seen ; his dewy locks distill'd

Ambrosia. On that tree he also gaz'd ;

And, “ O fair plant,” said he “ with fruit sur-

Pleasure and desire.

charg'd,

Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy

sweet,

Nor god, nor man ? Is knowledge so despis'd ?

Inquiry.

Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste ?

Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold

Resolution.

(1) “ *If dream'd*.” The impression being so strong, that she was in doubt, whether it was a dream or reality.

(2) “ *In vain*.” &c. The pupil must be told, that this means, “ No matter whether any earthly creature is awake to admire your beauty.”

- Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here?"
 This said, he *paus'd not*, but with *vent'rous arm*
 Fear. He *pluck'd*, he *tasted*. Me damp horror chill'd
 At such *bold words*, vouch'd with a *deed so bold*.
 Joy. But he, thus *overjoy'd*, "O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more *sweet* thus *cropt*;
Forbidden here, it seems, as only *fit*
 For *gods*; yet able to make *gods of men*:
 And why not *gods of men*, since *good*, the more
Communicated, more *abundant* grows,
 The author not *impair'd*, but *honour'd* more?
 Inviting. Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve!
Partake thou also, happy though thou art,
 Flattery. Happier thou may'st be; *worthier* canst not be;
 Tempting. Taste this, and be henceforth among the *gods*,
Thyself a *goddess*, not to *earth* confin'd,
 But sometimes in the *air*, as *we*; sometimes
Ascend to *Heav'n*, by merit *thine*, and see
 What *life* the *gods* live *there*, and *such* live *thou*.
 Tempting. So saying, he drew *nigh*, and to me *held*,
 Ev'n to my *mouth*, of that *same* fruit held part.
 Which he had *pluck'd*. The *pleasant sav'ry*
smell
 So *quicken'd* appetite, that I methought,
 Could not but *taste*. Forthwith up to the *clouds*
 Romantic. With him I *flew*, and underneath *beheld*
 Imagination. The *earth* out stretch'd *immense*, a prospect *wide*
 And *various*. Wond'ring at my *flight* and *change*
 To this *high exaltation*; suddenly
 My *guide* was *gone*, and I, methought, *sunk down*
 Joy. And *fell asleep*. But O how *glad* I *wak'd*
 To find this but a *dream*;

XLIX.

ANGUISH FOLLOWED BY
TRANSPORT.

- The scene of *Indiana's* being found to be *Mr. Sea-*
land's daughter. [Consc. Lov.]
 Civility. Ind. I AM told, Sir, you come about *business*,
 which requires your speaking with me.

Seal. Yes, Madam. There came to my hands a bill drawn by Mr. Bevil, which is payable to-morrow; and as I have *cash* of his, I have made bold to bring you the money *myself*——A——a——and, to be *free*, madam, the *fame* of your *beauty*, and the *regard* which Mr. Bevil is but *too well known* to have for you, excite my *curiosity*.

Confusion.

Ind. *Too well known* to have for me! Your sober *appearance*, Sir, made me expect no *rudeness* or *absurdity* from you——*Who waits?*——Sir, if you pay the money to a *servant*, it will be as *well*——[Going.]

Offence.

Seal. Pray, Madam, be not *offended*. I came hither with an *innocent*, nay, a *virtuous* design. And, if you will have patience to *hear* me, it may be of *service* to you, as well as to my *only daughter*, on *whose account* I come, and whom I was *this day* to *dispose of*.

Apology.

Ind. [Aside.] In *marriage* with Mr. Bevil, I fear. What I *dreaded* is come. But I must *compose* myself, if *possible*. [To him.] Sir, you may *suppose* I shall *desire* to *know any thing*, which may be interesting to Mr. Bevil, or to *myself*. As *appearances* are *against* me with regard to his *behaviour*, I ought to *forgive* your *suspicion*, Sir. Be *free* then; I am *composed* again. Go on, Sir.

Apprehen.

Recollect.

Confusion.

Apology.

Seal. I *feared* indeed, an *unwarranted passion* here. But I could not have thought *any man* capable of *abusing so much loveliness* and *worth* as as your *appearance*, and *behaviour bespeak*. But the youth of our age care not *what excellence* they *destroy*, so they can but *gratify*——

Wonder,
with disap-
probation.

Vindication

Ind. [Interrupting.] Sir, you are going into very *great errors*. But please to *keep* your *suspicions*, and acquaint me, *why* the *care* of your *daughter*, obliges a person of your *seeming rank*, to be thus *inquisitive* about a *wretched, helpless, friendless*——[Weeps.] I *beg* your *pardon*, good Sir—I am an *orphan*, who can call *nothing* in

Inquiry with
apprehen-
sion.

Distress.

Apology.

this world my own, but my virtue—Pray, good Sir, go on.

Pity, with
disapproba-

Vindication

Praise.

Inquiry with
apprehen-
sion.

Caution.

Resolution.

Distress.

Self con-
demnation.

Comfort.

Distress

heightened

Seal. How could Mr. Bevil think of injuring such sweetness.

Ind. You wrong him, Sir. He never thought of injuring me. His bounty he bestows for my support, merely for the pleasure of doing good. You are the gentleman, I suppose, for whose happy daughter he is designed by his worthy father; and he has consented, perhaps, to the proposal.

Seal. I own, such a match was proposed; but it shall not proceed, unless I am satisfied, that your connection with him may be consistent with it.

Ind. It is only, Sir, from his actions and his looks, that I have had any reason to flatter myself into the notion of his having any particular affection for me. From them, I own, I was led in to the hope of what I earnestly wished, that he had thoughts of making me the partner of his heart. But now I find my fatal mistake. The goodness and gentleness of his demeanour, with the richness of his benevolence, made me misinterpret all —'Twas my own hope, my own passion, that deluded me. He never made one amorous advance to me—His generous heart and liberal hand meant only to help the miserable. And I—O fool that I was!—I fondly suffered myself to be drawn into imaginations too high, and too ambitious for my lowly wretchedness!

[Weeping.]

Seal. Make yourself easy, Madam, upon the score of my daughter; at least. The connection between Mr. Bevil and her is not gone so far as to render it necessary that your peace should be destroyed by such a marriage. Depend upon it, Madam, my daughter shall never be the cause of your disappointment.

Ind. Sir, your speaking so, makes me still more wretched. Shall I be the cause of injury to

my noble benefactor ? Shall I, who have no pretensions to him, be the hindrance of his happiness ? Heaven forbid ! No, Sir ; give your daughter to the worthiest of men. Give her to my generous Bevil—They may be happy, though I should run distracted. And, whilst I preserve my senses, I will weary Heav'n with my prayers for their felicity. As for my own fate, it is likely to hold on as it begun, a series of wretchedness—'Twas Heaven's high will that I should be wretched. Taken captive in my cradle—tossed on the seas—there deprived of my mother—that I should only hear of my father ; but never see him—that I should then be adopted by a stranger—then lose my adopter—that I should then be delivered from the very jaws of poverty by the most amiable of mankind—that I should give my fond unthinking heart to this most charming of his sex—and that he should disappoint all my romantic hopes, without leaving me the right or the pretence of blaming any one but myself. For, Oh, I cannot reproach him, though his friendly hand, that raised me to this height, now throws me down the precipice. Oh ! [Weeping.]

Distress with
Gratitude.

Distress.
Lamentation.

Seal. Dear Lady ! Compose yourself to patience, if possible. My heart bleeds for your distress.—And there is something in your very strange story, that resembles—Does Mr. Bevil know your history particularly ?

Comfort.

Pity.
Inquiring.

Ind. All is known to him perfectly. And it is my knowledge of what I was by birth, and what I should be now, that embitters all my misery. I'll tear away all traces of my former self ; all that can put me in mind of what I was born to, and am miserably fallen from. [In her disorder she throws away her bracelet, which Mr. Sealand takes up, and looks earnestly on it.]

Lamentation.

Phrenzy.

Seal. Ha ! What means this ? Where am I ? It is the same ! The very Bracelet, which my wife wore at our last mournful parting.

Amaze.

- Surprise. *Ind.* *What said you Sir. Your wife ! What may this mean ? That bracelet was my mother's. But your name is Sealand. My lost father's name was——*
- Trepidation *Seal.* [Interrupting.] *Danvers, was it not ?*
- Amazem'nt *Ind.* *What new amaxement ! That was his name.*
- Joy. *Seal.* *I am the true Mr. Danvers, though I have changed my name to Sealand——O my child, my child ! [Catching Indiana in his arms.]*
- Surprise & Joy. *Ind.* *All gracious Heaven ! Is it possible ? Do I embrace my father ?*
- Rapture. *Seal.* *O my child, my child ! my sweet girl ! My lost Indiana ! Restored to me as from the dead ! I now see every feature of thy lamented mother in thy lovely countenance ! O Heaven ! how are our sorrows past, o'erpaid by such a meeting ! To find thee thus, to have it in my power to bestow thee on thy noble lover, with a fortune not beneath his acceptance.*
- Extreme joy. *Ind.* *O, it is more like a dream than a reality. Have I then a father's sanction to my love ! His bounteous hand to give, and make my heart a present worthy of my generous Bevil.*
- Seal.* *Let us send immediately to him, and inform him of this wond'rous turn ; which shews that*

*Whate'er the gen'rous mind itself denies,
The secret care of Providence supplies.*

L.

REPROOF.

CALISTHENES's honest Speech in reproof of Cleon's flattery to Alexander, on whom Cleon wanted divinity to be conferred by vote.

(Q. Cart. VIII.)

Displeasure **I**F the king were present, Cleon, there would be no need of my answering to what you have

just proposed. He would himself reprove you for endeavoring to draw him into an imitation of *foreign absurdities*, and for bringing envy upon him by such *unmanly flattery*. As he is *absent*, I take upon me to tell you in his name, that no praise is *lasting*, but what is *rational*; and that you do what you can to *lessen* his glory instead of *adding* to it. *Heroes* have never among us, been *deified*, till after their death. And, whatever may be your way of thinking, Cleon, for my part, I wish the king may not, for many years to come, obtain that honour. You have mentioned, as *precedents*, of what you proposed, *Hercules* and *Bacchus*. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were *deified* over a cup of wine? And are you and I qualified to make gods? Is the king, our *sovereign*, to receive his divinity from you and me, who are his subjects? First try your power, whether you can make a king. It is surely, *easier*, to make a king than a god; to give an *earthly dominion*, than a throne in heaven. † I only wish, that the gods may have heard, without offence, the *arrogant* proposal you have made, of *adding one* to their number: and that they may still be so *propitious* to us, as to grant the *continuance* of that success to our affairs, with which they have hitherto favoured us. For my part, I am not ashamed of my country; nor do I approve of our adopting rites of *foreign nations*, or learning from them how we ought to reverence our kings. To receive laws, or rules of conduct, from them, what is it, but to confess ourselves inferior to them?

Reproof.

Remonstra.

Challenge.

† A pure
heaven.

Honest
Pride.

LI.

INCULCATING. COMMANDING.
INTREATING. WARNING.

The dying charge of Micipsa, king of Numidia, to Jugurtha, whom he had adopted, and made joint-heir to his kingdom, with his two sons, Adherbal and Hiempsal.

Exciting to
gratitude.

YOU know, Jugurtha, that I received you under my protection in your early youth, when left a helpless, and hopeless orphan. I advanced you to high honours in my kingdom: in the full assurance that you would prove grateful for my kindness to you; and that, if I came to have children of my own, you would study to repay to them, what you owed to me. Hitherto I have had no reason to repent of my favours to you.

Commenda-
tion.

For to omit all former instances of your extraordinary merit, your late behaviour in the Numantian war, has reflected on me and my kingdom, a new and distinguished glory. You have, by your valour, rendered the Roman commonwealth, which before was well affected to our interest, much more friendly. In Spain, you have raised the honour of my name and crown. And you have surmounted what is justly reckoned one of the greatest difficulties; having by your merit, silenced envy. My dissolution seems now to be

Intreating.

fast approaching. I therefore beseech and conjure you, my dear Jugurtha, by this right hand; by the remembrance of my past kindness to you; by the honour of my kingdom, and by the majesty of the gods; be kind to my two sons, whom my favour to you has made your brothers; and do not think of forming a connexion with any stranger to the prejudice of your relations. It is

Warning.

not by arms, nor by treasures, that a kingdom is secured, but by well affected subjects and allies.

And it is by *faithful and important services*, that *friendship* (which neither *gold* will *purchase*, nor *arms extort*) is *secured*. But *what friendship* is more *perfect* than that which ought to obtain between *brothers*? *What fidelity* can be expected among *strangers*, if it is *wanting* among *relations*? The *kingdom* I leave you, is in *good condition*, if you *govern* it *properly*; if *otherwise*, it is *weak*. For by *agreement*, a *small state* *increases*; by *division* a *great one* goes to *ruin*. It will lie upon you, *Jugurtha*, who are come to *riper years* than your *brothers*, to provide, that no *misconduct* produce any *bad effect*. And if any *difference* should rise between you and your *brothers* (which may the *gods avert*!) the *public* will *charge* you, however *innocent* you may be, as the *aggressor*, because your *years* and *abilities* give you the *superiority*. But I *firmly persuade* myself, that you will treat them with *kindness*, and that they will honour and esteem you, as your *distinguished virtue* deserves.

Teaching.

Remonstr.

Warning.

Inculcat.

Devotion.

Hope.

LII.

DRUNKENNESS. (1)

(Shakspear's OTHELLO.)

MONTANO, CASSIO, and IAGO.

Cassio. I'LL be ha—[hiccoughs] I'll be hang'd, if these fellows han't given me a fil—a fillup on the brain-pan—a little one.

Montano. Why, good master lieutenant, we are not beyond pints a-piece as I'm a so—as I'm a so—as I'm a soldier. And that is a shallow

(1) It may perhaps, seem strange to some, that such a lesson as this should have a place. But, besides the diversion of seeing drunkenness well imitated, the moral is good. For this very frolick costs Cassio his place.

It is needless to mark the emphatical words in this passage. For drunkenness destroys all emphasis and propriety.

brain-pan, which will not hold a poor pint of good liquor.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Sings.]

And let me the cannakin clink, clink,
And let me the cannakin clink,
A soldier's a man, and man's life but a span,
Why then let a soldier have drink, drink,
Why then let a soldier have drink.

Some wine, boy!

Cassio. I'll be shot for a cow—for a cow—for a coward, if that ben't an excellent song.

Iago. I learnt it in England; where indeed they are most potent at the pot. Your Dane, your German, and your swag-belly'd Hollander, are nothing to your freeborn Englishman. Did you ever hear an Englishman reckon up the privileges he has by birth-right?

Cassio. No, good *Iago*. What are they pray?

Iago. Why, to say what he pleases of the government; to eat more roast beef, and drink more port, than any three subjects of any other country; and to do whatever he pleases, wherever he is. Therefore he raves at the best king, while your Frenchman worships the worst; he breaks this week, the law he voted for last week, and in all countries he is winked at, when he does what would send a native to a mad-house; he eats you up the whole ox in less time than your Frenchman swills the soup he makes of the shins, and as to drinking, he lays you France, Austria, and Russia, among the table's feet, with no more conscience at the tavern, than in the field of battle.

Cassio. Here is our noble go—our noble go—our noble general's health for ever.

Montano. Ay, ay, good master lieutenant, and as much longer as you please.

Iago. O sweet England! [Sings.]

King Stephen was an unworthy peer,
His breeches cost him a whole crown;

He held them six-pence all too dear,
With that he call'd his taylor down.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'Tis pride, that pulls the country down,
So take thy old cloak about thee.

LIII.

VEXATION. SPITEFUL JOY.

The scene between SHYLOCK and TUBAL.

(Shakespeare's *MERCHANT OF VENICE*.) (1)

Shyl. **H**OW now, *Tubal*, what news from *Genoa*? Have you heard any thing of my *backsliding daughter*? Quest. with Anxiety.

Tub. I often came where I heard of her, but *could not find her*. Disappointment.

Shyl. Why *there, there, there!* A diamond *gone* that cost me *two thousand ducats* at *Frankfort*: The *curse* never fell upon our *nation* till now. I *never felt it before*. *Two thousand ducats* in that, and other *precious, precious jewels!* I wish she lay *dead* at my *foot*, with the *jewels* in her *ear*. I would she were *hears'd* with the *ducats* in her *coffin*. *No news* of them! And I *know not what spent* in the *search*. *Loss upon loss*. The *thief* gone with *so much*; and *so much* to *find* the *thief*; and *no satisfaction, no revenge, no ill luck* stirring but what lights on my *shoulders*. Vexation. Execrating.

(1) The pupil must, if he does not know it, be told a little of the plot, viz. That Shylock had sent Tubal in search of his daughter, whom his ill usage, and the importunity of her lover, had occasioned to elope from his house. And that Antonio was a merchant, mortally hated by Shylock, who had borrowed a sum of money of Shylock on the terms of his forfeiting a pound of his flesh, wherever Shylock pleased to cut it, in case his failing to discharge the debt on the day it was due.

- no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.
- Narration. *Tub.* Yes, other men, have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa——
- Spiteful joy *Shyl.* What! Has he had ill luck?
[Earnestly.]
- Narration. *Tub.* He has had a ship cast away coming from Tripoli.
- Spiteful joy *Shyl.* Thank God; thank God! Is it true?
- Narration. *Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors, that 'scaped from the wreck.
- Spiteful joy *Shyl.* I thank thee, good Tubal, good news,
- Question. good news. What in Genoa, you spoke with them?
- Narration. *Tub.* Your daughter spent, in Genoa, as I heard, in one night, twenty ducats.
- Anguish. *Shyl.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Twenty ducats at a sitting! Twenty ducats!——O father Abraham!
- Narration. *Tub.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that say, he cannot but break.
- Spiteful joy *Shyl.* I'm glad of it. I'll plague him. I'll torture him. I'm glad of it.
- Narration. *Tub.* One of them shewed me a ring he had of your daughter for a monkey.
- Anguish. *Shyl.* Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal. It was my ruby. I had it of Leah. I would not have given it for as many monkeys as could stand together upon the Rialto.
- Narration. *Tub.* Antonio is certainly undone.
- Spiteful joy *Shyl.* Ay, ay, there is some comfort in that. Go, Tubal, see me an officer; bespeak him to be ready. (1) I will be revenged on Antonio. I will wash my hands to the elbows, in his heart's blood.
[Exit.]

(1) This should be spoken with malignant exultation and threatening. See *Make*, page 29.

LIV.

SELF-VINDICATION. REPROOF.

The speech of C. Marius to the Romans, shewing the absurdity of their hesitating to confer on him the rank of General in the expedition against Jugurtha, merely on account of his extraction.

(Salust. BELL. JUGURTHIN.)

(1) **I**T is but *too common*, my countrymen, to observe a *material difference*, between the behaviour of those, who stand *candidates* for places of power and trust, *before* and *after* their obtaining them. They *solicit* them in *one* manner, and *execute* them in *another*. *They set out with a great appearance of *activity*, *humility*, and *moderation*; †and they quickly fall into *sloth*, *pride*, and *avarice*. It is, undoubtedly, *no easy matter* to discharge, to the *general satisfaction*, the duty of a supreme commander in *troublesome times*. I am, I hope, *duly sensible* of the *importance* of the *office*. I propose to take upon me, for the service of *my country*. (2) To carry on, with *effect*, an *expensive* war, and yet be *frugal* of the *public money*; to *oblige* those to *serve*, whom it may be *delicate* to *offend*; to conduct, at the same time, a *complicated variety* of operations; to concert measures at *home* answerable to the state of things *abroad*; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of *opposition* from the *envious*, the *factionous* and the *disaffected*; to do all this, my countrymen, is *more difficult*, than is *generally* thought. And besides the disadvantages, which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, *my case* is, in this

* Sneer.

† Reproof.

(1) This speech begins calm and cool. See *Tranquillity*, page 16. *Teaching*, page 23, &c.

(2) "To carry on," &c. The *antithesis*, in the sentence, must be carefully marked in pronouncing it.

- respect, peculiarly hard*; that, whereas a commander of *patrician* rank, if he is guilty of a neglect, or breach of duty, he has his great *connexions*, the *antiquity* of his *family*, the important *services* of his *ancestors*, and the *multitudes* he has by *power* engaged in his *interest*, to screen him from condign *punishment*: *my whole safety* depends upon *myself*; which renders it the more *indispensably necessary* for me to take care, that my conduct be *clear* and *unexceptionable*. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the *eye* of the *public* is upon me; and that, though the *impartial*, who prefer the *real advantage* of the commonwealth to *all other* considerations, favour my *pretensions*, the patricians want *nothing so much*, as an *occasion* against me. It is, therefore my *fixed resolution*, to use my *best* endeavours, that you be not *disappointed* in me, and that *their* indirect *designs* against me may be *defeated*. I have from my *youth* been *familiar* with *toils*, and with *danger*. I was *faithful* to your *interest*, my countrymen, when I served you for *no reward*, but that of *honor*. It is not my design to *betray* you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of *profit*. You have committed to my *conduct* the war against *Jugurtha*. The patricians are *offended* at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of *their* honourable body, a person of *illustrious birth*, of *ancient family*, of *innumerable statues*, but—of *no experience*. What *service* would his long line of *dead ancestors*, or his multitude of *motionless statues*, do his country in the day of *battle*? What could such a general do, but in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some *inferior* commander, for *direction* in *difficulties*, to which he was not *himself equal*? Thus your *patrician-general* would in fact, have a *general over him*; so that, the *acting* commander would still be a *plebian*. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have *myself* known
- Contempt. or breach of duty, he has his great *connexions*, the *antiquity* of his *family*, the important *services* of his *ancestors*, and the *multitudes* he has by *power* engaged in his *interest*, to screen him from condign *punishment*: *my whole safety* depends upon *myself*; which renders it the more *indispensably necessary* for me to take care, that my conduct be *clear* and *unexceptionable*. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the *eye* of the *public* is upon me; and that, though the *impartial*, who prefer the *real advantage* of the commonwealth to *all other* considerations, favour my *pretensions*, the patricians want *nothing so much*, as an *occasion* against me. It is, therefore my *fixed resolution*, to use my *best* endeavours, that you be not *disappointed* in me, and that *their* indirect *designs* against me may be *defeated*. I have from my *youth* been *familiar* with *toils*, and with *danger*. I was *faithful* to your *interest*, my countrymen, when I served you for *no reward*, but that of *honor*. It is not my design to *betray* you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of *profit*. You have committed to my *conduct* the war against *Jugurtha*. The patricians are *offended* at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of *their* honourable body, a person of *illustrious birth*, of *ancient family*, of *innumerable statues*, but—of *no experience*. What *service* would his long line of *dead ancestors*, or his multitude of *motionless statues*, do his country in the day of *battle*? What could such a general do, but in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some *inferior* commander, for *direction* in *difficulties*, to which he was not *himself equal*? Thus your *patrician-general* would in fact, have a *general over him*; so that, the *acting* commander would still be a *plebian*. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have *myself* known
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those, who have been chosen consuls, *begin then* to read the *history* of their *own country*, of which, *till that time*, they were *totally ignorant*; that is, they *first obtained* the employment, and then bethought themselves of the *qualifications necessary* for the proper *discharge* of it. I submit to *your judgment*, Romans, on *which side* the advantage lies, when comparison is made between *patrician haughtiness* and *plebian experience*. The very *actions* which they have only *read*, I have partly *seen*, and partly *myself atchieved*. What they know by *reading*, I know by *action*. They are pleased to *slight my mean birth*: I *despise their mean characters*. Want of *birth and fortune*, is the objection against *me*. Want of *personal worth* against *them*. But are not all men of the *same species*? What can make a *difference* between one man and another, but the *endowments of the mind*? For my part, I shall always look upon the *bravest* man as the *noblest* man. Suppose it were required of the fathers of such patricians as *Albinus*, and *Bestia*, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire *sons of their character*, or of *mine*; what would they answer; but that they should wish the *worthiest* to be their sons? If the patricians have *reason* to despise *me*, let them likewise *despise their ancestors*, whose *nobility* was the *fruit of their virtue*. Do they *envy* the *honours* bestowed upon *me*? Let them *envy* likewise my *labours*, my *abstinence*, and the *dangers* I have undergone for my country; by *which* I have *acquired* them. But those *worthless men* lead such a *life of inactivity*, as if they *despised* any *honors* you can bestow; whilst they *aspire* to *honours*, as if they had *deserved* them by the most *industrious virtue*. They arrogate the *rewards of activity* for their having enjoyed the *pleasures of luxury*. Yet none can be more *lavish*, than they are, in *praise of their ancestors*. And they imagine they *honor themselves* by cele

Respect.

Contempt.

Question-
ing.

Contempt.

Argui. with
Reproof.

Contempt.

brating their forefathers. Whereas they do the *very contrary*. For, by how much their *ancestors* were *distinguished* for their *virtues*, by so much are they *disgraced* by their *vices*. The glory of *ancestors* casts a *light*, indeed, upon their *posterity*; but it only serves to shew *what the descendants are*. It *alike* exhibits to public view their *degeneracy* and their *worth*. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my *forefathers*: But I hope I may answer the cavils of the patricians by standing up in defence of what I have *myself* done. Observe now my countrymen, the *injustice* of the patricians. They arrogate to *themselves* honours on account of the exploits *done* by their *forefathers*, whilst they will not allow *me* the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my *own person*. "He has no *statues*," they cry, "of his *family*. He can trace no venerable *line of ancestors*,"—*What then!* Is it matter of more praise to *disgrace* one's illustrious *ancestors*, than to *become illustrious* by his *own* good behaviour? *What* if I can shew no *statues* of my *family*? I can shew the *standards*, the *armour*, and the *trappings*, which I have *myself* taken from the *vanquished*: I can shew the scars of those wounds which I received by *facing* the enemies of my *country*. *These* are my *statues*. *These* are the *honours* I *boast* of; not left me by *inheritance* as *theirs*; but earned by *toil*, by *abstinence*, by *valour*; amidst *clouds* of *dust*, and *seas* of *blood*; scenes of action, where those *effeminate patricians*, who endeavour, by indirect means, to *depreciate* me in your *esteem*, have never *dared* to *shew* their *faces*—

Laudable
(1) Pride
Contempt.

Affectation.

Contempt.

Self-Vindication.

Contempt.

(1) Laudable Pride. See *Courage*, page 22.

LV.

PLOTTING. CRUELTY. HORROR.

Macbeth full of his bloody design against good king Duncan, fancies he sees a dagger in the air.

IS this a *dagger*, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? (1) Come let me
clutch thee—

Starting
Courage

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Wonder.
Horror.

Art thou not, *fatal vision* ! sensible

To feeling as to sight ? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable,

Starting.

(2) As this which now I draw—

Thou *marshal'st* me the way that I was going,

Horror.

And such an instrument I was to use.—

Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,

Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still,

Starting.

And on thy blade and dudgeon, drops of blood,

Horror.

Which was not so before.—(3) There's no such

Doubt.

thing.—

It is the *bloody business*, which informs

This to mine eyes—(4) Now o'er one half the
world

Plotting.

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep ; now *witchcraft* celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings : and midnight murder,

Horror.

(Alarmed by his centinel the wolf,

(1) Reaching out his hand, as to snatch it. The first eight lines to be spoken with the eyes staring, and fixed on one point in the air, where he is supposed to see the dagger. See *Deipair*, page 20. *Malice* 29.

(2) Drawing his dagger, and looking on it, and then on that in the air, as comparing them.

(3) A long pause. He recollects and composes himself a little, and gives over fixing his eyes upon the air-drawn dagger.

(4) Plotting is always to be expressed with a low voice. Especially such a passage as this, to the end.

- Whose *howl's* his *watch*) thus with his *stealthy*
pace,
 Like Tarquin's ravishing *strides*, toward his de-
 sign
 Guilt. *Moves* like a *ghost*—Thou *sound* and *firm-set*
earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they *walk*, for
 fear
 The very *stones* should *prate* of *royal blood*
Soon to be *spilt*. [Shakesp. MACBETH.]

LVI.

AFFECTION. JOY. FEAR OF OF-
FENDING. GRATITUDE.*A Speech of ADAM to EVE.*

(MIL. PARAD. LOSS. B. IV. l. 411.)

- Tenderness. **SOLE** partner, and sole part of all these joys,
 Awe. *Dearer* thyself than all. Needs must the Pow'r,
 Pity. That *made* us, and for us this *ample world*,
 Be *infinitely good*, and of his good
 As *liberal* and *free*, as *infinite*;
 Gratitude. That *rais'd* us from the *dust*, and *plac'd* us *here*
 In *all* this *happiness*, who at *his* hand
 Have *nothing* *merited*, nor can perform
 Ought whereof he hath *need*; he who *requires*
 From us *no other service*, than to keep
 This *one*, this *easy charge*, of *all* the *trees*
 In *paradise*, that bear *delicious* fruit
 So *various*, not to taste that *only* tree
 Of *knowledge*, planted by the tree of *life*;
 Apprehens. So *near* grows *death* to *life*; *whate'er* *death* is;
 Some *dreadful* thing no doubt; for well thou
 know'st
 God hath pronounc'd it *death* to *taste* that *tree*,
 The *only sign* of our *obedience* left,
 Gratitude. Among so *many signs* of *pow'r* and *rule*
 Confer'd upon us, and *dominion* given

Over all other creatures, that possess
 Earth air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choise
 Unlimited, of manifold delights,
 But let us ever praise him, and extol
 His bounty, following our delightful task
 To prune these growing plants, and 'tend these
 flowers,
 Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee—were
 sweet.

Pity.
 Joy.

LVII.

INTERCESSION. OBSTINACY. CRUEL-
 TY. FORCED SUBMISSION.

*Interesting scene from Shakespeare's Merchant of
 Venice, in which the Jew Shylock, by his per-
 severing malice against Antonio, is completely
 humbled and punished.*

DUKE, SHYLOCK, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, POR-
 TIA, and GRATIANO.

Duke. **M**AKE room, and let him stand before
 our face— Authority.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
 That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
 To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought
 Thoult shew thy mercy and remorse, more strange
 Than is thy strange apparent cruelty. Pleading.

And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
 Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh (1)
 Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture, Pity.
 But, touch'd with humane gentleness and love,
 Forgive a moiety of the principal, Pleading.
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses, Pity.

(1) See the note, page 155

That have of late brought down such ruin on him,

Enough to make a royal merchant, bankrupt.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Obstinacy. *Shyl.* I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose,

Hypocrisy. (2) And by our holy sabbath have I sworn

Cruelty. To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

Threaten. If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom—

Malice. You'll ask, me, why I rather chuse to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive

Obstinacy. Three thousand ducats ? I'll not answer that ;

Malice. But, say it is my humour ; Is it answered ?

Obstinacy. What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats,—
To have it ban'd ? What, are you answer'd yet ?

Reproof. *Bassanio.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,

T' excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Malice. *Shyl.* I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Deje&. *Antonio.* I pray you, think, you question with a Jew,

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main-flood 'bate his usual height ;
You may as well plead pity with the wolf,
When you behold the ewe bleat for the lamb,
As try to melt his Jewish heart to kindness.

Intreat. *Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats, here are six.

Obstinacy. *Shyl.* If ev'ry ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
I would not draw them ; I would have my bond.

Grave. *Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none ?

Obstinacy. *Shyl.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong.

Cruelty. The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought : 'tis mine, and I will have it.

(1) See *Aff&ation*, hypocritical, page 27.

[Enter Portia, disguised like a Doct. of Laws.]

Duke. Give me your hand. You come from Welcoming
learn'd Bellario?

Portia. I do, my Lord.

Duke. You're welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the cause in question? Question.

Portia. I am informed thoroughly of the case. Answer.

Which is the merchant here? and which the Question.
Jew?

Duke. Antonio and Shylock; both stand forth. Authority.

Port. [To Shylock.] Is your name Shylock? Question.

Shyl. Shylock is my name. Obstinacy.

Port. [To Antonio.] You are obnoxious to Question.
him, are you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says. Deject.

Port. Do you confess the bond? Question.

Ant. I do. Deject.

Port. Then must the Jew be merciful. Intreat.

Shyl. On what compulsion must I? Tell me Obstinacy.
that.

Port. The quality of mercy is not strained. Advising.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heav'n. Pleasure.

Upon the happy soil. It is twice blest,

In him, who gives it; and in him, who takes.

'Tis mightiest in the Mightiest. It becomes Reverence.

The throned monarch better than his crown;

Itself enthroned in the hearts of kings.

It is the loveliest attribute of Deity;

And earthly pow'r shews likest to divine,

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew, Advising.

Tho' justice be thy plea, consider this,

That, in the course of justice, none of us Serious

Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy, Reflection.

And that same pray'r doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Shyl. My deeds upon my head!
I crave the legal forfeit of my bond. Obstinacy.

Bass. For once I beg the court to bend the law Intreat.

To equity. 'Tis worth a little wrong

To curb this cruel devil of his will.

Port. It must not be. There is no pow'r in Forbidding.
Venice

- Can alter a decree established.
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
 And many an error, by the same example,
 Will rush into the state. It cannot be.
- Applause. Shyl. A Daniel come to judgment! Yea,
 a Daniel.
 O wise young judge! How do I honor thee!
- Curiosity. Port. I pray you let me look upon the bond.
- Applause. Shyl. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor! Here
 it is.
- Advising. Port. Shylock!—there's thrice thy money
 offer'd thee.
- Hypocrisy. Shyl. An oath! An oath! I have an oath
 in Heav'n!
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
 Declam. No, not for Venice.
 Port. (1) Why, this bond is forfeit;
 And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
 A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off.
- Advis. Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful.
 Take thrice thy money. Bid me tear the bond.
- Obstinacy. Shyl. When it is paid according to the tenor.
 There is no power in the tongue of man
 To alter me. I stay upon my bond.
- Dejection. Anton. Most heartily I do beseech the court
 To give the judgment.
 Port. Why then, thus it is;
 You must prepare your bosom for this knife.
- Passing Sentence. Shyl. Ay, his breast;
 Thirst of Blood. So saith the bond; doth it not, noble judge?
 Nearest his heart. These are the very words.
- Question. Port. It is so. Are there scales to weigh the
 flesh?
- Answer. Shyl. I have them ready.
- Interces. Port. Have here a surgeon, Shylock, at your
 charge,
 To stop his wounds, least he should bleed to death.
- Cruelty. Shyl. Is it so nominated in the bond?

(1) Portia speaks all, to "Stop him, guards," without looking
 off the bond.

Port. It is not so expressed: but what of Interest.
that?

'Twere good you do so much for *charity*.

Shyl. I cannot find it. 'Tis not in the *bond*. Cruelty.

Port. A pound of that same merchant's *flesh* Sentence.
is thine.

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shyl. Most *rightful judge*! Applause.

Port. And you must cut this *flesh* from off Sentence.
his *breast*.

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shyl. Most *learned judge*. A *sentence*! Applause.
Come, prepare. Thrusting.

Port. Tarry a little. There is something
else.—— Doubt.

This bond——doth give thee here——no jot of
blood.

The words expressly are, "a pound of *flesh*."

Then take thy *bond*. Take thou thy pound of *flesh*; Direct.

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed Threaten.

One drop of Christian *blood*, thy lands and goods

Are, by the laws of *Venice* forfeited.

Grat. O upright judge! Mark Jew! O Applause.
learned judge!

Shyl. Is that the law? Confusion.

Port. Thyself shall see the act. Positive.

For, as thou urgest *justice*, be assur'd Reproof.

Thou shalt have *justice*, more than thou desist.

Grat. O *learned judge*! Mark, Jew! A Applause.
learned judge!

Shyl. I take his offer then. Pay the sum Confusion.
thrice.

And let the *christian* go.

Bass. Here is the money. Yielding.

Port. Softly. No haste. The Jew sha Giving.
have *strict justice*. Forbidding

His claim is barely for the *penalty*.

Grat. A second *Daniel*! Jew. Applause.
Now, *infidel*, I have full hold of thee. Triumph.

- Question. Port. *Why doth the Jew pause? Take thou thy forfeiture.*
- Confusion. Shyl. Give me my *principal*, and let me go.
- Giving. Bass. I have it ready for thee. Here it is.
- Forbidding Port. He hath refus'd it in the *open court*.
- Reproof. He shall have merely *justice* and his *bond*.
- Applause. Grat. A *Daniel* still, say I; a *second Daniel*!
- Reproof. I thank thee, Jew, for *teaching* me that word.
- Sneaking. Shyl. Shall I not *barely* have my *principal*?
- Refusing. Port. Thou shalt have nothing but the *forfeiture*,
To be so *taken* at thy *peril*, Jew.
- Disappoint. Shyl. Why then the *Devil* give him *good* of it.
- Spite. I'll stay no *longer* question.
- Forbidding Port. Stop him guards.
- Condemn. The law hath yet *another* hold on you.
- Teaching. It is *enacted* in the *laws* of *Venice*,
If it be prov'd against an *alien*,
That by *direct* or *indirect* attempt,
He *seeks* the *life* of any *citizen*,
The party 'gainst the which he doth *contrive*,
Shall *seize* on half his *goods*. The other half
Goes to the *privy coffer* of the *state*;
And the *offender's* life lies in the *mercy*
Of the *Duke* only, 'gainst all other *voice*,
In which *predicament*, I say, thou stand'st,
- Condemn. For it appears by *manifest* proceeding,
That *indirectly*, and *directly* too,
Thou hast *contriv'd* against the very *life*
Of the *defendant*; so that thou *incurr'st*
The *danger* formerly by me *rehears'd*.
- Advising. Down, therefore, and beg *mercy* of the *Duke*.
- Grant. Duke. That thou may'st see the *difference* of
our *spirit*,
I *pardon* thee thy *life*, *before* thou ask it.
- Despair. Shyl. Nay, take my *life* and all. Pardon.
not that.
You take my *life*, taking whereon I live.

- Port.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio ? Question.
- Grat.* A halter's price, and leave to hang himself. Triumph.
- Anton.* So please my Lord the Duke, and all the court, Granting.
- To quit *their right* in *one half* of his goods,
 I shall be well contented, if I have
 The *other half* in use, until his death,
 Then to restore it to the gentleman,
 Who lately stole his daughter.
- Duke.* He shall do this, or else I do recant Threat'ning
 The pardon I had promis'd to bestow.
- Port.* Art thou contented, Jew ? What dost thou say ? Question.
- Skyl.* I pray you give me leave to go from hence. Despair.
- I am not well. Send the deed after me,
 And I will sign it.
- Duke.* Get thee gone. But do it. Threat'ning
 [Exeunt omnes.]

LVIII.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION WITH
 DISTRESS.

The scene between Hector and his wife Andromache.

(POPE'S *Hom.* B. VI. v. 488.)

- H**ECTOR, this heard, return'd without delay; Narration.
- Swift* through the town he took his former way,
 Thro' streets of palaces, and walks of state; Hast.
- And met the mourner at the Sæan gate.
 With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
 His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir.
- The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest Tender
 His only hope hung smiling at her breast; Description

- Whom each *soft charm* and *early grace* adorn,
 Fair as the new-born *star* that *gilds* the *morn*.
 Silent the warrior *smil'd*, and pleas'd resign'd
- * Courage. To *tender passions* all his * *mighty mind*.
- Description of beauty in distress. His *beauteous princess* cast a *mournful look* &
Hung on his *hand*, and then, *dejected*, spoke.
 Her bosom labour'd with a *boding sigh*,
 And the big *tear* stood *trembling* in her *eye*,
- Affection. " *Too daring prince!* *Ah* *whither* dost thou
 run ?
 Ah, *too forgetful* of thy *wife* and *son!*
 And *think'st* thou not how *wretched* we shall
 be,
- Fear. A *widow I*, an *helpless orphan* he!
 For sure such *courage* *length of life* *denies*,
 And thou *must fall*, thy *virtue's sacrifice*.
 Greece, in her *single heroes*, *strove* in *vain* :
 Now *hosts* oppose thee, and thou must be *slain* ;
- Deprecation. O *grant me gods!* ere *Hector* meets his *doom*,
All I can ask of *heav'n*, an *early tomb!*
 So shall my days in *one sad tenor* run,
 And end with *sorrows*, as they first *begun*.
- Lamentation. No *parent now* remains, my *griefs* to *share*,
 No *father's aid*, no *mother's tender care*.
 The fierce *Achilles* wrapt our *walls* in *fire*,
 Laid *Thebe* waste, and *slew* my *warlike sire*.
 His *fate*, *compassion* in the *victor* bred ;
 Stern as he was, he yet *rever'd* the *dead*.
 His *radiant arms* *preserv'd* from *hostile spoil*,
 And laid him decent on the *fun'ral pile*.
 By the *same arm* my *seven brave brothers* fell, &
 In *one sad day* they *view'd* the *gate of hell*.
 While the *fat herds* and *snowy flocks* they fed,
 Amid their fields the *hapless heroes* *bled*.
 My *Mother* liv'd to bear the *victor's bands*,
 The queen of *Hippoplacias's* *sylvan lands*.
 Redeem'd *too late*, she scarce beheld again
 Her *pleasing empire*, and her *native plain*,
 When, *Ah!* *opprest* by *life-consuming woe*,
 She *fell*, a victim to *Diana's bow*.
- Comfort. Yet, while my *Hector* still *survives*, I see

My father, mother, brethren, all in thee.

Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred all,

Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.

Thy wife, thy infant, in the danger share ;

O prove a husband's and a parent's care.

That quarter most the skilful Greek's annoy,

Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy.

Then from this tow'r defend th' important post.

There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,

That pass Tydides, Ajax, strives to gain,

And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.

Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,

Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n ;

Let others in the field their arms employ,

But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."

The chief reply'd, " That post shall be my care ;

Nor that alone ; but all the works of war :

How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,

And Troy's proud dames, whose garments

sweep the ground,

Attain the lustre of my former name,

Should Hector basely quit the field of fame ?

My early youth was bred to warlike pains ;

My soul impels me to the martial plains.

Still foremost let me stand to guard the throne,

To save my father's honours and my own.

Yet come it will ! the day decreed by fates !

*(How my heart trembles, while my tongue re-
lates !)*

The day when thou imperial Troy ! must bend ;

Must see thy warriors fall ; thy glories end.

And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,

My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,

Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,

Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,

As thine, Andromache ! Thy griefs I dread !

I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led,

In Argive looms our battles to design,

And woes, of which so large a part was thine.

There while you groan beneath the load of life,

Apprehen.

Intreating.

Apprehen.

Intreating.

Courage.

Aversion.

Courage.

Apprehen.

Grief.

Grief with

Affection.

- Insulting. They cry—"Behold the mighty Hector's wife!"
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
- Pity. The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name;
May I lie cold before that dreadful day;
Press'd with a load of monumental clay—
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."
- Narration. Thus having spoke th' illustrious chief of Troy,
Stretch'd his fond arms, to clasp the lovely boy,
- Tenderness. The babe clung, crying, to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd with the dazzling helm, and nodding crest,
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a parent's pray'r.
"O thou, whose glory fills th' ætherial
Intercession throne,
And all ye deathless pow'rs—Protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So, when triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say—"This chief transcends his father's name."
While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."
He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Tenderness. Restor'd the pleasing burthen to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,

*Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure, soon chastis'd with fear, Apprehen.
She mingled with the smile a falling tear.*

LIX.

REMORSE. ATTEMPT TOWARDS REPENTANCE. OBDURACY. DESPAIR.

The wicked king's Soliloquy, expressing his remorse for the murder of his brother Hamlet, king of Denmark.

(Shakspear's HAMLET.)

King. OH my offence is rank! It smells to Compunct.
heav'n;

It hath the eldest curse of heaven upon it.— O
A brother's murder! Pray, alas! I cannot; Hardness of
Though sore my need of what the guilty pray for; heart.

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause, where I shall first begin, * Glimpse
And both neglect.—*What, if this cursed hand of hope.

Where thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'ns
To wash it white as snow; Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force, O
To be forestall'd, ere yet we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down?—Then I'll look up.
My fault is past.—§ But oh! what form of † Guilt.
pray'r

Can serve my turn—† “Forgive me my foul § Doom.
murder!”

That cannot be, since I am still possess
Of those effects, for which I did the murder;
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
Nay, oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself

- * Terror. *Buy's out the law. * But 'tis not so above :
 There is no shuffling ; there the action lies
 In his true nature ; we ourselves compell'd,
 E'en to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 † Anxiety. To give in evidence—† What then? What rests?
 Hope. Try what repentance can.—What can it not?
 Obduracy. Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 Despair. Oh wretched state ! Oh bosom, black as death !
 Oh limed soul ! that struggling to be free,
 † Anguish. Art more engag'd ! § Help, Angels ! Make essay,
 Bow, stubborn knees : and heart with strings of
 steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !
 All may be well,
 [The king kneels, and by his looks and gestures,
 expresses great agony and horror ; but no pen-
 itential melting of heart ; after continuing
 a short time in that posture, he rises in des-
 pair, and speaks the following.]
 Despair. My words fly up—My thoughts remain below—
 Words without thoughts never to Heav'n go..*

LX.

REPROACHING. EXCITING TO SELF-DEFENCE.

The speech of T. Q. Capitolinus to the Roman
 people, when the Æqui and Volsci, taking
 the advantage of the animosities then prevail-
 ing between the patricians and plebians, join-
 ed their forces, and, after plundering the Ro-
 man territories, advanced, in a hostile manner,
 to the very walls of the city.

[T. Liv. Hist. Rom.]

Vexation.

THOUGH I am not *conscious* to myself, Ro-
 mans, of any *offence* I have committed against
 my country ; it is with *confusion* that I address
 you thus publicly on such an occasion. For
 what can be imagined more *shameful*, than that

it should be known to the *world*—that it should be known to *ourselves*!—and must be handed down to *posterity*—that in the *fourth consulship* of *Titus Quintius Capitolinus*, the *Æqui* and *Volsci*, so lately found scarce a *match* for the *Hernici*, advanced in arms—*uninterrupted*, and *unpunished*—to the very *walls* of *Rome*! Had I imagined that such a *disgrace* as *this* would have come upon my country in the year of my fourth consulship (though our affairs have of late gone in such a way, that *every thing* was to be feared) I would have *avoided* the consular honor,—* the *shame* rather by *banishment*, or even by *death*. *How* much more *desirable* to have *died* in my *third* consulship, than to live to see the *dishonours*, which the times are like to bring upon us. But *whom* does the insolence of so contemptible an enemy *disgrace*? Is it *us*, the *consuls*? Or is it *you*, *Romans*? If the *fault* be in *us*; take from us that *authority*, we are so *unworthy* to enjoy. And if that be not *enough*, inflict on us the *punishment* we have *deserved*. † If it is owing to *you*, my countrymen, that the enemy have thus dared to insult us, § *all* I beg of the gods is, that they will *forgive* you : * and I wish no *other* punishment to come upon you, than *repentance* for your misconduct. † Our enemies have not presumed upon any *want of bravery* in *you*, *Romans*; nor upon any imagined *superiority* in *themselves*. They know both *you* and *themselves* too well. They have not forgot how often they have been *routed* in *battle*, how often put to *shameful flight*, deprived of their *lands*, and even made to pass under the *yoke*, by the *Romans*. It is the fatal *dissention* between the *patricians* and *plebians*, that give *courage* to the enemies of the Roman name. Our *quarrels* amongst *ourselves* are the *poison* of our *state*. While *you* are *dissatisfied* with the *power* enjoyed by the *patricians*, and we are *jealous* of the *plebeians*, the *enemy*, seeing their *time*, have *surprised* us.

* Agony.

Remonst. with Vexation.

† Kindness.

§ Intercess.

* Kindness.

† Courage.

Contempt.

Vexation.

- Remon. But *what* (in the name of *all the gods*!) *will* satisfy you? You demanded *plebian* tribunes. For the sake of peace, *we*, patricians, *consented*.
- ✕ You then called for *decemviri*. *We* agreed, that the *decemviral* power should be established. You
- ✕ were quickly *tired* of this form of government, we obliged the *decemviri* to *abdicate*. Your *resentment* pursuing them even to their retirement, we gave our *consent* to the *exile* and *death* of some of the *first* men of Rome for *birth* and *merit*. Then you insisted, that the *tribunitial* authority should be *re-established*. You did accordingly *re-establish* it. We bore with the innovation of conferring the *consular* power upon men of *plebian* rank, tho' we saw how *injurious* it was to our own. We bore *patiently*, and do *still* bear, with the *tribunitial* power; with the right of *appeal* to the people; with the *obligation* upon the *patricians* to submit to the *popular* decrees; and with the *alienation* of our *peculiar* rights and *privileges* under pretence of *equalling* the different ranks, and reducing things to *order* in the commonwealth. But, my countrymen, *when* will you put an *end* to these *wranglings*? *When* shall this *unhappy* state be *united*? *When* shall we look upon Rome as our *common* country? We, of the *patrician* rank, though *losers*, are more disposed to *peace*, than you, who have *gained* all your *ends*. Is it not *enough* that you have made yourselves *formidable* to your *superiors*? Now you assemble, in a *sedition* manner, on the *Mount Aventine*; then on the *Mons sacer*; and against us your *vengeance* is *always* directed. You were in *no* haste to prevent the enemy from seizing on the *Esquilæ*, or from mounting our *works*. It is only against the *patricians* that you *dare* to shew your *valour*. Go on, then, if you are so determined; and when you have surrounded the *senate house*, made the *forum* *dangerous* for any of *patrician* rank to be seen in, and got the *pri-*
- Grief.
- Remonst.
- Roufing Shame.
- Reproach.

sons filled with persons of the *first eminence* ; keep up the same *heroic spirit* you shew against your own *countrymen* ; sally out at the *Esquiline gate*, and repulse the *enemy*. Or if your *valour* is not sufficient to enable you to do *this*, at least shew that you have the *heroism* to *view* from the *walls*, your *lands wasted by fire and sword*, and *plundered by the irresistible army of the Æqui and Volsci* !

Will any one pretend to answer to this, that it is only the *public* that suffers by the inroads of the enemy, and that the main of the *loss* will be only that of a little national *honour* ? Were *that* the case, what Roman could think of it with *patience* ? But, *besides* the loss of our *honor*, what effect, do you think, these ravages will have upon private *property* ? Do you expect any else, than that every individual of you should quickly have accounts of what he *himself* has *lost* ? And how are those *losses* to be *made up* ? Will your darling *tribunes* make good the *damages* ? They will be active enough in *inflaming* you with their speeches ; they will commence suits against the *principal* men in the *state* ; they will gather *sedition assemblies*, and multiply *laws on laws*, and *decrees on decrees*. But which of you, my countrymen, has *gained* any thing by such proceedings ? Has any Roman *carried home* to his family, from those tumultuous meetings, any thing, but *hatred, quarrels, and mischiefs, public and private* ? The case was, in former *happier times*, *very different*, when you submitted to the *rightful authority* of the *consuls*, and were not, as now, the *dupes* of your *tribunes* ; when you exerted yourselves in the *field of battle*, not in the *forum* ; when your shouts of *courage* struck terror into your *enemies* ; not your *sedition* clamours into your *countrymen*. Then you used to return home, *enriched with spoils*, and *adorned with trophies* ; instead of which you *now ingloriously* suffer the enemy—and that enemy

Sneer.

Remonst.

Rouging
Holour.

Alarm.

Remonf.

Reproach.

Remorse.

Regret.

- a *contemptible* one—to go off *unmolested*, and loaded with your *substance*. But go on with your *sedition assemblies*, as long as you *can*. The time is approaching, when you will find yourselves *obliged to quit* them, though so *agreeable* to you, and to *betake* yourselves to what you have the greatest *reluctance* to, I mean your *arms*. You thought it a mighty *hardship* to be obliged to *march* against the *Æqui* and *Volsci*.
- Alarm. They have *spared* you that *trouble*. They are now at your *gates*. And if you don't *drive* them from *thence*, they will soon be in the *city*, in the *capitol*, and in your *houses*. Two years ago an order was given by authority of the *senate*, that *levies* should be *made*, and that the *army* should *march*. Instead of executing this salutary order, we have been *loitering* at home, *unemployed*, except in *wrangling*; *forgetful*, while our *peace* was *undisturbed* from abroad, that this long *indolence* would probably be the very *cause* of *troubles* coming upon us from *various* quarters at *once*. I know full well, my countrymen, that there are many subjects more *agreeable* to you than those I have now *spoken* to you upon. But the *necessity* of the *times* obliges me (if I were *less inclinable* of myself) to lay *truth* before you, rather than *tickle* your *ears*. I wish I could *humour* your *inclinations*: but I had rather secure your *safety*, than gain your *good-will*. It is commonly observed, that those who address the public from *selfish* views, are more *acceptable* than those whose sole *disinterested* aim is the *general advantage*. And I think you can *hardly imagine*, that those *flatterers* of the *plebeians*, who neither *suffer* you to *rest* in *peace*, nor in *war*, mean your *good* by continually *exciting* you to *tumult* and *sedition*. When they work you up to *discontent* and *rage*, they are *sure* to gain their *avaricious* or their *ambitious ends*. And, as in time of *peace* they find themselves to be of *no consequence*, rather than be *undistin-*
- Remonst.
Alarm.
- Reproach.
- Alarm.
- Regret.
- Reproof.
- Profeff.
Sincer.
Alarm.
- Profeff.
Sincer.
Alarm.
Apology.
- Remonst.
Reproof.

quished, they set themselves to promote *mis-*
chief.

If you are at last (as I am sure you have *rea-* Exciting to
self-defen.
son to be) *sick* of such *absurd* and *ruinous pro-*
ceedings, and have a mind to resume your *own*
characters, and to act agreeably to that of your
ancestors ; I am myself *ready now* to *head* you, Courage.
and am willing to undergo *any penalty*, if I do
not, in a few days, *force* these *plunderers* of our
lands to *abandon* their *camp*, and if I do not
carry the *terror* of *war*, which now *alarms* you,
from *our gates*, to those of the *enemy*.

LXI.

DOUBTING. VEXATION. SERIOUS
REFLECTION.

*Hamlet's soliloquy upon his finding that the king
his father was murdered by his uncle ; in which
he considers of the consequence of putting an
end to a burthensome life. [Shakes. HAMLET.]*

Ham. **T**O be—or not to be (1)—that is the Anxiety.
question—

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The *slings* and *arrows* of *outrageous fortune* :
Or to take *arms* against a *host* of *troubles*,
And by *opposing*, end them—* But to *die—*
To *sleep—No more—*(2) And by a *sleep* to end Courage.
The *heart-ache*, and the *thousand natural shocks* * Deep
Thought-
fulness.
That *flesh* is heir to—'Tis a *consummation* Vexation.

(1) "To be—or not to be."—The thought, at length, would run thus, "Is *death* the total *destruction* of *consciousness*? Or do the *dead* still continue to *think* and *act*, though in a different manner from that of the present state? The thought in the second line is different, viz. "Whether it is truly *heroic* to put an *end* to life, when it becomes *irksome*?"

(2)—But to *die—To sleep—No more*," The pauses must be equal. The sense, at length, being "Is dying only falling asleep, and nothing else?"

|| Thought. (1) *Devoutly* to be *wish'd*—To || *die*—To *sleep*

‡ Apprehen To *sleep*——‡ Perchance to *dream*—A start-
ling thought—

For, in that *sleep of death*, what *dreams* may
come

When we have *shuffled off* this *mortal coil*,

Must give us *pause*. There's the *respect*

That makes *calamity* of so *long life*,

Veneration. For *who* would *bear* the *whips* and *scorns* of *time*,

Th' *oppressor's wrong*, the *proud man's contumely*,

Anguish. The *pangs* of *love despis'd*, the *law's delay*,

The *insolence* of *office*, and the *spurns*

† Meekness That *patient* † *merit* of the *unworthy** takes ;

* Aversion. When he *himself* might his *quietus* make

¶ Courage. With a *bare bodkin* ? Who would ¶ *bend* to
earth,

Fear. And *groan* and *sweat* under a *weary life* ?

But that the *dread* of *something after death*

{ That *undiscovered country*, from whose *bourne* (2)

No traveller returns } *puzzles* the *will*,

And makes us rather *bear* those *ills* we *have*,

Than *fly* to *others* which we *know* not *yet* ?

Thus *conscience* makes *cowards* of us *all* ;

And thus the *native hue* of *resolution*

Is *sicklied o'er* with a *pale cast* of *thought*,

And *enterprizes* of *great strength* and *moment*,

With *this regard* their *currents* turn *away*,

And *lose* the *name* of *action*.

(1) "*Devoutly* to be *wish'd*." To be spoken with the eyes raised earnestly to heaven. See *Veneration*, page 25.

(2)—"*Whofe bourne*." That is *border*, or *coast*.

LXII.

EAGERNESS. CHIDING. INTREATING.

Ghosts of various characters press to be admitted into Charon's boat. Are repulsed by him and Mercury, on account of their coming loaded with their vices, follies, and wrong attachments. [Lucian. DIAL. MORT. CHAR. MERC. &c.]

Charon **LOOK** you, gentlemen and ladies, *this will never do. My boat is but small, and old and leaky into the bargain ; so that, if it be either in the least overloaded, or not exactly trimmed, you will be among the Stygian frogs presently, every single ghost of you. You come pushing. and crowding in such shoals, and I know not how much luggage along with you, that you are like to repent of your being in such a hurry, at least those of you who cannot swim.* Chiding.
Treatening.
Intreating.

1st Ghost. But you don't consider, Mr. Ferryman, how much we are tired of dodging about here, where we have neither house nor home, where there is nothing but mud, in which we sink over shoes, over boots, nor so much as a tree to hang a dog upon. Pray, good Charon, push us over as fast as you can. Complaint.
Intreating.

Char. What a plague ails the brainless ghost? Would you have me do impossibilities? Do Mercury, bear a hand a little. Push them back. Don't let above one come into the boat at a time : that you may examine them ghost by ghost, and make them strip, and leave their luggage, before they set a foot in the boat. Chiding.
Exciting.
Refusing.

Merc. Ay. ay, I'll take care of that, Charon.—Hold. Who are you? Promising.
Refusing.

2d Ghost. My name is Ménippus, by trade a cynic philosopher. And to shew you how willing I am to be conformable, look you there, away go my wallet and my staff into the Styx. And as for my cloak, I did not bring it with me. Submission.

Approba. *Merc.* That's my honest cynic. Come into the boat, Menippus. Here is a ghost of sense for you. Go, go forward by the helm, where you may have good sitting, and may see all the passengers.—Your servant, Madam. Who may you be, if a man, I meant, if a *god* may be so bold?

Affected Beauty. *3d. Ghost.* Sir, I am the celebrated beauty, who rated my favours so high, as to receive a talent for a kiss. It is true a certain philosopher did grudge my price, saying he had no notion of paying an exorbitant sum for so unpleasant a bargain as repentance. But my comfort is, that it was a poor old-fellow. and a philosopher, that made this clownish speech, so different from what I was used to.

Refusing. *Merc.* Look you, Madam, this country is not famous for gallantry. And, as you will make nothing of your beauty where you are going, I must desire you to leave it all behind, or you don't set a foot in the Stygian ferry-boat.

Intreat. *3d Ghost.* Pray, Sir, excuse me. Why must one be ugly, because one is dead?

Insist with Blame and Sneer. *Merc.* Come, come, Madam, off with your whole apparatus of temptation, if you mean to cross the Stygian pool. You must not only lay aside the paint on your cheeks, but the cheeks themselves. You must throw off not only the gorgeous attire of your head, but the hair, and the very skin, to the bare skull. So far from granting you a passage with all your finery about you, we shall expect you to strip off both skin and flesh to the very bones. So, Mrs. Beauty, if you please to step aside, and dispose of your tackle, and present yourself by and by, in the plain dress of a skeleton, we shall perhaps carry you over the water.

Veration. *3d. Ghost.* It is deadly hard: and——

Insisting. *Merc.* This is our way, Madam—*Strip—
 • Refusing. Who are you? You seem to brush forward, as who should say, “I am no small fool.”

Fride. *4th Ghost.* Why, Sir, I am no less person than Lampichus the tyrant.

Merc. Pray, good Mr. Lampichus the tyrant, where do you intend to stow all that luggage?

Sneer.
Refusing.

4th Ghost. Consider, Mercury, it is not proper that a king should travel without his conveniencies about him.

Intreat.
Refusing.

Merc. Whatever may be proper for you in quality of a king, you must allow me to determine of the necessities of life requisite for you in quality of a ghost. I shall therefore desire, that your tyrantship will be pleased to leave your bags of gold, your pride, and your cruelty, behind. For, if you were to go into our poor crazy wherry with them, you would sink it, if there were no passenger but yourself.

Insisting.
Blame.

4th Ghost. Pray, good Mercury, let me carry my diadem. (1) It is not much heavier than an old-fashioned wedding-ring. How will the ghosts know that I am a king, without something of a royal ensign about me?

Apprehen.

Merc. There is no difference, where you are going, between a king and a cobbler, unless the cobbler has been the better man, which happens commonly enough.—But who are you, with your rosy girls, and your round paunch?

Intreating.

Refusing.

5th Ghost. I am only a harmless good-natured fellow, known by the name of Damantias, the parasite. You see I am naked, I hope, therefore, you will let me into the boat.

Question.

Intreating.

Merc. I like such naked passengers as you. Pray do you think you can cross the Styx with such a load of flesh about you? One of your legs would sink the boat.

Refusing.

Apprehen.

5th Ghost. What, must I put off my very flesh?

Vexation.

Merc. Yes, surely.

Insisting.

5th Ghost. If I must, I must. * Now then, let me come.

* Intreat.

(1) Diadems are thought to have been only a sort of ring to go round the head, like a wreath.

- Refusing. *Merc. Hold. What have you got under your arm ?*
- Intreating. *5th Ghost. It is only a little book of compliments and poems, in praise of great folks, which I have written out, and keep ready by me, to put any name at the head of them, as occasion offers, you know.*
- Contempt. *Merc. You silly fellow ! Do you think you*
- Question. *will have occasion for panegyrics on the other side of the Styx ?*
- Disappoint. *5th Ghost. What, are there no great folks there ?*
- Contempt. *Merc. Why, you simpleton, don't you know, that those, who were greatest in t'other world, are meanest in that you are going to ? Besides, there are neither places nor pensions to give there.*
- Question. *—Who are you, pray ?*
- Chiding. *6th Ghost. A conqueror. I am the famous—*
- Resolution. *Merc. You shan't conquer me, I can tell you,*
- Refusing. *Mr. Famous : and, therefore, if you don't throw your sword and your spear, and all these trophies, into the Styx, you shan't set a foot in the boat,*
- Vexation. *6th Ghost. What must not my immortal honours accompany me ? If I had not thought of enjoying them in the other world, I had not taken the pains I did about them.*
- Threaten. *Merc. You will see presently what honours judge Minos will confer on you for ravaging mankind, and deluging the world with blood—*
- Question. *Stop ; who are you ?*
- Affestation of learning. *7th Ghost. Sir, I am an universal genius.*
- Boasting. *Merc. † That is to say, in plain English, a Jack of all trades, and good at none.*
- 7th Ghost. Why, Sir. I have written upon all manner of subjects. I have published ten volumes in folio, sixteen quartos, thirty-five octavos, nineteen volumes in twelves, and twenty-two pamphlets. I am a standard-author in astronomy, in natural history, in physic, in criticism, in history, in epic, tragic, and comic poetry, in metaphysics, in grammar, in—*

Merc. Plague on thy everlasting tongue ; is it never to lie still any more ? What mountain of a folio is that, thou hast under thy arm ?

Contemp.
Question.

7th Ghost. Sir, it is only my common-place book.

Intreating.

Merc. Well, if you will go and dispose of it, and of your learned pride, and your scurrility to all your contemporary authors, and of your arrogance in pretending to be master of so many different subjects, and of your ostentation in giving yourself so many silly airs of learning needlessly ; and come back in the dress and disposition of a modest well-behaved skeleton, we shall think of giving you your passage.—Now, who are you ?

Contempt.

Question.

8th Ghost. Sir, I am worth a plum, as I can shew you by my ledger. Look you here.

Boasting.

“ BALANCE Dr. Per. Con. Cr.”

Merc. What, in the name of Plutus, (1) has the silly ghost got in his pericranium ? Dost think, friend, that there is cheating, and usury, and stock-jobbing, in the lower regions ? Stand out of the way.—Who are you ?

Chiding.
Contempt.

Refusing
Question.

9th Ghost. Sir I am a gentleman, rat me.

Foppery.
Contempt.

Merc. Ay, there's little doubt of your rotting, now you are dead. You was half rotten before you died.

9th Ghost. Sir, I have heen the happiest of all mortals in the favour of the ladies, split me. The tender creatures could refuse me nothing. I conquered whatever I tried, stab my vitals.

Foppery.

Boasting.

Merc. I cannot but admire your impudence to tell me a lie. Don't you know, sirrah, that Mercury is a god ? No lady, whose favours where worth having, ever cared a farthing for you, or any pig-tail'd puppy of your sort. Therefore let me have none of your nonsense ; but go and throw your snuff-box, your monkzy airs, your rat me's and your pretensions to favours you never received, your foolish brains, and

Chiding.

Command
with Con-
tempt

(1) The god of riches.

your chattering *tongue* : throw them all into the *Styx*, and then we shall perhaps *talk* to you.

Boasting
with Intr. 10th Ghost. I am an *emperor*, and could bring *three hundred thousand men* into the *field*, and—

Affecta. with
Intreat. 11th Ghost. I am a *female conqueror*, and have had *princes* at my feet. My *beauty* has been always thought *irresistible*, nor has—

Affecta. of
Piety. 12th Ghost. I am a venerable *priest* of the *temple of Apollo*, and you know, *Mercury*, whether

Self-Vindication. the *report* of the *Delphic oracle's* being only a *contrivance* among us, be not a *malicious fiction* ; and whether the *priests*, in *all ages*, and in *all places*, have not been, and will not always be *eminent* for their *artless, undesigning simplicity*, their *contempt* of *riches*, their *honest opposition* to the *vices* of the *great*, and their *zeal* in promoting *truth* and *liberty* of *conscience*, and—

Fawning. 13th Ghost. I have the *honour* to tell you, Sir, I am the *darling* of the *greatest prince* on *earth*. I have kept in *favour* *five and twenty years* ; in *spite* of the *hatred* of a *whole nation*, and the *arts* of *hundreds* of *rivals*. There is not, I will *take upon me* to say, Sir, a *fetch* in *politics*, nor a *contrivance* for *worming in*, and *screwing out*, that I am not *master* of. I had I assure you, Sir, (a *word* in your *ear*) I had my *king* as much at my *command* as a *shepherd* has his *dog*. Sir, I should be *proud* to *serve* you, Sir, if you—

Affect. 14th Ghost. I *presume*, *illustrious Sir*, you *wont hinder me* of my *passage*, when I inform you, I only want to *carry with me* a few *nosturns*, a little *physical Latin*, and a small collection of *learned phrases* for expressing *common things* more *magnificently*, which if they were put into a *vernacular tongue*, would be too *easily understood*. Besides, I have, I believe—

Affecta. with
Whcedling. 15th Ghost. *Great god* of *eloquence*, you will not, I am persuaded, *stop* a *famous lawyer* and *orator*. I am *master* of every *trope* and *figure*

that ever was heard of. I can make any cause good. By the time I have talked half an hour, there is not a judge on the bench, that knows which side the right is on, or whether there be any right on either side. And then for brow-beating, and finding useful and seasonable demurs, quirks, and the like, I dare challenge—

16th Ghost. Mercury, I do intreat you to let me come into the boat. I am sure, judge Minos, will pass a very favourable sentence on me. For it is well known, that nobody ever was a more exact observer of the religious ceremonies appointed by authority, and established by custom, than myself. And what was alledged against me, of my being given to censoriousness, pride, and private sins, is all false—almost—and—

17th Ghost. I am sure, Mercury, I shall be very well received by judge Minos, judge Rhadamanthus, and judge Æacus. For I never did harm to any body; but was always ready to do any kindness in my power. And there is nothing can be alledged against me, worth naming. For it is not true, that I believed neither God nor future state. I was no Athiest, as has been alledged, but only a free-thinker.

18th Ghost. Pray, Mercury, let a brave soldier come into the boat. See what a stab in my back I died of.

19th Ghost. Pray, Mercury, don't keep out an industrious citizen, who died of living too frugally.

20th Ghost. Pray, Mercury, let an honest farmer pass, who was knocked on the head for not selling corn to the poor for a song.

Merc. Hoity, toity! What have we got! Why don't you all bawl together? Now in the name of the three Furies, Alecto, Tysiphone, and Megara, of the Vagoves, the Numina, læva, and all the Robigus's and Averruncus's that

stand on *Aulus Gellius's* list of *mischievous deities*, what must we do, Charon?

- Anger. *Cha.* Push them away. Push them into the *Styx*. There is not one of them fit to be carried over. One comes loaded with *pride of beauty* and *lust*, another with *arrogance* and *cruelty*, another with *falsehood* and *flattery*; another with *love of fame*, and *desire of boundless dominion*, another with *false learning*, another with *learned pride*, another with *spiritual pride* and *hypocrisy*, another with *avarice* and *churlishness*, another with *foppery* and *false pretensions to ladies favours*, another with *political craft*, *bribery*, and *corruption*, another with *law quirks*, another with *quackish nostrums*, and another with *priestcraft*; and they expect, that my poor little old half rotten wherry should carry them and all their nasty luggage, over at one lift. Why, Mercury, it would require such a vessel, as those they will build at the island of *Albion* two thousand years hence, which will be called *first rate men of war*, to carry such a cargo.
- Determin. Therefore we must e'en put off, with this half dozen of passengers, and, perhaps, by the time we come back, some of them will be stripped to the buff, I mean to the bones, and disencumbered of their respective appurtenances, so as to be fit for the voyage.
- Agreeing. *Merc.* We have nothing else for it, Charon. Therefore, gentlemen and ladies, if you don't clear the way, I must be rude to you. Fall back, fall back. I have not room to push the boat off—[Standing a tiptoe, and looking as at a distant object] O—Methinks, I see a couple of modest-looking ghosts whom I should know, standing at a distance. Ay, Ay, it is the same.
- Inviting. Hark ye, you good people, come this way. You seem to have shaken off all your useless lumber. I remember you. You lived in a little cottage on the side of a hill in the *Chersonesu, Cimbrica*.

You were always good, honest contented, creatures.

Char. Take them in, Mercury. They are worth an hundred of your cumbrous emperors, conquerors, beauties, and literati. Come, let us push off. Kindness.

LXII.

ACCUSATION.

From CICERO's Oration against VERRES, entitled *Divinatio*.

HAVING formerly had the honour of being *quæstor* in Sicily, and leaving that people with such grateful impressions of me on account of my behaviour, while I was among them, as, I hope, will not soon be effaced; it appeared, that as they had great dependence upon their former patrons for the security of their properties, they likewise reposed some degree of confidence in me. Those unhappy people being plundered and oppressed, have made frequent and public applications to me, intreating, that I would undertake the defence of them, and their fortunes; which, they told me, they were encouraged to request of me, by promises I had given them (of the sincerity of which they had had several substantial proofs) that if ever they should have occasion for my friendship, I would not be wanting in any respect in which I could be useful to them. The time was now come, they told me, when they had but too much occasion to claim my promise; for that they were now in want of protection, not for their property only, but even for their lives, and for securing the very being of the province. That for three years they had suffered, by the injustice of Caius Verres, every hardship, with which daring impiety, rapacious insolence, and wanton cruelty could distress a miserable and help-

Apology.

Pity.

Promising.

Intreating.

Pity.

Accusation.

- Vexation.** *less people.* It gave me *no small concern*, to find myself obliged either to *falsify* my *promise* to those, who had reposed a *confidence* in me, or to undertake the *ungrateful* part of an *accuser*, instead of that which I have *always* chosen, I mean of a *defender*. I referred them to the patronage of *Quintus Cæcilius*, who *succeeded* me in the *quæstorship* of the *province*. I was in hopes I should thus get *free* of the *disagreeable* office they had solicited me to *engage* in. But
- Declining.** to my *great disappointment*, they told me, so far from their having any *hopes* from *Cæcilius*, their distresses had been *heightened* by him; and that he had, by his *conduct*, during his *quæstorship*, made their application to me *more necessary* than *otherwise* it *would* have been. You
- Vexation.** see, therefore, fathers, that I am *drawn* to engage this cause by *duty*, *fidelity*, and *commiseration* for the *distressed*; and that, though I may seem to take the *accusing* side, it is, in *fact*, the *defence* of the oppressed, that I undertake; the defence of many *thousands*, of many *great cities*, of a *whole province*. And indeed, though the cause were of *less consequence* than it is; though the *Sicilians* had *not requested* my assistance; and though I had not been by my *promise*, and my *connexions* with that unfortunate people, *obliged* to undertake their defence, though I had professedly *commenced* this prosecution with a view to the *service*, of my *country* merely; that
- Accusation** a man *infamous* for his *avarice*, *impudence*, and *villainy*, whose *rapaciousness*, and other crimes of various kinds, are *notorious*, not in *Sicily* only, but in *Achaia*, *Asia Minor*, *Cilicia*, *Pamphilia*, and even here at *home*; that such a man might, at my *instance*, be brought upon his *trial*, and receive the *punishment* he *deserves*; though I had had *no other view* in this *prosecution*, than that *justice* should be done upon a *cruel oppressor* and the *distressed* be *delivered*; what *Roman* could have *blamed* my *proceeding*?
- Apology.**
- Self-Vindication.**

How could I do a more *valuable* service to the *Commonwealth*? What ought to be more *acceptable* to the *Roman people*, to our *allies*, or to *foreign nations*? What more *desirable* towards securing the *properties*, *privileges* and *lives* of mankind, than *exemplary justice*, inflicted on *notorious abusers* of *power*? *Deplorable* is the *situation* of the *tributary states* and *provinces* of the *commonwealth*. *Oppressed*, *plundered*, *ruined*, by those who are set over them, they do not now presume to hope for *deliverance*. All they desire, is a little *alleviation* of their distresses. They are willing to *submit* their *cause* to the *justice* of a *Roman senate*. But they, who ought to *undertake* their *vindication*, are their *enemies*. They who ought to *commence* the *prosecution* against their *oppressors*, deserve *themselves* to be brought upon their *trial* for their *own* mal-administration.

Pity.

Accusing.

It is sufficiently *known* to you, *Fathers*, that the *law* for recovery of *tributes unjustly seized*, was intended expressly for the *advantage* of the *allied* and *tributary states*. For in cases of *injustice* done by *one* citizen to *another*, redress is to be had by *action* at *common law*. The present cause is, therefore, to be tried by the *law* of *recovery*. And, under the *umbrage* of that *law*, and in hopes of *redress* by it, the *province* of *Sicily*, with one *voice*, accuses *Verres* of *plundering* her of her *gold* and *silver*, of the *riches* of her *towns*, her *cities*, and *temples*, and of *all* she enjoyed under the *protection* of the *Roman commonwealth*, to the value of *many millions*, &c.

Teaching
or Explain.

Accusing.

From his other Orations against VERRES.

The time is come, *Fathers*, when that which has long been *wished for*, towards allaying the *envy* your order has been *subject to*, and *removing* the *imputations* against *trials*, is (not by

Teaching
or Explain

- Awe.** *human contrivance, but superior direction) effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state, viz. That, in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought*
- Informing.** *upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one, whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. I have undertaken this prosecution, Fathers, at the general desire, and with the great expectation of the Roman people, not that I might draw envy upon that illustrious order, of which the accused happens to be; but with the direct design of clearing your justice and impartiality before the world.*
- Accusing.** *For I have brought upon his trial; one, whose conduct has been such that in passing a just sentence upon him, you will have an opportunity of re-establishing the credit of such trials; of recovering whatever may be lost of the favour of the Roman people; and of satisfying foreign states and kingdoms in alliance with us, or tributary to us. I demand justice of you, Fathers,*
- Exciting.** *upon the robber of the public treasury, the oppressor of Asia Minor, and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the scourge and curse of Sicily. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public. But if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal, nor a prosecutor; but justice, and adequate punishment. And, to confess the very truth, fathers, though various*
- Inflicting.**
- Accusing.**
- Exciting.**
- Apprehen.**

snares have been laid for me, by *sea* and *land*, by *Verres*, which I have partly avoided by my own *vigilance*, partly baffled with the help of my friends; I have never been so apprehensive of danger from him as now. Nor does my anxiety about my own *insufficiency* for conducting such a *trial*, nor the awe, with which so great a *concourse* of people strikes me, alarm my apprehensions so much, as the *wicked arts* and *designs*, which I know he has framed, against *Marcus Glabrio*, the *prætor*, against the *allied* and *tributary states*, against the *whole senatorial rank*, and against *myself*. For he makes no scruple publicly to declare, "That in his opinion, they alone have reason to fear being called to account, who have only amassed what is sufficient for themselves." That, for his part, he has prudently taken care to secure what will be sufficient for himself and many others besides. That he knows there is nothing so sacred, but it may be made free with; nothing so well secured, but it may be come at by a proper application of money." It is true, we are so far obliged to him, that he joins with his daring wickedness, such bare-faced folly, that it must be our own egregious and inexcusable fault, if we are deceived by him. For, as those acts of violence by which he has gotten his exorbitant riches, were done openly, so have his attempts to pervert judgment, and escape due punishment, been public, and in open defiance of decency. He has accordingly, said, that the only time he ever was afraid, was, when he found the prosecution commenced against him by me; lest he should not have time enough to dispose of a sufficient number of presents in proper hands. Nor has he attempted to secure himself by the legal way of defence upon his trial. And, indeed, where is the learning, the eloquence, or the art, which would be sufficient to qualify any one for the defence of him whose whole life has been a con-

Accusing.

Contempt.

Accusing.

tinual series of the most atrocious crimes? To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his *quæstorship*, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villainies? *Cneius Carbo* plundered of the public money by his own treasure; a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want; a province robbed; the civil and religious rights of a people, violated. The employment he held in *Asia Minor* and *Pamphylia*, what did it produce, but the ruin of those countries; in which houses, cities and temples were robbed by him. There he acted over again the scene of his *quæstorship*, bringing, by his bad practices, *Cneius Dolabella*, whose substitute he was, into disgrace with the people, and then deserting him; not only deserting, but even accusing and betraying him. What was his conduct in his *prætorship* here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. How did he discharge the office of a judge? Let those who suffered by his injustice, answer. But his *prætorship* in *Sicily*, crowns all his works of wickedness; and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that unhappy country, during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years under the wisest and best of *prætors*, will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition, in which he found them. For it is notorious, that during the time of his tyranny, the *Sicilians* neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit, by the *Roman senate*, upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. No inhabitant of that ruined country has been able to keep possession of any thing, but what has either escaped the rapaciousness, or

Pity.

Accusing.

been neglected by the *satiety* of that *universal plunderer*. His *nod* has *decided* all causes in Sicily, for these *three years*. And his *decisions* have broken all *law*, all *precedent*, all *right*. The sums he has, by *arbitrary taxes*, and *unheard of impositions*, extorted from the *industrious poor*, are not to be *computed*. The most *faithful allies* of the *commonwealth* have been treated as *enemies*. *Roman citizens* have, like *slaves* been put to *death* with *tortures*. The most *atrocious criminals*, for *money* have been *exempted* from the *deserved punishments*; and men of most *unexceptionable characters* condemned, and *banished unheard*. The *harbours*, though sufficiently *fortified*, and the gates of strong *towns*, opened to *pirates* and *ravagers*. The *soldiery* and *sailors*, belonging to a province under the *protection* of the *commonwealth*, starved to *death*. *Whole fleets*, to the great *detriment* of the *province*, suffered to *perish*. The ancient *monuments* of either *Sicilian* or *Roman greatness*, the *statues of heroes* and *princes*, *carried off*; and the *temples stripped* of the *images*. The *infamy* of his *lewdness* has been such, as *decency forbids* to *describe*. Nor will I, by mentioning *particulars*, put those *unfortunate persons* to *fresh pain*, who have not been able to save their *wives* and *daughters* from his *impurity*. And these his *atrocious crimes*, have been committed in so *public* a manner, that there is *no one*, who has heard of his *name*, but could *reckon up* his *actions*.

Having by his *iniquitous sentences*, filled the *prisons* with the most *industrious* and *deserving* of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of *Roman citizens* to be *strangled* in the *gaols*; so that the exclamation, "I am a *citizen of Rome*," which has often, in the most *distant regions*, and among the most *barbarous people*, been a *protection*, was of *no service* to them;

Deprecat.
Accusing.

- but, on the contrary, brought a *speedier*, and more *severe punishment* upon them.
- Challenge. I ask, now, *Verres*, what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that any thing false, that even any thing, *aggravated*, is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any
- Remonstr. state committed the same outrage against the privilege of *Roman citizens*, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment
- Accusing. ought, then, to be inflicted on a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than *Sicily*, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, *Publius Gavius Cosanus*, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at *Syracuse*, from whence he
- Pity. had just made his escape. The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor.
- Accusing. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage, to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to *Sicily* as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen, I have served under *Lucius Pretius*, who is now at *Panormus*, and will attest my innocence." The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen." With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so
- Pity.
- Deprecat.
- Accusing.
- Pity.
- *Deprecat.
- Accusing.

little service was this *privilege to him*, that while he was thus asserting his *citizenship*, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

Horror.

O liberty!—O sound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship!—once sacred!—now trampled upon! But what then! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at the last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance.

Lamenta.

Exciting to vindication.

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom, and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

LXIV.

TERROR. DISCOVERY OF SECRET WICKEDNESS.

The Ghost of Hamlet king of Denmark, murdered by his brother, in concert with his queen, appears to Hamlet his son.

(Shakes. HAMLET.)

Horatio. LOOK! my lord, it comes!

(Hamlet.) Angels and Ministers of grace, defend us!—

Alarm.
Starting.

Trembling. (1) Be thou a spirit of *health*, or goblin *damn'd*! Bring'st with thee *airs* from *Heav'n* or *blasts* from *hell*,

Be thy intents *wicked* or *charitable*?

Thou com'st in such a *questionable* (2) *shape*, That I *will speak* to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
Earnestness. *King, Father, Royal Dane!* O *answer me*,
Why thy *bones hears'd* in *canonized earth*,
Have *burst* their *cerements*? (3) Why the *sepulchre*,

Wherein we saw thee quietly *inurn'd*,
Hath *op'd* his *ponderous* and *marble jaws*,
To *cast* thee *forth* again? *What may this mean*,
That thy *dead corpse*, again in *warlike steel*,
Revisits thus the *glimpses* of the *moon*,
Making night *hideous*?

Question. Say, *why is this*? What *would'st thou have done for thee*?

Horror. Ghost. (4) I am thy *father's spirit*, to earth return'd

Narration. *Foul murder to disclose*—List then, O *Hamlet!*
'Tis *given out*, that *sleeping* in my *garden*,
A serpent stung me. So the *ear of Denmark*
Is, by a *forged process* of my *death*,

Complaint of Injury. *Grossly abused*. But *know*, thou princely youth,
The *serpent*, that did *sting* thy father *dead*,
Now *wears* his *crown*. *Sleeping* within an *alcove*,
On my *security* thy *uncle stole*

(1) Hamlet, standing in conversation with Horatio and Marcellus, is supposed to be turned from the place where the ghost appears, and which is seen by Horatio. When Horatio gives the word that the ghost appears, Hamlet turns hastily round toward it in great consternation, and expresses his fear in the first line, "*Angels and Ministers*," &c. Then, after a *long pause*, looking earnestly at the spectre, he goes on. "Be thou a spirit," &c. See *Fear*, p. 21.

(2) *Questionable*, means *inviting question*. The ghost appeared in a shape so interesting to the young prince, viz. that of his father, that he could not help venturing to speak to it, though with great reluctance from fear.

(3) *Cerements* are the medicated swathings put about a dead body, to preserve it longer from putrefaction; from *cera*, wax.

(4) The speech of the ghost to be spoken without action, very slow and solemn, with little variation of voice, and in a hollow deep and dreary tone.

With juice of *cursed hebenon* distill'd,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The *leprous poison*, whose *contagious nature*
Holds such an *enmity* with the *life of man*,
That with a *sudden vigour* it doth curdle
The *thin and wholesome blood*. So did it mine,
And instantly a *tetter bark'd* about,
Most *lazar like*, with *vile and loathsome crust*,
All my *smooth body*.

Thus was I, *sleeping*, by a *brother's hand*,
Of *life*, of *crown*, of *queen*, at once bereft!
Cut off ev'n in the *blossom of my sins*;
No *reck'ning* made, but sent to my *account*,
With all my *imperfections* on my *head*.

If thou hast *nature* in *thee*, bear it not. —

Let not the *royal bed* of Denmark be —

A couch for *filthiness*, and *beastly incest*.

But how soever thou pursu'st *redress*,

Taint not thy *mind*, nor let thy soul *contrive*
Against thy *mother aught*. Leave her to *heav'n*,

And to those *thorns*, that in her bosom *lodge*,

To *goad* and *sting* her. Fare thee well at once.

The *glow-worm* shews the *morning* to be *near*;

His *ineffectual fire* begins to *pale*.

Farewel. Remember me.

Exciting.

Indignation

Cautioning.

Anguish.

LXV.

EXHORTATION. REPROACHING.

The Athenians, being unsuccessful in the war against Philip of Macedon, assembled in great dejection, in order to consult what measures were to be taken to retrieve their seemingly desperate affairs. DEMOSTHENES endeavours to encourage them, by shewing that there was nothing to fear from Philip if they prosecuted the war in a proper manner. [DEMOST. PHILIP ORAT.]

ATHENIANS !

HAD this assembly been called together on an unusual occasion, I should have waited to hear the opinions of others, before I had offered

Apology.

- my own ; and if what *they proposed* had seemed to me *judicious*, I should have been *silent* ; if
- Submission. *otherwise*, I should have given my *reasons* for *differing* from those, who had spoken *before* me.
- Apology. But as the subject of our present deliberations has been *often* treated by *others*, I hope I shall be excused, though I rise up *first* to offer my opinion. Had the schemes, *formerly* proposed, been *successful*, there had been *no occasion* for the *present* consultation.
- Encourage. First, then, my countrymen, let me *intreat* you not to look upon the state of our affairs as *desperate*, though it be *unpromising*. For, as on *one* hand, to compare the *present* with times *past*, matters has indeed a very *gloomy aspect* ; so, on the *other*, if we extend our views to *future* times,
- Concern. I have good hopes, that the *distresses*, we are *now* under, will prove of *greater advantage* to us, than if we had *never* fallen into them. If it be asked, what *probability* there is of this, I answer, I hope, it will appear, that it is our *egregious misbehaviour alone*, that has brought us into these *disadvantageous circumstances*. From
- Reproach. whence follows the necessity of *altering* our conduct, and the prospect of *bettering* our *circumstances* by doing so. If we had *nothing* to *accuse* ourselves of ; and *yet* found our affairs in their *present disorderly condition*, we should not have room left even for the *hope* of *recovering* ourselves.
- Exciting. But, my countrymen, it is known to you, partly by your own remembrance, and partly by information from others, how *gloriously* the *Lacedæmonian war* was *sustained*, in which we engaged in *defence* of our own *rights*, against an enemy *powerful* and *formidable* ; in the *whole conduct* of which war *nothing* happened *unworthy* the *dignity* of the *Athenian state* ; and this within these *few years* past. My *intention* in recalling to your memory this part of our history, is
- Approba. to shew you, that you have no reason to *fear*
- Exciting.

any enemy, if your operations be wisely planned, and vigorously executed ; as, on the contrary, that if you do not exert your natural strength in a proper manner, you have nothing to look for but disappointment and distress ; and to suggest to you, that you ought to profit by this example of what has actually been done by good conduct against the great power of the Lacedæmonians, so as in the present war to assert your superiority over the insolence of Philip ; which it is evident from experience may be effected, if you resolve to attend diligently to those important objects, which you have of late shamefully neglected. The enemy has indeed gained considerable advantages by treaty, as well as by conquest. For it is to be expected, that princes and states will court the alliance of those, who, by their counsels and arms, seem likely to procure for themselves and their confederates, distinguished honours and advantages. But, my countrymen, though you have, of late, been too supinely negligent of what concerned you so nearly ; if you will even now, resolve to exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities and circumstances, the rich, by contributing liberally towards the expense of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be enrolled, to make up the deficiencies of the army and navy, if, in short, you will at last resume your own character, and act like yourselves, it is not yet too late, with the help of Heaven, to recover what you have lost, and to inflict the just vengeance on your insolent enemy. Philip is but a mortal. He cannot, like a god, secure to himself, beyond the possibility of disappointment, the acquisitions he has made. There are those who hate him ; there are who fear, and there are who envy him ; and of these some, who seem most inseparably connected with him. These, your inactivity obliges, at present, to stifle their real sentiments, which are in your fa-

Apprehen.

Exciting.

Encourage.

Regret.

Encourage.

Earnestness.

Encourage.

Courage.

Exciting.

Reproach.

- Exciting. *your*. But when will you, my countrymen, when will you rouse from your *indolence*, and *bethink* yourselves of what is to be *done*? When you are
- Apprehent. *forced* to it by some fatal *disaster*? When *irresistible necessity* drives you? *What think ye* of the *disgraces* which are *already* come upon you? Is not the *past* sufficient to *stimulate* your *activity*? Or do ye wait for somewhat, *yet to come*, more
- Rousing theme. *forcible* and *urgent*? How *long* will you *amuse* yourselves with enquiring of one another after *news*, as you *ramble idly* about the *streets*? What
- Reproving with contempt. *news* so *strange* ever came to *Athens*, as, that a *Macedonian* should *subdue* this *state*, and *lord* it over *Greece*? Again, you ask one another,
- Rousing theme. *“What, is Philip dead?”* “No, “it is answered, “but he is very *ill*! How *foolish* this
- Contempt. *curiosity*! What is it to *you*, whether Philip is sick or *well*? Suppose he *were dead*. Your
- Chiding. *inactivity* would soon raise up against yourselves another *Philip* in his *stead*. For it is not his *strength*, that has *made* him *what he is*; but your *indolence*, which has, of *late*, been *such*, that you seem neither in a condition to take any *advantage* of the *enemy*, nor to *keep* it, if it were
- Recollected. *gained* by *others* for you. But what I have *hitherto* observed to your *reproach*, will be of *no service* towards *retrieving* the *past* miscarriages, unless I proceed to offer a *plan* for raising the necessary *supplies* of *money*, *shipping*, and *men*.

[The orator then goes on to treat of ways and means. But that part of his speech being less entertaining, and his demands of men, money, and shipping, being pitiful, compared with the immense funds, and stupendous armaments, we are accustomed to, I leave it out. Afterwards he shews Philip's insolence by producing his letters to the Eubœans; and then makes remarks on them.]

- Regret. The present *disgraceful* state of your affairs, my countrymen, as it appears from the *insolent* strain of the *letters* I have just read, may not,

perhaps, be a very *pleasing* subject, for your *reflections*. And if, by *avoiding the mention of disagreeable circumstances*, their *existence* could be *prevented* or *annihilated*, there would be *nothing to do*, but to *frame our speeches* so as to give the most *pleasure* to the *hearers*. But, if the unseasonable *smoothness* of a speech tends to *lull* a people into a *fatal security*, how *shameful* is such *self-deceit*! How *contemptible* the *weakness* of putting off the *evil day*, and through *fear* of being *shocked* at the sight of what is *disordered* in our *affairs*, to suffer the disorder to *increase* to such a degree, as will soon be *irretrievable*! Wisdom, on the contrary, directs, that the conductors of a war always *anticipate* the operations of the *enemy*, instead of waiting to see what steps *he* shall take. *Superiority* of genius shews itself by taking the *start* of others; as in marching to battle, it is the *general*, who leads, and the *common soldiers* that follow—Whereas *you*, Athenians, though you be masters of all that is *necessary* for *war*, as *shipping, cavalry, infantry*, and *funds*, have not the *spirit* to make the proper *use* of your *advantages*; but suffer the *enemy* to *dictate* to you *every motion* you are to *make*. If you hear that Philip is in the *Chersonesus*, you order troops to be sent *thither*. If at *Pylæ*, forces are to be detached to secure *that post*. Wherever *he* makes an *attack*, there *you* stand upon your *defence*. You *attend* him in *all his motions*, as *soldiers* do their *general*. But you *never* think of striking out of *yourselves* any bold and *effectual* scheme for bringing him to *reason*, by being *beforehand* with him. A *pitiful* manner of carrying on war at *any time*; but, in the critical circumstances you are *now* in, utterly *ruinous*. However you might *trifle*, so long as things were in a tolerable state of *safety*, you will not, I hope, think of going on in the same way, now that the very *being* of the *state* is come to be *precarious*. I

Reluctance.

Apprehen.

Reproach.

Apprehen.

Courage.

Reproach
with Indig-
nation.

Rousing
shame.

Sarcasm.
Chiding.

Contempt.
Apprehen.

- Hope. would willingly *flatter* myself with the hope, that things being come to a *crisis*, the hasty *strides* made by Philip toward the conquest of this *commonwealth*, will prove the means of *defeating* his *design*. X Had he proceeded *deliberately* and *prudently*, you seem so disposed to *peace*, that I do not imagine, you would have *troubled* yourselves about his taking a few *towns* and *provinces*, but would have given him leave, without *molestation*, to affront your *standards* and *flags* at his *pleasure*. But now, that you see him making *rapid advances* toward your *capital*, perhaps you may at *last* be *alarmed*, if you be not *lost* to all sense of *prudence*, *honour*, or *safety*.
- Sarcasm. O *shame* to the *Athenian name*! We undertook this war against Philip, in order to obtain *redress* of *grievances*, and to force him to *indemnify* us for the *injuries* he had done us, And we have conducted it so *successfully*, that we shall, by and by, think ourselves *happy*, if we escape being *defeated* and *ruined*. For, *who* can think, that a prince, of his *restless* and *ambitious temper*, will not improve the *opportunities* and *advantages* which our *indolence* and *timidity* present him? Will he give *over* his designs against us, without being *obliged* to it? And *who* will *oblige* him? Remonstrance. Who will *restrain* his *fury*? Shall we *wait* for Alarm. assistance from some *unknown country*? Exciting. In the name of all that is *sacred*, and all that is *dear* to Intreating. us, let us make an *attempt* with what forces we can raise, if we should not be able to raise *as many* as we would *wish*. Let us do *somewhat* to curb Indignation. this insolent *tyrant* of his *pursuits*. Let us not Exciting. *trifle* away the time in *hearing* the ineffectual Apprehen. *wranglings* of *orators*, while the *enemy* is *strengthening* himself, and we are *declining*, and our *allies* growing more and more *cold* to our *interest*, and more *apprehensive* of the *consequences* of continuing on our *side*.

LXVI.

VILLAINOUS SURMISING, AND
JEALOUSY.

Iago artfully endeavours to excite Othello to jealousy against his innocent wife DESDEMONA, to be revenged on Othello for a supposed injury.
[SHAKESP. OTHEL.]

Iago. DID Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady, Question.

Know of your love ? Craft,

Othello. He did from first to last. Why dost thou ask ? Indifference

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought ; Infatuating.
No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago ? Doubting.

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with it. Infatuating.

Oth. O yes ; and went between us very often. Declaration

Iago. Indeed ! Surmising.

Oth. Ay indeed. Discern'st thou aught from that ? Anxiety.

Is he not honest ?

Iago. Honest, my Lord ? Surmising.

Oth. Honest, ay, honest ! Anxiety.

Iago. My Lord—for aught—for aught I know. Surmising.

Oth. What dost thou think of ? Anxiety.

Iago. Think of, my Lord ! Surmising.

Oth. Think of, my Lord ! Why dost thou echo me, Anxiety.

As if there were some monster in thy thought Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something, Suspicion.

I heard thee say but now, thou liked'st not that, When Cassio left my wife : What didst not like ? Anxious enquiry.
And when I told thee, he was of my counsel, In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst
" Indeed !"

And didst contract and *purse* thy brows together,
As if thou then had'st *shut up* in thy brain
Earnestness. Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,

= *Shew* me thy thought.

Fawning. *Iago.* My Lord, you know I love you. —

Suspicion. *Oth.* I think thou dost,
And as I know thou'rt full of honesty,
And weigh'st thy words, before thou giv'st them
breath,

Apprehen. Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :
For such things in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom ; but in a man, that's just,
= They're distillations working from the heart,

Earnestness. Which passion cannot rule. Therefore I tell thee,
Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thought.

Reluctance. *Iago.* I do beseech you,
From one, that so imperfectly conceits,
Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble
Out of my scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Question. *Oth.* What dost thou mean ?

Pretended reluctance. *Iago.* Good name in man, or woman, dear
my Lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Contempt. *Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis some-
thing—nothing—*

*'Twas mine—'tis his—it has been slaves to thou-
sands :*

Concern. But he who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which makes not him the richer,
= And makes me poor indeed.

Charging. *Oth.* I'll know thy thoughts.

Refusing. *Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your
hand ; (1)

(1) *Iago.* You cannot, &c.) That is, "I hardly know myself,
what to think ; and yet I cannot help suspecting Cassio."

Beware, my Lord, beware of jealousy, Caution.
That ghastly green-ey'd monster, which doth make Horror.
The meat it feeds on. (1) The injur'd husbands'

happy,
Who certain of his fate, loves not his traitress :
But, oh, what cruel minutes tells he o'er, Anguish.
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly

loves.
Oth. O misery ! [Aside] Extreme
Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich anguish.
enough :

But wealth unbounded is as poor as winter
To him, who ever fears he shall be poor. Pretended
I doubt, this hath a little dash'd your spirits. sympathy.

Oth. Not a jot. Not a jot. Farewel. Pretended
If thou dost more perceive, let me know more. indifference

[Exit Iago.]
Why did I marry ? this honest fellow, doubtless, Jealousy.
Sees, and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
He knows all qualities, with a learn'd spirit
Of human dealings—Should I prove her faith- Anguish.
less,

Tho' that her charms were bodied with my heart, Threat'ning
I'd rend it into twain, to throw her from me.

LXVII.

COMPLAINT. INTREATING.

The speech of Adherbal, son of Micipsa, king of Numidia,
complaining to the Roman senate, and imploring assistance
against the violence of Jugurtha, adopted, and left
co-heir of the kingdom, by Micipsa, with himself and
Hiempsal, which lust Jugurtha had procured to be mur-
dered. [SAL. BELL. JUGURTHIN.]

FATHERS,

IT is known to you, that king *Micipsa*, my fa- Explaining.
ther, on his death-bed, left in charge to Jugurtha,

(1) —doth make the meat it feeds on) That is, " jealousy
 creates to itself, out of nothing, grounds of suspicion."

- his *adopted son*, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother *Hiempsal*, and myself, the children of his own body, the *administration* of the kingdom of Numidia ; directing us to consider the *senate* and people of Rome, as *proprietors* of it. He charged us to use our *best endeavours* to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in *peace* and *war* ; assuring us, that your protection would prove to us a *defence* against *all enemies*, and would be instead of *armies, fortifications, and treasures*.
- Grief. While my brother and I were thinking of *nothing*, but how to *regulate* ourselves according to the *directions* of our *deceased father* ;—*Jugurtha*—
- Complaint. the most *infamous* of *mankind* !—*breaking through all ties of gratitude*, and of *common humanity*, and *trampling* on the *authority* of the *Roman commonwealth*, procured the *murder* of my unfortunate brother, and has *driven me* from my *throne*, and *native country*, though he knows I *inherit*, from my grandfather *Masinissa*, and my father *Micipsa*, the *friendship* and *alliance* of the *Romans*.
- Grief. For a *prince* to be reduced, by *villainy*, to *distressful* circumstances, is *calamity enough* ; but my misfortunes are *heightened* by the consideration, that I find myself obliged to *solicit* your assistance, Fathers, for the *services* done you by my *ancestors* ; not for any I have been able to render
- Complaint. you in my *own person*. *Jugurtha* has put it out of my *power* to *deserve* any thing at your hands, and has forced me to be *burthensome*, before I could be *useful*, to you. And yet if I had *no plea*, but my *undeserved misery*, who from a *powerful prince*, the descendant of a race of *illustrious monarchs*, find myself, without any fault of my own, *destitute* of every support, and reduced to the *necessity* of
- Submission. begging *foreign assistance* against an enemy, who has *seized* my *throne* and *kingdom*, if my
- Intreaty. *unequalled distresses* were all I had to *plead*, it would become the *greatness* of the *Roman commonwealth*, the *arbitress* of the *world*, to *protect*
- Exciting.

the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedness over helpless innocence. But, to provoke your vengeance to the utmost, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions, which the senate and people of Rome gave to my ancestors, and from whence my grandfather, and my father, under your umbrage, expelled Syphax, and the Carthaginians. Thus, Fathers, your kindness to our family is defeated, and Jugurtha in injuring me, throws contempt on you.

O wretched prince ! O cruel reverse of fortune ! O father Micipsa ! Is this the consequence of your generosity ; that he, whom your goodness raised to an equality with your own children, should be the murderer of your children ! Must then, the royal house of Numidia always be a scene of havoc and blood ? While Carthage remained, we suffered, as was to be expected, all sorts of hardships from their hostile attacks ; our enemy near ; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a distance ; while we were so circumstanced, we were always in arms and in action. When that scourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of establishing peace. But instead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia, drenched with royal blood, and the only surviving son of its late king flying from an adopted murderer, and seeking that safety in foreign parts, which he cannot command in his own kingdom.

Lamentation.

Horror.
Lamentation.

Hope.

Horror.

Whither !—O whither shall I fly ? If I return to the royal palace of my ancestors, my father's throne is seized by the murderer of my brother. What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha should hasten to imbrue in my blood, those hands which are now reeking with my brother's ? If I were to fly for refuge, or for assistance, to any other court, from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth gives me up ? From my own family or friends, I have no

Distracting anguish.

Dread.

Horror.

Grief.

expectations. My royal father is no more. He is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy son. Were my brother alive, our mutual sympathy would be some alleviation. But he is hurried out of life in his early youth, by the very hand, which should have been the last to injure any of the royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he suspected to be in my interest. Some have been destroyed by the lingering torment of the cross; others have been given a prey to wild beasts, and their anguish made the sport of men more cruel than wild beasts. If there be any yet alive, they are shut up in dungeons, there to drag out a life more intolerable than death.

Look down, illustrious senators of Rome, from that height of power, to which you are raised, on the unexampled distresses of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast from all mankind! Let not the crafty insinuations of him, who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not listen to the wretch who has butchered the son and relations of a king, who gave him power to sit on the same throne with his own sons. I have been informed that he labours by his emissaries, to prevent your determining any thing against him in his absence, pretending that I magnify my distress, and might, for him, have staid in peace in my own kingdom. But if ever the time comes, when the due vengeance, from above, shall overtake him, he will then tremble in the very same manner as I do. Then he, who now, hardened in wickedness, triumphs over those whom his violence has laid low, will, in his turn, feel distress, and suffer for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his blood thirsty cruelty to my brother.

O murdered, butchered brother! O dearest to my heart—now gone for ever from my sight.—

Horror.

Submissive
intreaty.Distress.
Caution.

Horror.

Accusing.

Anticipation of
vengeance.Afflicting
lamentation

But *why* should I lament his death? He is indeed deprived of the *blessed light of heaven, of life and kingdom, at once, by the very person, who ought to have been the first to hazard his own life in defence of any one of Micipsa's family*: But as things are, my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endless train of miseries, which render life to me a burden. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and festering in his own blood. But he lies in peace. He feels none of the miseries which rend my soul with agony and distraction; whilst I am set up a spectacle to all mankind, of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to revenge his death, I am not master of the means of securing my own life. So far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person.

Horror.

Anguish.

Fathers! Senators of Rome! the arbiters of the world! To you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha. By your affection for your children, by your love for your country, by your own virtues, by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, by all that is sacred, and all that is dear to you; deliver a wretched prince from undeserved, unprovoked injury; and save the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, usurpation, and cruelty.

Vehement solicitation.

LXVIII.

ACCUSATION. PITY.

Pleading of Lysias the orator, in favour of certain orphans, defrauded by an uncle, executor to the will of their father. [Dion. Halicarn.]

'VENERABLE JUDGES!

IF the cause, which now comes under your cognizance, were not of extraordinary importance,

Apology.

I should *never* have given *my consent*, that it should be *litigated* before you. For it seems to me *shameful*, that near *relations* should commence *prosecutions* against one another ; and I know, that, in such trials, not only the *aggressors*, but even those who *resent* injuries too *impatiently*, must appear to you in a *disadvantageous* light.

Aversion. But the *plaintiffs*, who have been *defrauded* of a very *large* sum of money, and *cruelly injured* by one who ought to have been the *last* to *hurt* them ;

Pity. have applied to *me* as a *relation*, to *plead* their

Accusing. *cause*, and *procure* them *redress*. And I thought

Pity. I could not *decently excuse* myself from under-

Apology. taking the patronage of persons in such *distressful* circumstances, with whom I had such close *connections*. For the *sister* of the *plaintiffs*, the niece of Diogiton the defendant, is my *wife*.

When the plaintiffs *intreated* me, as they did *often*, to *undertake* the *management* of the *suit*, I advised them to *refer* the *difference* between them and their uncle the defendant, to *private arbitration* ; thinking it the *interest* of both parties to *conceal*, as much as possible, from the knowledge of the *public*, that there was any *dispute* between them. But as Diogiton *knew*, that it was *easy* to *prove* him *guilty* of *detaining* the *property* of the *plaintiffs* his nephews, he *foresaw*, that it would, by no means *answer* his *purpose*, to *submit* his *cause* to the decision of *arbitrators*. He has, therefore, determined to proceed to the utmost *extremity* of *injustice*, at the *hazard* of the *consequences* of a *prosecution*.

I most humbly *implore* you, venerable judges, to grant the plaintiffs *redress*, if I *shew* you, as I hope I shall, in the most *satisfactory manner*, that the defendant, though so *nearly related* to the unhappy *orphans*, the plaintiffs, has treated them in *such a manner*, as would be *shameful* among absolute *strangers*.

I beg leave to lay before you, venerable judges, the *subject* of the present *prosecution*, as follows :

Diodotus and Diogiton were brothers, the children of the same father and the same mother. Upon their father's decease, they divided between them his moveables; but his real estate they enjoyed conjunctly. Diodotus growing rich, Diogiton offered him his only daughter in marriage, (1) By her Diodotus had two sons and a daughter. Diodotus happening afterwards to be enrolled, in his turn, to go to the war under Thrasyllus, he called together his wife, his brother's daughter, and his wife's brother, and his own brother, who was likewise his father-in-law, and both uncle and grandfather to his children. He thought, he could not trust the care of his children in properer hands, than those of his brother. He leaves in his custody, his will, with five talents (2) of silver. He gives him an account of seven talents, and forty minæ besides, which were out at interest, and a thousand minæ, which were due to him by a person in the Chersonesus. He had ordered in his will, that in case of his death, one talent, and the household furniture, should be his wife's. He bequeathed, farther, to his daughter, one talent, and twenty minæ, and thirty Cyzicentian stateres, and the rest of his estate equally between his sons. Settling his affairs thus, and leaving a copy of his will, he sets out along with the army. He dies at Ephesus.—Diogiton conceals from his daughter the death of her husband. He gets into his hands the will of his deceased brother, by pretending, that it was necessary for him to shew it as a voucher, in order to his transacting some affairs for his brother, during his absence. At length, when he thought the decease of his brother could not much longer be concealed, he formally declares it. The family goes into mourning. They

Narration.

Accusing.

(1) Among the ancients, marriage was allowed between persons very nearly related.

(2) See for the value of talents, minæ, drachmæ, and stateres. *Græcæ. DE PÆCUN, VET.*

- stay *one year* at Piræum where their *moveables* were. In this time the *produce* of all that could be sold of the *effects*, being *spent*, he sends the children to *town*, and gives his *daughter*; the widow of his brother *Diodotus*, to a *second husband*, and with her *five thousand drachme*, of which the husband returns him *one thousand* as a *present*. When the *eldest son* came to *man's estate*, about *eight years* after the *departure* of *Diodotus*, Diogiton calls the children together; tells them, that their father had left them *twenty mine* of silver and *thirty stateres*. — “ I have laid out (says he) of my own money, for your maintenance and education, a *considerable sum*. Nor did I *grudge* it, while I was in *flourishing circumstances*, and could afford it. But, by *unforeseen* and *irremediable misfortunes*, I am reduced to an *incapacity* of continuing my *kindness* to you. Therefore, as you (speaking to the *eldest son*) are now of an age to *shift for yourself*, I would advise you to resolve upon some *employment*, by which you may gain a *subsistence*.
- Accusing.** *Diodotus*, Diogiton calls the children together; tells them, that their father had left them *twenty mine* of silver and *thirty stateres*. — “ I have laid out (says he) of my own money, for your maintenance and education, a *considerable sum*. Nor did I *grudge* it, while I was in *flourishing circumstances*, and could afford it. But, by *unforeseen* and *irremediable misfortunes*, I am reduced to an *incapacity* of continuing my *kindness* to you. Therefore, as you (speaking to the *eldest son*) are now of an age to *shift for yourself*, I would advise you to resolve upon some *employment*, by which you may gain a *subsistence*.
- Pretended concern.** The *poor fatherless children* were *thunder-struck*, upon hearing this *barbarous speech*. They *fled* in tears to their *mother*, and with *her*, came to request *my protection*. Finding themselves *stripped* of the estate left them by their *father*, and reduced by their *hard hearted uncle* and *grandfather*, to absolute *beggary*, they *intreated*, that I would not *desert* them *too*; but for the sake of their *sister*, my *wife*, would undertake their *defence*. The mother begged, that I would bring about a *meeting* of the *relations*, to *reason* the matter with her *father*; and said, that though she had never before *spoke* in any *large company*, especially of *men*, she would endeavour to lay before them the *distresses* and *injuries* of her *family*.
- Advising.** The *poor fatherless children* were *thunder-struck*, upon hearing this *barbarous speech*. They *fled* in tears to their *mother*, and with *her*, came to request *my protection*. Finding themselves *stripped* of the estate left them by their *father*, and reduced by their *hard hearted uncle* and *grandfather*, to absolute *beggary*, they *intreated*, that I would not *desert* them *too*; but for the sake of their *sister*, my *wife*, would undertake their *defence*. The mother begged, that I would bring about a *meeting* of the *relations*, to *reason* the matter with her *father*; and said, that though she had never before *spoke* in any *large company*, especially of *men*, she would endeavour to lay before them the *distresses* and *injuries* of her *family*.
- Distress.** The *poor fatherless children* were *thunder-struck*, upon hearing this *barbarous speech*. They *fled* in tears to their *mother*, and with *her*, came to request *my protection*. Finding themselves *stripped* of the estate left them by their *father*, and reduced by their *hard hearted uncle* and *grandfather*, to absolute *beggary*, they *intreated*, that I would not *desert* them *too*; but for the sake of their *sister*, my *wife*, would undertake their *defence*. The mother begged, that I would bring about a *meeting* of the *relations*, to *reason* the matter with her *father*; and said, that though she had never before *spoke* in any *large company*, especially of *men*, she would endeavour to lay before them the *distresses* and *injuries* of her *family*.
- Intreaty.** The *poor fatherless children* were *thunder-struck*, upon hearing this *barbarous speech*. They *fled* in tears to their *mother*, and with *her*, came to request *my protection*. Finding themselves *stripped* of the estate left them by their *father*, and reduced by their *hard hearted uncle* and *grandfather*, to absolute *beggary*, they *intreated*, that I would not *desert* them *too*; but for the sake of their *sister*, my *wife*, would undertake their *defence*. The mother begged, that I would bring about a *meeting* of the *relations*, to *reason* the matter with her *father*; and said, that though she had never before *spoke* in any *large company*, especially of *men*, she would endeavour to lay before them the *distresses* and *injuries* of her *family*.
- Narration.** Diogiton, being with *difficulty* brought to the *meeting*, the mother of the plaintiffs asked him, how he could have the *heart* to use her sons in
- Accusing.**

such a manner. "Are you not, Sir, (says she) the uncle and the grandfather of the two fatherless youths? Are they not the children of your own brother, and of your own daughter? How could they be more nearly related to you, unless they were your own sons? And, though you despised all human authority, you ought to reverence the gods, who are witnesses of the trust reposed in you by the deceased father of the unhappy youths."

Remonstr.

She then enumerated the several sums, the property of the deceased, which had been received by Diogiton, and charged him with them, producing authentic evidence for every particular. "You have driven, (says she) out of their own house, the children of your own daughter, in rags, unfurnished with the common decencies of life. You have deprived them of the effects, and of the money left them by their father. But you want to enrich the children you have had by my step-mother; which, without doubt, you might lawfully and properly do, if it were not at the expense, and to the utter ruin of those, whose fortunes were deposited in your hands, and whom, from affluence, you want to reduce to beggary, impiously despising the authority of the gods, injuring your own daughter, and violating the sacred will of the dead."

Narration.

Accusing.

Severe charge.

The distressed mother having vented her grief in such bitter complaints as these, we were all, by sympathy, so touched with her afflictions, and the cruelty of her injurious father, that, when we considered, in our own minds, the hard usage which the young innocents had met with, when we remembered the deceased Diodotus, and thought how unworthy a guardian he had chosen for his children, there was not one of us who could refrain from tears. And I persuade myself, venerable Judges, that you will not be unaffected with so calamitous a case, when you come to consider attentively the various aggravations of the

Pity.

Blame.

Pity.

Accusing.

defendant's proceedings. Such *unfaithfulness*, in so solemn a *trust*, were it to pass *unpunished*, and consequently, to become *common*, would destroy all *confidence* among *mankind*, so that nobody would know *how*, or to *whom*, he could commit the management of his *affairs*, in his *absence*, or after his *death*. The defendant, at first, would have *denied* his having had *any effects* of his *brother's* left in his *hands*. And when he found, he *could not get off that way*, he then produced an *account* of *sums*, *laid out*, as he *pretended*, by him for the *children*, to such a *value*, as is beyond all *belief*; no less, than *seven talents of silver*, and *seven thousand drachme*. All this, he said, had been *expended* in *eight years*, in the *clothing* and *maintenance* of *two boys*, and a *girl*. And when he was pressed to show how their expenses could amount to such a *sum*, he had the *impudence* to charge *five obolio* a day for their *table*; and for *shoes*, and *dying* their *clothes*, (1) and for the *barber*, he gave in no *particular* account, neither by the *month*, nor by the *year*; but charged in one *gross sum* a *talent of silver*. For their father's *monument*, he pretends to have been at the *expense* of *five thousand drachmæ*, of which he charges *one half* to the account of the *children*. But it is manifest, that it could not cost twenty *minæ*. His *injustice* to the *children* appears *sufficiently* in the following article *alone*, if there were *no other* proof of it. He had occasion to buy a *lamb* for the feast of *Bacchus*, which cost, as he pretends, *ten drachmæ*; and of these he charges *eight* to the account of his *wards*.

Accusing. Had the *defendant* been a man of any *principle*, he would have bethought himself of laying out to advantage the *fortune* left in his hands by the deceased, for the *benefit* of the fatherless children.

(1) In those simple ages, the cloth, or stuff, of which the clothes of persons, even of high rank, were made, was commonly manufactured, from the wool to the dying, at home.

Had he bought with it *lands* or *houses*, the children might have been *maintained* out of the yearly *rents*, and the *principal* have been kept *entire*. But he does not seem to have *once thought* of *improving* their fortune; but on the contrary, to have contrived *only how* to *strip* them.

But the most *atrocious* (for a *single* action) of all his proceedings, is what *follows*. When he was made *commander* of the *gallics*, along with *Alexis*, the son of *Aristodicus*, and according to his *own* account, had been, on occasion of fitting out the *fleet*, and *himself*, at the *expense* of *forty-eight minæ*, out of his *own* private *purse*—he *charges* his *infant-wards* with *half* this *sum*.

Narration.

Whereas the state not only exempts *minors* from public *offices*, but even grants them *immunity*, for *one year*, at least, *after* they come of *age*. And when he had fitted out for a voyage to the Adriatic, a ship of burden to the value of *two talents*, he told his *daughter*, the mother of his *wards*, that the adventure was at the *risque*, and for the *benefit* of his *wards*. But, when the *returns* were made, and he had *doubled* the *sum* by the *profits* of the *voyage*—the *gains* were, he said, *all his own*. The *fortune* of his *wards* was to answer for the *damages*—but was not to be at all the *better* for the *advantages*! If, in this manner, one is to trade at the *peril* and *loss* of others, and engross to *himself* the whole *profits*; it is not difficult to conceive how his *partners* may come to be *undone*, while he *enriches himself*.

Accusing.

Wonder.

Accusing.

To lay before you *all* the *particulars*, which have come to our knowledge, of this *complicated scene* of *wickedness*, would but *disgust* and *shock* you. We have *witnesses* here to *prove* what we have *alleged* against this *cruel invader* of the property of *helpless innocents*, his *own near relations*, entrusted to his charge by his *deceased brother*.

Aversion.

Affirming.

Pity with blame.

[The Witnesses were then examined.]

Submission. You have heard, venerable judges, the *evidence*
 Affirming. given against the *defendant*. He himself *owns*
 the actual *receipt* of *seven talents*, and *forty minæ*
 of the *estate* of the *plaintiffs*. To say nothing of
 Accusing. what he *may have*, or rather *certainly has*, gain-
 ed by the *use* of this *money*; I will *allow*, what
 Granting. every reasonable person will judge *more than suf-*
ficient for the *maintenance* of *three children*, with
 a *governor* and a *maid*, a *thousand drachmæ*
 a year, which is something less than *three drach-*
 Affirming. *mæ a day*. In *eight years* this amounts to *eight*
thousand drachmæ. So that, upon ballancing the
 account, there remains due to the *plaintiffs*, of the
 seven talents and forty minæ, *six talents* and *twenty minæ*. For the defendant *cannot pretend*, that
 the *estate* of the *plaintiffs* has suffered by *fire*, by
water, or by *any other injury*, than what *himself*
 has *done* it. * * * * *
 [The rest is wanting.]

LXIX.

CONSULTATION.

The Speech of SATAN, in his infernal palace of Pandæmonium, in which he proposes to the consideration of his angels, in what manner it would be proper to proceed, in consequence of their defeat, and fall. [MILT. PARAD. LOST, Book II.]

Majesty with **P**OWERS and Dominions! Deities of Heaven!
 distrefs. For (since no deep withen her gulph can hold
 Celestial vigour, though opprest and fall'n)
 Courage. I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
 Celestial virtues rising will appear
 More glorious, and more dread, than from no fall,
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
 Authority. Me, though just right, and the fix'd laws of
 Heav'n,
 Did first create your leader; next free choice,

With what *besides*, in council, or in fight,
 Hath been *atchiev'd* of merit, yet this loss
 Thus far at least, *recover'd*, hath much more
 Establish'd in a safe un-envied throne,
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state
 In Heaven which follows dignity, might draw
 Envy from each inferior; but who here
 Will envy, whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost, to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain. With this advantage then
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
 More than can be in Heaven, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assured us, and by what best way,
 Whether of open war, or covert guile,
 We now debate. Who can advise, may speak.

Apprehen.

Complaint.

Courage.

Confidence.

LXX.

FIERCENESS. DESPERATION.

The Speech of the fallen angel MOLOCH, exciting
 the infernal crew to renew the war against the
 Messiah. (1) [IBID.]

MY sentence is for open war. *Of wiles
 More inexpert, I boast not. Then let those
 Contrive who need, unworthy of our might.
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions, now under arms, who longing wait
 The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
 Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
 Accept this dark approbrious den of shame,
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns

Courage.

*Contempt

Courage.

Contempt.

Rage.

(1) The author represents Satan's, Moloch's, and the rest of the infernal angels' hostility as directed against the Supreme Being: but this seems (with all deference to the learned author) to be incredible: for no created being, can, without losing all use of reason, possibly imagine itself a match for Omnipotence.

- Fierce courage. By our delay !—(1) No—let us rather choose,
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heavens high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against our torturer. When to meet the noise
Of his terrific engine, he shall hear
- Bitter malice. Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror, shot with equal rage
Amongst his angels ; and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments.—But perhaps
- Recollection. The way seems difficult, and steep to scale
With adverse wing, against a higher foe.—
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion, we ascend
Up to our native seat. Descend and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
When our fierce foe hung on our broken rear,
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep ;
With what compulsion, and laborious flight
We sunk thus low ?—*Th' ascent is easy then.—
Th' event is fear'd—Should we again provoke
Our enemy, some worse way he may find
To our destruction ; if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd.—What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd
- Complaint. In this abhorred deep to utter woe,
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorable, and the tort'ring hour
Call us to penance ?—More destroy'd than thus
We must be quite abolish'd, and expire.
- Fierceneess. What fear we then?—What, doubt we to incense
His utmost ire, which, to the height enrag'd,

(1) "No, let us," &c. to "but perhaps," can hardly be over-acted, if the dignity of the speaker be kept up in pronouncing the passage. At the words, "but perhaps," the angel composes himself again.

Will either quite *consume* us, and *reduce*
To *nothing* this *essential*, *happier* far
Than *miserable* to have *eternal being*.
Or if our *substance* be indeed *divine*,
And *cannot cease* to *be*, we are, at *worst*,
On *this side* *nothing*. And by *proof* we *feel*
Our *pow'r* *sufficient* to *disturb* his *Heav'n*,
And with perpetual *inroads* to *alarm*,
Though *inaccessible*, his *fatal throne* ;
Which, if *not victory*, is yet *revenge*. (1)

Complaint.

Courage.

Malicious
fury.

LXXI.

CONSIDERATION. DISSUASION.
DIFFIDENCE.

*The Speech of the fallen angel BELIAL, in answer
to the foregoing. [IBID.]*

I SHOULD be *much* for *open war*, O *peers* !

As *not behind* in *hate* ; if what was *urg'd*

Main reason to *persuade immediate war*,

Did *not dissuade* me *most*, and seem to *cast*

Ominous conjecture on the *whole success* ;

When *he*, who *most excels* in *feats of arms*, :

In what he *counsels*, and in what *excels*

Mistrustful, grounds his *courage* on *despair*,

And *utter dissolution* as the *scope*

Of all his *aim*, after some *dire revenge*.

But *what revenge* ?—The *towers of Heaven* are
fill'd

With *armed watch*, that render *all access*

Impregnable. Oft on the *bord'ring deep*

Encamp their *legions* ; or, with *flight obscure*,

Scout far and wide into the *realms of night*,

Scorning surprise.—Or, could we *break our way*

Deliberate.

Apprehen.

Arguing.

Apprehen.

(1) The voice, instead of falling toward the end of this line, as usual, is to rise ; and, in speaking the word *revenge*, the collected fierceness of the whole speech, ought, as it were, to be expressed in one word.

- By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
 With blackest insurrection to confound
 Heaven's purest light; yet our great enemy,
 Awe. All incorruptible, would on his throne
 Sit unpolluted, and th' æthereal mould,
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Horror. Is flat despair. We must exasperate
 Our conqueror to let loose his boundless rage,
 And that must end us, that must be our cure,
 To be no more!—Sad cure!—For who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 These thoughts that wander through eternity.—
 To perish utterly; for ever lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Arguing. Devoid of sense and motion?—But will he,
 So wise, let loose at once his utmost ire,
 Belike through impotence, or unawares,
 To give his enemies their wish, and end
 Them in his anger whom his anger saves
 Courage. To punish endless?—"Wherefore cease we then,"
 Say they who counsel war; "we are decreed,
 Anguish. Reserv'd and destin'd to eternal woe;
 Despair. Whatever doing, what can we suffer more?
 *Arguing. What can we suffer worse?" *Is this then worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
 Terror. What, when we fled amain, pursu'd and struck
 By Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
 The deep to shelter us; this place then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds: Or when we lay,
 Chain'd on the burning lake? That sure was
 worse.
 Apprehen. What if the breath, that kindled these grim fires,
 Awak'd, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
 And plunge us in the flames? Or from above,
 Should intermitted vengeance, arm again
 Horror. His red right hand to plague us? What if all
 Her stores were opened; and this firmament
 Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,

*Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall
One day upon our heads, while we, perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd,
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wrecking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreliev'd;
Ages of hopeless end!—This would be worse.—
War, therefore, open, or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades.—*

Anguish.

Affirming.

Dissuasion.

*“ Shall we then live thus vile ! The race of
Heaven
Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here
Chains and these torments !” Better these than
worse,*

Remon-
strance with
contempt.

Dissuasion.

*By my advice. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal ; nor the law unjust,
That so ordains. This was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh when those, who at the spear are bold,
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow ; to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror. This is now
Our doom ; which if with courage we can bear,
Our foe supreme, in time, may much remit
His anger, and, perhaps, thus far remov'd,
Not mind us,—not offending, satisfy'd
With what is punish'd ; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our pure essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour, or inur'd, not feel,
Or chang'd, at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper, and in nature, will receive,
Familiar, the fierce heat, and void of pain,
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light,
Besides what hope the never-ending flow*

Arguing.

Contempt.

Encourage.

Of future days may bring ; what chance, what
change,
 Worth waiting. Since our present lot appears,
 For happy, dismal ; yet, for ill, not worst,
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe.

LXXII.

SUBMISSION. COMPLAINT.
INTREATING.

The speech of Seneca the philosopher, to Nero, complaining of the envy of his enemies, and requesting the emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow circumstances, that he might no longer be an object of their malignity, [The substance is taken from Corn. Tacit. ANNAL. xiv.]

- Submission. **M**AY it please the imperial Majesty of *Cæsar* favourably to accept the humble submissions and grateful acknowledgements of the weak, though faithful guide of his youth. (1)
- Gratitude. It is now a great many years since I first had the honour of attending your imperial Majesty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labours with such affluence, as has drawn
- Complaint. upon me, what I had reason to expect, the envy of many of those persons, who are always ready to prescribe to their prince, where to bestow, and
- Apology. where to withhold his favours. It is well known, that your illustrious ancestor, *Augustus*, bestowed on his deserving favourites, *Agrippa*, and *Mæcenas*, honours and emoluments, suitable to the dignity of the benefactor and to the services of the receivers; nor has his conduct been blamed. My employment

(1) Seneca was one of Nero's preceptors ; and the emperor seemed, during the first part of his reign, to have profited much by his instructions. The egregious follies, and enormous, unprovoked cruelties he afterwards committed, of which his ordering Seneca to put himself to death, is among the most flagrant, seem hardly otherwise accountable, than by supposing that he lost the use of his reason.

about your imperial Majesty, has indeed been purely *domestic*; I have neither *headed* your *armies*, nor *assisted* at your *councils*. But you know, Sir, (though there are *some*, who do not seem to *attend* to it) that a prince may be served in *different* ways, some *more*, others *less conspicuous*; and that the latter may be, to him, as *valuable* as the *former*.

“But *what*,” say many enemies, “shall a *private person*, of *equestrian rank*, and a *provincial by birth*, be *advanced* to an *equality* with the *patricians*? Shall an *upstart*, of no name, nor family, rank with *those*, who can by the *statues*, which make the *ornament* of their *palaces*, reckon backward a *line* of *ancestors*, long enough to *tire out* the *fasti*? (1) Shall a *philosopher*, who has written for *others* precepts of *moderation*, and *contempt* of all that is *external*, *himself* live in *affluence* and *luxury*? Shall he purchase *estates*, and lay out money at *interest*? Shall he *build palaces*, plant *gardens*, and adorn a *country-seat*, at his *own expense*, and for his *own pleasure*?

Remonst.

Pride.

Cæsar has given *royally*, as became *imperial magnificence*. Seneca has *received* what his *prince* bestowed; nor did he *ever ask*: he is *only guilty* of—not *refusing*. Cæsar’s rank places him *above* the reach of *invidious malignity*. Seneca is *not*, nor can be *high enough* to *despise* the *envious*. As the *overloaded soldier*, or *traveller*, would be *glad* to be *relieved* of his *burden*, so I, in this *last stage* of the journey of *life*, now that I find myself *unequal* to the *lightest cares*, beg that Cæsar would *kindly ease* me of the *trouble* of my *unwieldy wealth*. I *beseech* him to *restore* to the *imperial treasury*, from whence it came, what is to me *superfluous* and *cumbrous*. The *time* and the *attention*, which I am now obliged to bestow upon my *villa*, and my *gardens*, I shall be glad

Gratitude.

Apology.

Complaint.

Intreating.

(1) The *Fasti*, or *Calendars*, or if you please, *Almanacs* of the ancients, had, as our *Almanacs*, tables of kings, consuls, &c.

to apply to the *regulation* of my mind.—*Cæsar* is in the *flower* of life. Long may he be equal to the *toils* of government! His goodness will grant to his *worn out* servant, leave to *retire*. It will not be *derogatory* from *Cæsar's* greatness, to have it said, that he *bestowed favours* on *some*, who, so far from being *intoxicated* with them, shewed, that they could be *happy* when (at their *own request*) *divested* of them.

LXXIII.

JEALOUSY.

IAGO goes on to inflame *OTHELLO's* jealousy (see page 205) against his innocent wife. *OTHELLO* is by him worked up to rage. [Shakespear's *OTHEL.*]

Plotting. *Iago.* [Alone] **I** Will in *Cassio's* lodging drop this *handkerchief*,
That he may find it; then *persuade* the *Moor*,
His wife did give it—*Trifles light as air*,
Are to the *jealous confirmation strong*
Malicious joy. As *proofs* from *holy writ*. This will work *mis-*
chief.
Dangerous *conceits* are in their nature *poisons*,
Which at the first are scarce found to *distaste*;
But with a little *action* on the *blood*,
Burn like the *mines* of *sulphur*. [*Othello appears.*]
'Tis as I said;—
Look where he comes! Not all the *drowsy po-*
tions,
That e'er *calm'd* raging *anguish* to *repose*,
Shall *medicine* thee to that *blessed sleep*,
Which thou *ow'd'st* the *past night*.

Enter OTHELLO. Does not see Iago.

Perturbation *Oth.* Ha! *false* to me!
Softening. *Iago.* How now, noble general? No more of that,

Oth. Avaunt ! Be gone ! Thou'st set me on the rack. Rage.

Better, *unknowing*, to be much abus'd,
Than but to doubt the least.

Iago. How my Lord ?

Oth. What sense had I of her unfaithfulness ? Pretended surprise.
I thought not of it ; felt no injury ; Regret for lost repose.

I slept untroubled ; I wak'd free and cheerful.

O now, farewell for ever blessed peace

Of mind ! Farewel the tranquil breast.

The plumed troops, the thunders of the war.

The fire of valour, and the pride of triumph.

Othello is a wicked woman's mock'ry.

Grief.

Iago. Is't possible, my Lord, you should be thus

Anguish.

Pretended surprise.

Rage.

Oth. Villain ! Be sure thou prove my love a traitress, [Catching him by the throat.]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,

'Twere better for thee to have been born a dog.

Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Threatning

Iago. Is it come to this ! Good Heav'n defend me !

Surprise and vexation.

Are you a man ? Have you a soul, or sense ?

I've done. Take my office——Wretched fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice !

Reproof of ingratitude.

Self-accuse.

** O monstrous world ! What times are we fall'n upon ?*

* Astonishment.

To be direct and honest, is not safe.

I thank you for this profit, and henceforth

I'll love no friend ; since love breeds such offence.

Pretended reproof of ingratitude.

[Going.]

Oth. Nay stay——thou should'st be honest.

Recollection.

Iago. I should be wise ; for honesty's a fool,

That loses what it works for.

Pretended sense of injury.

Oth. In my anguish

Apology.

I think my wife is honest, and think she is not.

I think that thou art just, and that thou art not.

*I'll have some proof. * Her name, (1) that was as fresh,*

* Regret.

(1) " Her name," that is, her character, or reputation.

- Fury.** As *Dian's* (1) *visage*, is now *begrin'd* and *black*
As mine *own face*. If there be *cords* or *knives*,
Poison, or *fire*, or *suffocating steams*,
I'll not *endure* it. *Would* I were but *satisfy'd*.
- Pretended concern.** *Iago*. I see, Sir, you are *eaten up* with *passion*.
I do *repent* me that I ever *started* it.
- Anxiety** *Oth*. Give me a *living reason* she's *disloyal*.
- Pretended reluctance.** *Iag*. I do not like the *office*:
But since I'm *enter'd* in this *cause* so *far*,
- Apology.** Urg'd on by foolish *honesty* of *friendship*,
I must *go on*, or bear the name of *slanderer*.
- Narration.** I *lay* in the *same room* with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a *raging tooth*,
- Explaining.** I *could* not *sleep*. There is a kind of men,
So *loose* of *soul*, that in their *sleep*, will *mutter*
All their *affairs*. One of *this kind* is *Cassio*.
In *sleep* I heard him say, "*Sweet Desdemona!*
Let us be wary; let us hide our loves."
- Caution.** *O cursed fate*, that gave thee to the *Moor*."
- Rage.** *Oth*. O monstrous! I will *tear* her *limb* from
limb.
- Hypocritical soothing** *Iag*. *Nay*; but be *calm*. This may be *noth-*
ing yet
She may be *honest* still. But *tell* me this,
- Question.** Have you not sometimes seen a *handkerchief*
Spotted with *strawberries*, in your wife's hand?
- Alarm.** *Oth*. I *gave* her such a *one*. 'Twas my *first*
gift.
- Accusing.** *Iag*. That I *knew* not. But such a *handker-*
chief
(I'm sure, it was the *same*) did I to-day.
See *Cassio* *wipe* his *beard* with.
- Desperation** *Oth*. O that the *slave* had *twenty thousand*
lives!
One is too *poor*—too *weak* for my *revenge*.
Iag. Yet be *patient*, Sir.
- Boundless fury.** *Oth*. O *blood, blood, blood!*
Hot, reeking blood shall wash the *pois'nous stain*,

(1) "*Dian's visage*." *Diana* is represented in the heathen mythology, as a goddess of extraordinary purity.

Which *fouls* mine honour. From *this hour*, my
thoughts

Shall *ne'er* look back, nor ebb to humble love,

Horror.

'Till a *capacious*, and *wide* revenge,

Equal to their gross guilt, swallows them up,

Come, go with me *apart*. I will *withdraw*,

Revenge.

To furnish me with some *swift* means of death

For the fair *sorceress*, and her smooth *adulterer*.

Gratitude.

From hence thou'rt my *lieutenant*. —

Iag. As you will, Sir.

LXXIV.

CRAFT. FOOLISH FEAR. VEXATION.

MASCARILLE, a crafty servant, in the interest of LEANDER, his master's son, contrives to send his old master into the country, and, in the mean time, persuades his friend ANSELM, that he is dead suddenly; and on that pretext, borrows of him a sum of money for Leander.

[See Moliere, L'ETOURDI.]

Anselm. *WHAT*, my good friend Pandolph
dead!

Surprise.

Mascarille. I don't wonder the news surprises
you.

Concern.

Ans. To die so very suddenly!

Surprise.

Masc. It is a very hurrying way of doing
things, to be sure. But who can make people
live, you know, if they will die?

Concern.

Ans. But how does your young master take it?

Question.

Masc. Take it! why worse than he would a
kicking. He *welters* on the ground like a wound-
ed adder, and says he will absolutely go into the
same grave with his dear *papa*. If it were not
that they who take on so violently, do not, for
the most part, hold it long, I should expect him
to go quite *compompous* about it.—But—a—you
must know, Sir, that we are all in a *pucker* at

Whimsical.

Grief.

Apology.

Rest your soul, I pray! Vanish, vanish, in the Trembling.
name of—

Pandolph. What the *plague* is the *matter*, Wonder.
old friend! Are you gone out of your *wits*. I
came to ask your *advice*; but—

Ans. Tell me, then, pray, without coming a Intreating.
step nearer, what you would have me do for the
repose of your *soul*. Ah, eh, eh, eh, mercy on us! Trembling.
no nearer pray! If it be only to take your *leave*
of me, that you are come *back*, I could have *ex-*
cused you the *ceremony* with all my heart.
[Pandolph comes nearer, to convince Anselm,
that he is not dead. He draws back, as the other
advances.] Or if you—*mercy* on us—no near- Intreating.
er, pray—or if you have *wronged* any body,
as you always *loved* money a little, I give the
word of a frightened christian, I will *pray* as
long as you *please*, for the *deliverance* and *re-*
pose of your *departed* soul. My good, worthy, Persuading.
noble friend, do, *pray* disappear, as ever you
would wish your old friend *Anselm*, to come to
his senses again.

Pand. [laughing.] If I were not most con- Mirth.
foundedly out of *humour*, I could be *diverted* to
a *pitch*. But *prithee* now, old friend, *what* is in Remonstr.
the *wind*, that you will have me to be *dead*?
This is some *contrivance* of that rogue *Masca-* Suspicion.
ville, I guess by what I have just found out of
his *tricks*.

Ans. Ah, you are *dead*, too sure. Did not Fear.
I see your *corpse* laid out upon your *own* bed,
and—

Pand. What the *deuce*! I am *dead*, and Remonstr.
know nothing of it! But, don't you see that I am
not *dead*?

Ans. You are clothed with a *body* of air, Feast.
which *resembles* your *own* person, when you was
alive—only—you'll excuse me—a good deal
plainer. But, *pray*, now, don't assume a *figure* Intreaty.
more *frightful*. I am within a hair's breadth of

- losing my senses already ; and if you should turn yourself into a *giant*, with *saucer-eyes*, or a *black horse* without a *head*, or any of the *ugly shapes*— I ask pardon—you *apparitions* sometimes put on, I am sure I should go *clean o' one side* at the least glimpse of you. Pray, then, in the name of the *blessed virgin*, and all the *saints, male and female*, be so good as to *vanish quietly*, and leave your poor *frightened old friend* wit enough to keep him out of a *mad-house*.
- Earnest intreaty. Pand. This is undoubtedly that *rogue Mascarille's manufacture*. He has, for some *gracious purpose*, contrived to send me to the country on a *foot's errand*, and I suppose, in my *absence*, he has, to answer some other *pious end*, persuaded you that I am *dead*. Come, give me thy hand, and thou wilt be convinced I am not *dead* more than *thyself*.
- Vexation. Reluctance. Ans. [drawing back.] What was it I saw laid out upon the *bed*, then?
- Encourage. Pand. How should I know? It was not I, however.
- Reluctance. Ans. If I were sure you are not *dead*, I should not be afraid to touch you : but the hand of a *dead man* must be so *co—o—o—old* !
- Shuddering Encourage. Pand. Prithee now give over. I tell you, it is nothing but *Mascarille's invention*. [He seizes Anselm's hand, who screams out.]
- Terror. Ans. Ah ! *St. Anthony preserve me* !—Ah—
- Returning courage. ah—eh—eh—Why—why—after all, your hand is not so *co—o—o—old*, neither. Of the *two*, it is rather warmer than my own. Can it be, though, that you are not *dead* ?
- Encourage. Pand. Not I.
- Recollect. Ans. I begin to question it a little myself. But still my mind misgives me *plaguily* about the corpse I saw laid out upon your *bed*. If I could but find out what that was—
- Encourage. Pand. Pshaw, prithee, what signifies it what it was ? As long as you see plainly I am not *dead*.

Ans. Why, yes, as you say, *that* is the *point*. But yet the *corpse* upon the *bed* haunts me. But [pauses] I'll be *hang'd* if it be not as you say. Mascarille is a *rogue*. But, if you be *not dead*, I am in *two sweet scrapes*. One is, the *danger* of being *dubbed* Mascarille's *fool*. The other of *losing* fifty *pieces*, I furnished him for your *interest*.

Assenting.

Vexation.

Pand. O, you have lent him *money*, have you? Then the *secret* is out.

Discovery.

Ans. Yes; but you know, it was upon the *credit* of your *estate*, and for your *own personal benefit*. For, if you had been *dead*, you must have been *buried*, you know. And Mascarille told me, your son could come at *no ready cash*, you know. So that I hope you will see me *paid*, you know.

Apology.

Requesting

Pand. I'll be *hang'd* if I do. I have *enough* to pay on that *score* otherwise.

Refusing.

Ans. I'll *pluck off* every *single grey hair* that is upon my *old foolish head*.—*What!* to have *no more wit* at this time of life!—I expect nothing else than that they should make a *farce* in praise of my *wisdom*, and *act* me, till the *town* be *sick* of me. [Exeunt different ways.]

Vexation.

LXXV.

EXHORTATION.

The speech of GALGACUS the general of the Caledonii, (1) in which he exhorts the army he had assembled, in order to expel the Romans, to fight valiantly against their foes under JUL. AGRICOLA.

Corn. Tacit. VIT. AGRIC.

COUNTRYMEN, and FELLOW-SOLDIERS!

WHEN I consider the *cause*, for which we have *drawn* our *swords*, and the *necessity* of striking an *effectual blow*, before we *sheath* them

Courage.

(1) The Caledonii, were, according to Ptolemy, the inhabitants of the interior parts of Scotland.

- again, I feel joyful *hopes* arising in my *mind*, that *this day* an *opening* shall be made for the *restoration* of British *liberty*, and for *shaking off* the infamous *yoke* of Roman *slavery*. *Caledonia* is yet *free*. The *all-grasping power* of *Rome* has not yet been able to seize *our liberty*. But it is only to be *preserved* by *valour*. By *flight* it cannot: for the *sea confines* us; and *that* the more *effectually*, as being *possessed* by the *fleets* of the *enemy*. As it is by *arms*, that the *brave* acquire *immortal fame*, so it is by *arms* that the *sordid* must *defend* their *lives* and *properties*, or lose them. You are the very *men*, my friends, who have hitherto set *bounds* to the unmeasurable *ambition* of the *Romans*. In consequence of your inhabiting the more *inaccessible* parts of the island, to which the shores of those countries on the continent, which are *enslaved* by the *Romans*, are *invisible*, you have hitherto been *free* from the common *disgrace*, and the common *sufferings*. You lie almost out of the reach of *fame* *itself*. But you *must not expect* to enjoy this untroubled *security* any *longer*, unless you *bestir* yourselves so *effectually*, as to put it out of the *power* of the *enemy* to *search out* your *retreats*, and *disturb* your *repose*. If you *do not*, *curiosity alone* will set them a *prying*, and they will conclude that there is somewhat *worth* the *labour* of *conquering*, in the *interior parts* of the *island*, merely because they have *never seen* them. What is *little known*, is often *coveted*, because so *little known*. And you are not to *expect*, that you should *escape* the *ravage* of the general *plunderers* of *mankind*, by any sentiment of *moderation* in them. When the *countries*, which are more *accessible*, come to be *subdued*, they will then *force* their way into *those*, which are *harder* to come at. And if they should conquer the *dry land*, over the *whole world*, they will then think of carrying their arms beyond the *ocean*, to see
- Vexation.
- Courage.
- Warning.
- Encourage.
- Warning.
- Accusing.

whether there be not certain *unknown regions*, which they may *attack*, and *reduce* under *subjection* to the *Roman empire*. For we see, that if a country is thought to be *powerful* in *arms*, the Romans *attack* it, because the conquest will be *glorious*; if *inconsiderable* in the *military art*, because the victory will be *easy*; if *rich*, they are drawn thither by the hope of *plunder*; if *poor*, by the desire of *fame*. The *east* and the *west*, the *south* and the *north*, the face of the *whole earth*, is the *scene* of their *military achievements*; the *world* is too *little* for their *ambition*, and their *avarice*. They are the *only nation* ever known to be *equally* desirous of conquering a *poor* kingdom as a *rich* one. Their *supreme joy* seems to be *ravaging*, *fighting*, and *shedding of blood*; and when they have *unpeopled* a *region*, so that there are *none left alive* able to bear *arms*, they say they have given *peace* to that country.

Horror.

Nature itself has peculiarly *endeared* to *all men*, their *wives* and their *children*. But it is known to you, my countrymen, that the conquered *youth* are daily *draughted off* to supply the deficiencies in the *Roman army*. The *wives*, the *sisters*, and the *daughters* of the *conquered*, are either exposed to the *violence*, or at least corrupted by the *arts* of these *cruel spoilers*. The *fruits* of our *industry*, are *plundered* to make up the *tributes* imposed on us by *oppressive avarice*. *Britons* sow their fields; and the greedy *Romans* reap them. Our very *bodies* are worn out in carrying on their *military works*, and our *toils* are rewarded by them with *abuse* and *stripes*. Those, who are *born* to *slavery*, are *bought* and *maintained* by their *master*. But this unhappy country pays for being *enslaved*, and feeds those who *enslave* it. And our *portion* of *disgrace* is the *bitterest*, as the inhabitants of *this island* are the *last*, who have fallen under the *galling yoke*.

Tenderness

Horror.

Accusing.

Complaint.

Indignation

Accusing. Our native *bent* against *tyranny*, is the *offence*, which most *sensibly irritates* those *lordly usurpers*. Our *distance* from the *seat of government*, and our *natural defence* by the surrounding *ocean*, render us *obnoxious* to their *suspensions*: for they — know, that *Britons* are *born* with an instinctive — *love of liberty*; and they conclude, that we must be *naturally* led to think of taking the *advantage* of our *detached situation*, to *disengage* ourselves *one time or other*, from their *oppression*.

Warning. Thus, my countrymen, and fellow-soldiers, *suspected* and *hated*, as we ever *must be* by the Romans, there is no *prospect* of our enjoying even a tolerable state of *bondage* under them.

Courage. Let us, then, in the name of all that is *sacred*, and in defence of all that is *dear* to us, resolve to *exert* ourselves, if not for *glory*, at least for *safety*; if not in *vindication* of British *honour*, at least in *defence* of our *lives*. How near were the *Brigantines* (1) to *shaking off* the *yoke*—led

Commen-
dation. on too by a *woman*?—They *burnt* a *Roman settlement*: they *attacked* the *dreaded Roman legions* in their *camp*. Had not their *partial success* drawn them into a *fatal security*, the *business*

Regret. was *done*. And shall not *we*, of the *Caledonian* — *region*, whose *territories* are *yet free*, and whose *strength entire*, shall we not, my fellow-soldiers, *attempt somewhat*, which may shew these *foreign ravagers*, that they have *more to do* than they *think of*, before they be *masters* of the *whole island*.

Remon-
strance. But, after all, *who are* these *mighty Romans*? Are they *gods*, or *mortal men*, like *ourselves*? Do we not see that they fall into the same *errors* and *weaknesses* as *others*? Does not *peace* *effeminate* them? Does not *abundance* *debauch* them? Does not *wantonness* *enervate* them?

Contempt. Do they not even go to *excess* in the most *un-*

(1) The Brigantines, according to Ptolemy, inhabited what is now called Yorkshire, the bishopric of Durham, &c.

manly vices ? And can you imagine, that they, who are remarkable for their *vices*, are likewise remarkable for their *valour* ? *What*, then, do we *dread* ?—Shall I *tell* you the very *truth*, my fellow-soldiers ? it is by means of our *intestine divisions*, that Romans have gained so great *advantages* over us. They turn the *mismanagements* of their *enemies* to their *own praise*. They *boast* of what *they have done*, and say *nothing* of what *we might have done*, had we been so *wise* as to *unite* against them.

Courage.

Regret.

What is this *formidable* Roman army ? Is it not composed of a *mixture* of *people* from *different countries*, some *more*, some *less*, *disposed* to *military achievements* ; some *more*, some *less*, *capable* of *bearing fatigue* and *hardship*. They *keep together*, while they are *successful*. *Attack* them with *vigour* : *distress* them : you will see them *more disunited* among themselves, than *we are now*. Can any one imagine, that *Gauls*, *Germans*, and—with *shame* I must add, *Britons*, who *basely lend*, for a time, their *limbs*, and their *lives*, to build up a *foreign tyranny* ; can one imagine, that these will not be *longer enemies* than *slaves* ? Or that such an army is *held together* by sentiments of *fidelity*, or *affection* ? No ; the only *body of union* among them is *fear*. And, whenever *terror ceases* to *work* upon the *minds* of that *mixed multitude*, they, who *now fear*, will then *hate* their *tyrannical masters*. On our *side*, there is every *possible incitement* to *valour*. The Roman *courage* is not, as *ours*, inflamed by the thought of *wives* and *children* in danger of falling into the hands of the *enemy*. The Romans have *no parents*, as *we have*, to *reproach* them, if they should *desert* their *infirm old age*. They have *no country here* to fight for. They are a *motly collection* of *foreigners*, in a *land wholly unknown* to them, *cut off* from their *native country*, *hemmed in* by the

Contempt.

Courage.

Regret.

Contempt.

Courage.

Contempt.

- surrounding *ocean*, and given, I hope, a *prey* into our *hands*, without *any possibility* of *escape*. Let not the *sound* of the Roman *name* affright your *ears*. Nor let the *glare* of *gold* or *silver* upon their armour, *dazzle* your *eyes*. It is not by *gold*, or *silver*, that men are either *wounded* or *defended*; though they are rendered a *richer prey* to the *conquerors*. Let us boldly *attack* this *disunited rabble*. We shall find among *themselves* a *reinforcement* to our *army*. The *degenerated Britons*, who are *incorporated* into their *forces*, will, through *shame* of their *country's cause*, *deserted* by them, quickly *leave* the Romans and come over to *us*. The *Gauls*, remembering their *former liberty*, and that it was the *Romans* who deprived them of it, will *forsake* their *tyrants*, and *join* the *assertors* of *freedom*. The *Germans*, who remain in their *army*, will *follow* the example of their countrymen, the *Usipii*, who so lately *deserted*. And *what* will there be then to *fear*? A few *half-garrisoned forts*; a few *municipal towns*, inhabited by *worn-out old men*, *discord* universally prevailing, occasioned by *tyranny* in those who *command*, and *obstinacy* in those who should *obey*. On our side, an *army united* in the *cause* of their *country*, their *wives*, their *children*, their *aged parents*, their *liberties*, their *lives*. At the head of this *army*—I hope I do not offend against *modesty* in saying, there is a *General* ready to *exert all his abilities*, such as they are, and to hazard his *life* in leading you to *victory* and to *freedom*.
- I conclude, my countrymen, and fellow-soldiers, with putting you in mind, that on your *behaviour this day* depends your future *enjoyment* of *peace* and *liberty*, or your *subjection* to a *tyrannical enemy*, with all its *grievous consequences*. When, therefore, you come to *engage*—*think* of your *ancestors*—and *think* of your *posterity*.
- Courage.
- Contempt.
- Courage.
- Apology.
- Encouragement.

LXXVI.

DOUBTING. VEXATION. AFFECTATION OF LEARNING. COMPULSION.

(See *Molière's MARRIAGE FORCE.*)

LONGHEAD solus, with an open letter in his hand.

I WAS *wrong* to proceed so far in this matter so *hastily*. To *fix* the very *day*, and then *fail*. Her father will *prosecute* me, to be *sure*, and will recover *heavy damages too*, as he *threatens* me. But then, *what* could I *do*? Could I *marry* with the *prospect* I had *before* me? To tell me, she married to get *free* from *restraint*, and that she expected, I should make *no inquiry* into her *conduct*, more than *she* would into *mine*! If she *speaks* so freely before marriage, how will she *act* after? No, no, I'll *stand* his *prosecution*. Better be a *beggar* than a *cuckold*.—But hold.—Perhaps I am more *afraid* than *hurt*. She might mean only *innocent freedom*—She is a *charming girl*. But I am *thirty years older* than *she* is—I would wish to *marry* her; but I should not like what I am *afraid* will be the *consequence*. *What resolution* shall I *take*? I'll be *hang'd* if I know *what* to *do*. On *one* hand, *beauty* *inviting*; on the *other*, *cuckoldom* as *ugly* as the *devil*. On *one* hand, *marriage*; on the *other*, a *lawsuit*. I am in a *fine dilemma*.—*Lancelet Longhead*; *Lancelet Longhead*; [striking himself on the forehead.] I'll tell you *what*, old friend, I doubt you are but a *simpleton* all this *while*, that have been thinking yourself a little *Solomon*. I'll e'en go and *consult* with some *friends*, what I must do. For I cannot determine, within *myself*, whether I had better try to *make it up* with the family, and go on with my intended *marriage*, or set them at *defiance*, and resolve to have *nothing to do* with *matrimony*.—If any body advises me

Vexation.

Apprehen.

Apology.

Blame.

Apprehen.

Courage.

Recollectio.

Excusing.

Desire.

Apprehen.

Anxiety.

Doubt.

Desire.

Apprehen.

Vexation.

Doubt.

Confidence.

Resolution. to marry, I'll venture it, I think. Let me see, what wise, sagacious people are there of my acquaintance ?—Oh—my two neighbours, Dr. Neverout, and Dr. Doubty; men of universal learning ! Ill go to them directly. And here is Dr. Neverout coming out of his house very fortunately.

Anger. Neverout, [talking to one in the house.] I tell you, friend, you are a silly fellow, ignorant of all good discipline, and fit to be banished from the republic of letters. I will undertake to demonstrate to you by convincing arguments, drawn from the writings of Aristotle himself, the philosopher of philosophers, that ignarus es, you are an ignorant fellow ; that ignarus eras, you was an ignorant fellow ; that ignarus fuisti, you have been an ignorant fellow ; that ignarus fueras, you had been an ignorant fellow ; and that, ignarus eris, you will be an ignorant fellow, through all the genders, cases, numbers, voices, moods, tenses, and persons, of all the articles, the nouns, the pronouns, the verbs, the participles, the adverbs, prepositions, interjections, and conjunctions.

Affestation of learning. Longh. Somebody must have used him very ill, to make him call so many hard names. Dr. Neverout, your servant. A word with you, if you please, Sir.

Wonder. Nev. You pretend to reason ! You don't so much as know the first elements of the art of reasoning. You don't know the difference between a category and a predicament, nor between a major and a minor.

Contempt. Longh. His passion blinds him so, he does not see me. Doctor, I kiss your hands. May one—

Learned pride. Longh. His passion blinds him so, he does not see me. Doctor, I kiss your hands. May one—

Civility. Nev. Do you know what a blunder you have committed ? Do you know, what it is to be guilty of a syllogism in Balordo ? Your major is foolish,

Contempt. Nev. Do you know what a blunder you have committed ? Do you know, what it is to be guilty of a syllogism in Balordo ? Your major is foolish,

Pride. Nev. Do you know what a blunder you have committed ? Do you know, what it is to be guilty of a syllogism in Balordo ? Your major is foolish,

your minor impertinent, and your conclusion ridiculous.

Longh. Pray, Doctor, what is it, that so disturbs your philosophy? Inquiring.

Nev. The most atrocious provocation in the world. An ignorant fellow would defend a proposition the most erroneous, the most abominable, the most execrable that ever was uttered or written. Anger.
Pride.

Longh. May I ask, what it is? Inquiring.

Nev. Mr. Longhead, all is ruined. The world is fallen into a general depravity. A degree of licentiousness, that is alarming, reigns universally: and the governors of states have reason to be ashamed of themselves, who have power in their hands for maintaining good order among mankind, and suffer such enormities to pass unpunished. Apprehen.
Reproach.

Longh. What is it, pray, Sir? Inquiring.

Nev. Only think, Mr. Longhead, only think, that in a christian country, a person should be allowed to use an expression publicly, that one would think would frighten a nation; an expression, that one would expect to raise the devil! Only think of—"The form of a hat!"—There, Mr. Longhead, there's an expression for you! Accusing.
Amazement

Did you think you should have lived to hear such an expression as—"The form of a hat?"

Longh. How, Sir? I don't understand where- Inquiring.
in the harm of such an expression consists.

Nev. I affirm and insist upon it, with hands and feet, pugnis et calcibus, unguibus et rostro, Positive.
that to say, "The form of a hat," is as absurd, as to say, that, datur vacuum in rerum natura, there is a vacuum in nature. [Turning again to the person with whom he had been disputing in the house.] Yes, ignorant creature, a hat is Displeasure
an inanimate substance, and therefore form cannot be predicated of it. Contempt.
Go, illiterate wretch, and read Aristotle's chapter of qualities. Go, study Learned
pride.

Aquinas, Burgersdicius, and Scheiblerus, of the ten predicaments. Go; and then say "The form of a hat," if you dare.

Satisfaction *Longh.* O, I thought, Doctor, something worse than all *this* had happened.

Apprehen. *Nev.* What would you have worse, unless a
 Offentation *comet* were to come from beyond the *orbit* of
 of learning. *Saturn*, and either *burn* the world by its near
approach; *drown* it by *attracting* the *sea*, and
raising a *tide* *three* miles *high*; or *force* it from
 its *orbit* by *impinging* against it, and make it
 either *fly* out into *infinite* *space*, or *rush* to the
sun the *centre* of our *system*. Except *this*, what

Apprehen. can be worse than confounding *language*, de-
 destroying *qualities*, demolishing *predicaments*, and
 in short *overturning* all *science* from the *founda-*
tion. For *logic* is the *foundation* of *science*.

Intreating. *Longh.* Why, it may be a *bad thing* for what
 I know. But, pray, Doctor, let a body *speak*
 with you.

Anger. *Nev.* [To the person in the house,] An im-
 pertinent *fellow*!

Intreating. *Longh.* He *is so*; but I want your *advice*,
 Doctor, in——

Anger. *Nev.* A *blockhead*!

Intreating. *Longh.* Well, I *own* he is so; but *no more*
 of *that*, pray *good Doctor*.

Pride. *Nev.* To *pretend* to *dispute* with *me*!

Intreating. *Longh.* He is very much in the *wrong*, to be
 sure. But now let me ask you a *question*, Doc-
 Asking ad- tor. You must know, Sir, that I have been think-
 vice. ing of *marrying*. Only I am a little *afraid* of
 that, you *know* of; the *misfortune* for which *no*
body is *pitied*. Now, I should be glad you would,
 as a *philosopher*, give me your *opinion* on this
point.

Anger. *Nev.* Rather than *admit* such an *expression*,
 I would *deny* *substantial forms*, and *abstract en-*
tities.

Vexation. *Longh.* *Plague* on the man! He *knows noth-*
 Remonstr. ing of what I have been *saying*. Why, *Dr.*

Neverout, I have been *talking* to you this *hour*, and you give me *no answer*.

Nev. I ask your *pardon*. I was engaged in supporting *truth* against *ignorance* : but now I have *done*. If what I have said will not *convince*, let the *ignorant* be *ignorant still*. What would you *consult* me upon ? Apology.

Longh. I want to *talk* with you about an affair of *consequence*. Intreating.

Nev. Good. And what *tongue* do you intend to use in the *conversation* with me ? Inquiring.

Longh. What *tongue* ? Why, the *tongue* I have in my *mouth*. Wonder.

Nev. I mean, what *language* ; what *speech* ? Inquiring.
Do you intend to talk with me in *Latin*, *Greek*, or *Hebrew* ?

Longh. Not I. I don't *know one* of them from *another*. Wonder.

Nev. Then you will use a *modern language*, I suppose, as the *Italian*, perhaps, which is *sweet* and *musical*. Inquiring.

Longh. No. Vexation.

Nev. The *Spanish*, which is *majestic* and *sonorous*. Inquiring.

Longh. No. Vexation.

Nev. The *English*, which is *copious* and *expressive*. Inquiring.

Longh. No. Vexation.

Nev. The *High dutch* is but an *indifferent language*. You *won't*, I suppose, make use of it in this *conversation*. Inquiring.

Longh. No. Vexation.

Nev. And the *Low Dutch* is *worse* still. Will you talk to me in *Turkish* ? It is a *lofty language*. Inquiring.

Longh. No. Vexation.

Nev. What think you of the *Syriac*, the *Arabic*, the *Chaldaic*, the *Persian*, the *Palmyrene* ? Do you choose *any* of them ? Inquiring.

Longh. No. Vexation.

- Inquiring. *Nev.* What language then ?
 Vexation. *Longh.* Why the language we are talking now.
- Satisfaction. *Nev.* Oh ! you will speak in the *vernacular tongue* ? If so, please to come on the *left side*.
 Learned pride. The *right ear* is for the *foreign*, and the *learned languages*.
- Vexation. *Longh.* Here is a deal of *ceremony* with such
 Intreating. sort of *people*. I want to *consult* you, Doctor, about an affair of *consequence*.
- Affectation of learning. *Nev.* O ! I *understand* you. You want my *opinion* upon some of the *difficulties* in *philosophy*, as, for example, Whether *substance* and *accident*, are terms *synonymous* or *equivocal*, with regard to the *being* ?
- Vexation. *Longh.* No that is not it.
- Affectation. *Nev.* Whether *Logic* is an *art*, or a *Science* ?
- Vexation. *Longh.* No no. I don't care a *half-penny* which.
- Affectation. *Nev.* If it has for its object the *three operations* of the *mind*, or the *third* only.
- Vexation. *Longh.* That is not the *affair*.
- Affectation. *Nev.* Whether, properly speaking, there are *six categories*, or only *one* ?
- Vexation. *Longh.* I don't care, if there were *six bushels* of *catechisms*. That is not what I *want*. I am——
- Affectation. *Nev.* Perhaps you want to know whether the *conclusion* is of the *essence* of the *syllogism* ?
- Vexation. *Longh.* No, no, no. It is not about *any such point* ; but——
- Affectation. *Nev.* Whether the *essence* of *good* is *appetibility* or *suitableness* ?
- Vexation. *Longh.* I am going to tell you my *business*, if——
- Affectation. *Nev.* You would know, perhaps, if the *good* and the *end* are *reciprocal* ?
- Vexation. *Longh.* Not a *bit*.
- Affectation. *Nev.* Whether the *end* *influences* us by its *real essence*, or by its *intentional* ?

Longh. No, no, it is quite another affair, I tell you. Vexation.

Nev. You must explain yourself, then; for I have mentioned the most difficult points, and those that are commonly agitated in the schools in our times. Affectation.

Longh. I should have told you my business an hour ago, if you would have heard me. Vexation.

Nev. Pronounce then.

Affectation.

Longh. and } The affair I want to consult Intreating.

Nev. together } Speech was given to man on Affectation.

{ you about, Dr. Neverout, is *this*; I have had
{ purpose, that by it he might express his thoughts;
{ thoughts of marrying a young lady, who is
{ and as the thoughts are the images of things, so
{ very handsome, and much to my liking. I have
{ words are the images of our thoughts. Make
{ asked her father's consent, and he has granted
{ use therefore of words to explain to me your
{ it. Only I am afraid——
{ thoughts——

Long. Plague on this everlasting talker. Who is like to be the wiser for him, if he will not so much as hear what one has to say to him? I'll go to Dr. Doubty. Perhaps he will be more reasonable.——And, very fortunately, here he comes. I will consult him at once.——Dr. Doubty, I beg your wise advice about a matter of great concern to me. Impatience.

Doubty. Be pleased, good Mr. Longhead, to alter your phraseology. Our philosophy directs to give out no decisive propositions; but to speak of all things with uncertainty; and always to suspend our judgment. Therefore you ought not to say——“I beg your advice,” but——“I seem to beg it.” Joy.

Longh. I seem! What signifies talking of seems; when I am here on the spot with you? Civility.

Doubt. That is nothing to the purpose. You Affectation.

Affectation of learning.

Surprise.

may imagine a *thousand things*, in which there is *no reality*.

Wonder. *Longh.* What ! is there no *reality* in my being *here* talking with Dr. Doubty ?

Affectation. *Doubt.* It is *uncertain* : and we ought to *doubt of every thing*. You *appear* to my *external senses* to be *here*, as I, perhaps, to *yours*. But *nothing* is *certain*. *All things* are *doubtful*.

Wonder. *Longh.* Sure, Dr. Doubty, you are disposed to be *merry*. Here am I : there are you : here is no *seem* ; no *uncertainty* ; nothing *doubtful* ; but all as *plain* as the *nose* on your *face*. Let us, for

Chiding. *Intreaty.* *shame*, drop these *whims*, and talk of my *business*. You must know, Dr. Doubty, that I have had thoughts of *marrying*, and should be glad of your *opinion* and *advice*.

Affectation. *Doubt.* I don't know that you have had thoughts of *marrying*.

Vexation. *Longh.* But I tell it you.

Affectation. *Doubt.* That *may be*, or it *may not be*.

Anxiety. *Longh.* The young lady I had made choice of, is very young, and very *handsome*.

Affectation. *Doubt.* That *may be*, or it *may not be*.

Anxiety. *Longh.* Do you think, I shall do *wisely* in *marrying* her ?

Affectation. *Doubt.* You may do *wisely*, for aught I *know*, or you may do *unwisely*, for aught I *know*.

Anxiety. *Longh.* I am very much in *love* with the young lady.

Affectation. *Doubt.* That is not *impossible*.

Anxiety. *Longh.* But, as she is *much younger* than *me*, I am *afraid* of, you *know what*.

Affectation. *Doubt.* You may be *afraid*, for aught I *know*.

Anxiety. *Longh.* Do you think I should run the hazard of being a *cuckold*, if I should *marry* her ?

Affectation. *Doubt.* There is no *natural impossibility* in it. But if you should, you may, *perhaps*, not be the *first*, nor the *last*. But *all things* are *uncertain*.

Longh. But what would you do, if you were in my place, Dr. Doubty ? Anxiety.

Doubt. It is *uncertain*, as *all things* are. Affectation.

Longh. But what do you *advise me* to do ? Anxiety.

Doubt. What you *please*. Indifference

Longh. I shall go *mad*. Vexation.

Doubt. I *wash my hands* of it. Indifference

Longh. A *plague* on the old dreamer ! Anger.

Doubt. *Happen* what will, I am *clear*. Indifference

Longh. I'll *make you change your cuckoo note*, you old philosophical *humdrum*, you—[beats him]—I will—[beats him] I'll *make you say somewhat else* than “ *all things are doubtful* ; *all things are uncertain*,”—[beats him] I *will*, you old *fusty pedant*. Passion.

Doubt. Ah !—oh !—eh !—What, beat a philosopher !—Ah !—oh !—eh ! Complaints

Longh. Be *pleased*, Dr. Doubty, [mimicing the Doctor] to *alter your phraseology*. Your *philosophy* directs you to give out no *decisive propositions*, but to speak of all things with *uncertainty*, and always to *suspend your judgment*.—Therefore, you ought not to say,—“ I *have been beaten*,” but—“ I *seem to have been beaten*.” Mimicry.

Doubt. I will have you prosecuted with the utmost *rigor* of the *law*. Anger.

Longh. I *wash my hands* of it. Threatening

Doubt. I will shew the *marks* of the *blows* I have received from you. Indifference

Longh. You may *imagine a thousand things* in which there is *no reality*. Anger.

Doubt. I will go *directly* to a *magistrate*, and have a *warrant* for you. [Exit Doubty.] Indifference

Longh. There is no *natural impossibility* in it. Indifference

[Enter CAPTAIN PINKUM, with two swords in one hand, and a cane in the other.]

Pinkum. Mr. *Longhead*, I am your most obedient, most humble servant. Respect.

Longh. Sir, your *servant*. Indifference

Respect. *Pink.* Sir, I have the honour of *waiting* on you, to let you *know*, that, as you was pleased to *disappoint* us yesterday, which was the *day* fixed by *yourself* for your *marriage* with my *sister*, you and I must *settle* that *affair* in an *honourable* way.

Vexation. *Longh.* Why, Sir, it is with *regret* that I *failed* you ; but——

Respect. *Pink.* Oh ! Sir, there's no harm as we shall *order* matters.

Vexation. *Longh.* I am *sorry* it so happens : but some little *scruples* chanced to come into my *mind* about the *difference* between our *ages*, which, you know, is pretty *considerable*. And I put *off* the marriage for a little time, only that I might *consider* of it, and *advise* with my *friends*. And now, that the *day* is *past*, I think it may be better for us *both*, that it be *let alone altogether*.

Respect. *Pink.* Sir, as you please. You know it is not an *object* of any *consequence*. But, Sir, *what*, I have done myself the honour of waiting on you *for*, is only to beg the *favour* of you, Sir, to *choose* which you please of these two *swords*.

Affirming. They are both *good*, I *assure* you, Sir, and as *fairly* matched as I could. If my *judgment* deserves any *regard*, you need not *hesitate* long. *Either* of them is *very fit* for a gentleman to be *run through* with.

Surprise. *Long.* Sir, I don't *understand* you.

Respect. *Pink.* O, Sir, I *wonder* at *that*. The thing is not *hard* to be *understood*. It is no more than *this*, Sir, that if a *gentleman* promises a lady *marriage*, and, especially, if he *fixes* the *day* and *fails* of *performing* his *contract*, the *relations*, of the lady (whose *character* and *fortune* in life are *injured* by it, you know, Sir) generally think it proper to commence a *prosecution* against the gentleman ; and the law gives, in those cases, *heavy damages*. My father had thoughts of *prosecuting* you, Sir, as he wrote to you. But as law is *tedious*,

we choose rather, Sir, upon second thoughts, to vindicate the honour of our family in a more expeditious way. Therefore, if you please, Sir, I will endeavour to whip you through the lungs in the neatest manner now practised in the army. And I offer you your choice of one of these two swords, to defend yourself with. This, you must own, Sir, is treating you genteely. For, you know, I could run you through the body now, without giving you the opportunity of defending yourself.—Please, Sir, to make your choice.

Longh. Sir, your humble servant. I shall make no such choice, I assure you.

Refusing.

Pink. Sir—you must, if you please, fight me. You shall have fair play, upon my honour.

Respect.

Longh. Sir, I have nothing to say to you, [Going] Sir, your humble servant.

Refusing.

Pink. O dear Sir, [stopping him] you must excuse me for stopping you. But you and I are not to part, till one or t'other drops, I assure you, Sir.

Respect.

Longh. Mercy on us! Was ever such a bloody-minded fellow!

Terror.

Pink. Sir, I really have a little business upon my hands; so that I must beg you will give me leave to run you through as soon as possible.

Respect.

Longh. But I don't intend that you shall run me through at all. For I will have nothing to say to you.

Refusing.

Pink. If you mean, Sir, that you won't fight me, I must do myself the honour of telling you, that you are in a little mistake, Sir. For the order of such things is this, Sir. First, a gentleman happens to affront another gentleman or a family, as you have done ours, Sir. Next, the gentleman affronted, or some one of the family, in order to vindicate their honour, challenges to single combat, the gentleman who did the injury, as I have done you, Sir. Then the gentleman who did the injury, perhaps, refuses to fight. The other proceeds

Respect.

Explaining.

- to take the *regular course of beating*, [counting on his fingers] *bruising, kicking, cuffing, pulling by the nose and ears, rolling in the dirt, and stamping* on him, till the *breath* be fairly *out* of his *body*, and there is an *end* of him, and of the *quarrel*, you know. Or if the *gentleman*, who happened to do the *injury*, will *fight*, which, to be sure, is doing the thing *genteelly*, you know ; why then *one* or *t'other* is decently *run through the body*, and there is an *end* of the *matter another way*, you know. Now, Sir, you see *plainly*, that my proceedings are *regular*, and *gentleman-like*—*gentleman-like*—*absolutely*. So Sir, *once more*, and but *once more*, will you be pleased to *accept* of *one*, or *t'other*, of these two *swords* ?
- Respect. *Longh.* Not I, truly.
- Refusing. *Pink.* Why then, Sir, the first *step* I am to
- Respect. *take*, you know, is to *cane* you, which I humbly beg leave to *proceed* to *accordingly*.—[Canes him.]
- Complaint. *Longh.* Ah !—eh !—oh !
- Respect. *Pink.* Then, Sir, the *next* operation is *cuffing*—no, I am *wrong* ; *kicking* is *next*. [Kicks him.]
- Complaint. *Longh.* Hold ! hold ! Is the *devil* in you ?
- Respect. *Oh !* I am *bruised* all over ?
- Respect. *Pink.* Sir, I *ask* your *pardon*, if I have *offended* you ; I did not mean it, I assure you, Sir. All I *want*, is to *vindicate* the *honour* of our *family*. If you had *fulfilled* your *contract*, you had *spared* me all this *trouble*. Besides, I am really *pressed* for *time* ; therefore must take the liberty of *proceeding*, as *expeditiously* as *possible*, to the *remaining* operations of *cuffing* you, *pulling* you by the *nose* and *ears*, *rolling* you in the *dirt*, and *stamping* the *breath* out of your *body*.
- Haste. *Respect.* Come, Sir, if you please.
- Respect. *Intreating.* *Longh.* Hold a little, pray ;—*Oh !*—my *bones*
- Complaint. *are bruised to jelly*—Is there *no way* of *com-*
- Intreating. *pounding* this *affair* but by *blood* and *murder* ?

Pink. O yes, Sir. You have only to fulfil your contract, and all will be well. Respect.

Longh. [Aside.] What the deuce must I do? Distress.
—I had better be cuckolded, I believe, than trod to death.—[To him.] I am willing—I am willing—to perform the contract.—Oh! my poor bones!—Oh! Reluctance.

Pink. Sir, you are a gentleman, every inch of you. I am very glad to find you are come to a right way of thinking. I assure you, Sir, there is no man in the world, for whom I have a greater regard, nor whom I should rather wish to have for a brother-in-law. Come, Sir, the ceremony shall be performed immediately. Respect.
Joy.
Politeness.
Inviting.

LXXVII.

WARNING. BLAMING. COMMENDATION. INSTRUCTION.

The substance of Isocrates' Areopagitic oration, which is celebrated by Dion Halicarn. Tom. II. p. 40.

I DOUBT not, Athenians, but many of you will wonder what should excite me to address you upon public affairs, as if the state were in immediate danger, whilst to you we seem to be in perfect safety, a general peace prevailing, and the commonwealth secured by formidable fleets and armies, and strengthened by powerful allies, and tributary states, to support the public expences, and co-operate with us in every emergency. All which circumstances seeming to be in our favour, I suppose most of those who now hear me, imagine we have nothing to do but congratulate ourselves on our happiness, and enjoy ourselves in peace; and that it is only our enemies who have any thing to fear. Apology.

I therefore, take for granted, Athenians, you do, in your own minds, despise my attempt to

Pride.

Alarm.

alarm you; and that, in your *imaginations*, you already *grasp* the empire of all *Greece*. But what would you *think*, my countrymen, if I should tell you, it is on *account* of the seemingly *favourable* circumstances I have mentioned, that I am *apprehensive*. My observation has presented me so many instances of states, which at the very *time* they seemed to be at the height of *prosperity*, were in fact upon the *brink* of *ruin*; that I cannot help being *alarmed* at the *security*, in which I see my *country* at present *sunk*. When a nation is *puffed up* with an opinion of her own *strength* and *safety*; it is then that her *counsels* are likely to be *rash* and *imprudent*, and their *consequences fatal*. The condition of *kingdoms*, as of *individuals*, is *variable*.

Caution.

Instruction.

Permanent tranquillity is *seldom* seen in this world. And with *circumstances*, the *conduct* both of *individuals* and of *nations*, is commonly seen to *change*. *Prosperity* generally produces *arrogance*, *rashness*, *folly*. *Want* and *distress*, naturally suggest *prudent* and *moderate resolutions*. Therefore, it is not so *easy*, as at first view it may seem, to determine *which condition* is, for the purpose of *real happiness*, the *most* to be *desired* for *individuals*; or, with a view to *national prosperity*, *which state* one should *wish public affairs* to be in, during his *own life* and that of his *children*; whether of perfect *superiority* to *danger* and *fear*, or of *circumstances* requiring *caution*, *frugality*, and *attention*. For that *condition*, which is *most desired* by mankind, I mean of perfect *prosperity*, generally brings with it the *causes* and the *fore-runners* of *misfortune*; whilst *narrower circumstances* commonly lead on to *care*, *prudence* and *safety*. Of the truth of this *observation*, *better proofs* cannot be *desired*, than those which the *histories* of our *own* commonwealth and of *Lacedæmon*, *furnish*. Was not the taking of our *city*, by the *barbarians*, the

Arguing.

very cause of our applying, with such *diligence*, to the arts of *war* and *government*, as set us at the head of *Greece* ? But when our *success* against our enemies *misled* us into the *imagination*, that our *power* was *unconquerable*, we soon found ourselves on the *verge* of *destruction*. The *Lacedæmonians*, likewise, from inhabiting a few *obscure towns*, came, through a *diligent attention* to the *military art*, to *conquer Peloponnesus*.—And, upon this, *increasing* their *power* by sea and land, they were soon *puffed up* to such a height of *pride* and *folly*, as brought them into the *same dangers*, which *we* had run into.

Apprehen.

Arguing.

Contempt.

Whoever attends to these particulars, and yet thinks our commonwealth in a *safe condition*, must be extremely *thoughtless*, especially as our affairs are now in a *worse state*, than at the *period* I refer to ; for we have both the *envy* of the *other states* of *Greece*, and the *hostility* of the king of *Persia* to *fear*.

Arguing.

Apprehen.

When I consider these things, I am in doubt, whether I should conclude that you have *lost all care* for the public safety ; or that you are *not indifferent*, but wholly *ignorant* of the present *dangerous* state of our affairs. May it not be said, that we have *lost* the cities of *Thrace* ; that we have *squandered* above a *thousand talents* in military pay, by which we have gained *nothing* ; that we have drawn upon ourselves the *suspicion* of the *other states* of *Greece*, and the *enmity* of the *barbarous king* ; (1) and that we are necessitated to take the side of the *Thebans*, and have *lost* our own *natural allies* ? And for these *signal advantages* we have twice appointed public *thanksgivings* to the *gods* ; and shew, in our deliberations, the *tranquillity*, which could only be proper, if all were in *perfect safety*. Nor is it to be *wondered*, that we fall into *wrong measures*, and consequent *misfortunes*. Nothing is to be *expected* to go right in a state, unless its

Blame.

Contempt.

Alarm.

Blame.

Arguing.

- governors know how, by *prudence* and *sagacity*, to consult the general advantage. Fortune may, occasionally, bring *partial* success and *temporary* prosperity, but upon this there can be no *dependence*. When the command of all Greece fell into our hands, in consequence of the naval victory gained by Conon and Timotheus, we could not *keep* what we were in *actual possession* of. The very *constitution* of our commonwealth is gone *wrong*, and we have not the *least thought* of entering upon ways and means to set it *right*;
- Blame. whilst we all know that it is not the surrounding of a city with *high* and *strong walls*, nor assembling together a *multitude* of *people*, that makes a *great* and *flourishing state*, but *wholesome laws*, a *wise police*, and a *faithful administration*.
- Instructing. How much, therefore, is it to be wished, that the commonwealth could be brought *back* to the condition in which the *wise legislation* of *Solon* placed it, (than whom *no one* ever had the good of the *people* more at heart) and to which *Calisthenes* restored it, when enslaved by the thirty tyrants, whom he *expelled*; *re-establishing* the commonwealth in the hands of the *people*, according to the *original constitution*. It is *notorious*, that in the *happier times*, when the republic was administered according to the *original constitution*, there was not, as since, a *nominal liberty*, with a *real tyranny*; but that the people were accustomed to *other principles*, than those, which *now* lead them to consider *democracy* as the same with *anarchy*, *liberty* with *licentiousness*; and that their *happiness* consists in the *unpunished violation* of the *laws*. In *those times*, the *equal distribution* of *justice*, which prevailed, brought adequate *punishment* upon those who deserved it, and conferred the due *honours* upon such as had *earned* them by their *virtue*. *Preferment*, to stations of *power* and *trust*, was not, in *those days*, open to *all promiscuously*. *They*, who appeared to
- Desiring.
- Blame.
- Commen-
dation.
- Blame.

the public to have the *best claim by merit and character*, obtained them : For they *wisely* considered, that to promote to *high stations* men of superior *eminence for virtue*, was the likeliest means to excite a *general emulation* among persons of *all ranks*, even to the *lowest* ; as the people are constantly observed to *form their manners* upon the model of their *superiors*. Instead of the *public treasures plundered* to fill the coffers of *private persons* ; it was common to see *large sums of private wealth voluntarily contributed* for defraying the *public expense*. In *those times*, the *difficulty* was, to prevail with the persons *qualified* for filling important stations, to *assume* them : whereas in *our days*, *all*, are *aspiring to preferment*, *worthy and unworthy*, *qualified and unqualified*. In *those times*, they, who *refused*, were the most *solicited* to assume high stations ; as it was considered that *merit* is commonly *diffident of itself*. In *our days*, they, who *elbow others*, and *thrust themselves forward*, obtain the most *readily*, what they, by this *very conduct*, shew themselves the most *unworthy* of. Our *ancestors* did not look upon a place of authority as an *emolument* ; but as a *charge* ; the successor did not enquire what his predecessor had *gained*, while he held his employment ; but what he had left *undone*, that the *deficiency* might be *supplied*, as soon as possible. They held it proper, that the administration should be trusted to those, who had the *most to lose*, in case of a subversion of the state ; but so, that *no riches, or power*, should *screen* any person from an *enquiry* into his *conduct*, nor from *suffering adequate punishment*, in case of *delinquency*. The *rich* thought extreme *poverty* in the *lower people* a *reflection* upon them, as having *failed*, in their *patronage* of them ; and the *poor*, far from *envying* the *wealth* of their *superiors*, rejoiced in it ; considering the *power* of the *rich* as their *protection*.

Commen-
dation.

Instructing.

Blame.

Commen-
dation.

Blame.

Commen-
dation.

Blame.

Contempt.
Commen-
dation.

Contempt.
Commen-
dation.

Sensible of the supreme importance of right education toward the happiness of a state, they bestowed the strictest attention upon forming the manners of the youth to modesty, truth, valour, and love of their country. Nor did they think it sufficient to lay a foundation of good principles in the minds of young people, and leave them, after they were grown up, to act, as they pleased; on the contrary, the manners of adult persons were more strictly inspected, than those of the youth; and the general censorship was vested in this very court of Areopagus, of which none could be members, but persons eminent for their birth, and their virtues; so that it is not be wondered, that this court bore, at that time, a character superior to that of all the other councils of Greece.

Contempt. / It is from ignorance that they speak, who would persuade us, that there is nothing more necessary toward making a state great and happy, than a body of good laws. The laws, by which our commonwealth was governed in her most flourishing times, were known to all the other states of Greece, and they might adopt as many of them as they pleased. But were all the other states of Greece—was any of them, upon as advantageous

Remonstr. as they pleased. But were all the other states of Greece—was any of them, upon as advantageous

Instruction. a foot as the Athenian Republic? What chiefly tends to the establishment of a state, is, a police found in habitual modesty, temperance, integrity, valour, and patriotism. The general prevalence of these dispositions in a people, is not brought about by laws or sanctions, but by education, example, and a judicious exertion of the discretionary power, which is, and ought to be, in the hands of magistrates, whereby they discountenance vice, without directly punishing it; and draw the subjects into that voluntary rectitude of behaviour, which force will never produce. Laws heaped upon laws, and sanctions added to sanctions, shew an unruly and perverse disposition in the people, who would not otherwise require such various

Contempt.

terrors to restrain them. The sagacity of governors appears in their shewing, that they have the address to plant their laws in the hearts of a tractable and obedient people. The most tremendous sanctions will be incurred by men of ungovernable dispositions; but those, whose minds have received from education and good police, a proper bent, will behave well, though left to themselves. The business, therefore, is not so much, to find ways of punishing offenders, as to form the minds of the people, so that they shall have no disposition to offend.

Commen-
dation.

Instruction.

I hope no Athenian, who hears me this day, will shew such *malice*, as to accuse me of attempting to promote *innovations*. To advise, that we should return to the institutions of our ancestors, is, surely, a very different matter from proposing *innovations*. And to propose the re-establishment of those arts of government, which we know to have been *judicious*, from their producing the most desirable effects, is far enough from shewing a love of *novelty*. Experience may teach us, if we be disposed to learn, what we have to expect, if we go on in the track we are now in; and what the consequences will be, if we restore the commonwealth to the condition in which our wise ancestors established and maintained it. Let us attend to the effects which our conduct will have upon those, we are most concerned with, viz. The other states of Greece, our rivals, and the Persians our enemies. The truth is too notorious to be *dissembled*; we have, by our *misconduct*, and neglect of the public concerns, brought matters to such a pass, that part of the rival states *despise*, and part *hate* us. And, as for the Persian monarch, we have his sentiments of us in his letters.

Self defence.

Apology.

Alarm.

Encourage.

Instruction.

Reproof.

I have, in perfect sincerity, declared to you, Athenians, as far as my judgment reaches, the precarious state of the commonwealth at present; with its causes and cure. You will shew your

Apology.

- Advising.** *wisdom* and your *patriotism*, by taking into your *serious consideration* these *important objects* ; and setting yourselves with *speed* and *diligence* to *find out*, and carry into execution, the most *proper* and *effectual* means of *redressing* those *evils*, which **Alarm.** *otherwise* will draw after them the most *ruinous consequences*.

LXXVIII.

BLUNT REPROOF. WARNING.
OFFERING FRIENDSHIP.

The Speech of the Scythian ambassadors to ALEXANDER, who was preparing war against them.
[Q. CURT. xii.]

- Bold re-** **IF** your *person* were as *gigantic* as your *desires*,
proof. the *world* would not *contain* you. Your *right*
hand would touch the *east*, and your *left* the *west*,
at the *same time*. You *grasp* at *more* than you
are *equal* to. From *Europe* you *reach Asia* :
from *Asia* you *lay hold* on *Europe*. And if you
should conquer *all mankind*, you seem disposed
to wage war with *woods* and *snows*, with *rivers*
and *wild beasts*, and to attempt to *subdue nature*.
Warning. But have you considered the usual *course of things*?
Have you reflected, that *great trees* are *many*
years a *growing* to their height, and are *cut down*
Contempt. in an *hour*. It is foolish to think of the *fruit*
only, without considering the *height* you have to
Warning. *climb*, to come at it. Take *care* lest, while you
strive to reach the *top*, you *fall* to the *ground*
with the *branches* you have *laid hold* on. The
lion, when *dead*, is *devoured* by *ravens* ; and *rust*
consumes the *hardness* of *iron*. There is nothing
so *strong*, but it is in *danger* from what is *weak*.
It will, therefore, be your *wisdom* to take care
how you venture beyond your *reach*. Besides,
Reproof. what have *you* to do with the *Scythians*, or the

Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedonia: Why should you attack Scythia? We inhabit vast deserts, and pathless woods, where we do not want to hear of the name of Alexander. We are not disposed to submit to slavery, and we have no ambition to tyrannise over any nation. That you may understand the genius of the Scythians, we present you with a yoke of oxen, an arrow, and a goblet. We use these respectively in our commerce with friends, and with foes. We give to our friends the corn, which we raise by the labour of our oxen. With the goblet we join with them in pouring drink-offerings to the gods; and with arrows we attack our enemies.

Courage.

We have conquered those, who have attempted to tyrannise over us in our own country, and likewise the kings of the Medes and Persians, when they made unjust war upon us; and we have opened to ourselves a way into Egypt. You pretend to be the punisher of robbers; and are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia; you have seized Syria: you are master of Persia: you have subdued the Bactrians: and attacked India. All this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and unsatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct? You grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger by what should produce satiety: so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgotten how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you? While you were subduing them, the Sogdians revolted. Your victories serve no other purpose, than to find you employment by producing new wars. For the business of every conquest is two-fold; to win and to preserve. And though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect that the nations you conquer, will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible. For what people chooses to be

Accusing.

Remonstr.

Instruction.

Warning.

Courage.

- under *foreign dominion*? If you will cross the *Tanais*, you may travel over *Scythia*, and observe how *extensive* a territory we inhabit. But to *conquer* us is quite *another* business. Your army is loaded with the *cumbrous spoils* of many nations. You will find the *poverty* of the *Scythians*, at one
- Warning. time, too *nimble* for your *pursuit*; and, at another time, when you think we are *fled far enough* from you, you will have us *surprise* you in your camp. For the *Scythians* attack with no less vigour than they fly. Why should we put you in mind of the *vastness* of the country you will have to conquer? The desarts of *Scythia* are commonly talked of in *Greece*; and all the world knows that our delight is to dwell at large, and not in towns or plantations. It will therefore be your wisdom to keep, with strict attention, what you have gained. Catching at more, you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in *Scythia*, "That fortune has no feet; and is furnished only with hands, to distribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful. You give yourself out to be a god, the son of *Jupiter Hammon*. It suits the character of a god to bestow favours on mortals, not to deprive them of what they have. But, if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus shew more wisdom than by dwelling on those subjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself. You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of *Scythia*. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both *Europe* and *Asia*. There is nothing between us and *Bactria* but the river *Tanais*; and our territory extends to *Thrace*, which, as we have heard, borders on *Macedon*. If you decline attacking us in a hostile manner, you may have our friendship. Nations, which
- Threatning
- Remonstr.
- Advice.
- Warning.
- Reproof.
- Contempt.
- Advice.
- Reproof.
- Remonstr.
- Offering friendship.
- Instructing.
- Offering.

have never been at war, are on an *equal footing*, But it is in *vain* that *confidence* is reposed in a *conquered* people. There can be no *sincere friendship* between the *oppressors* and the *oppressed*. Even in *peace*; the *latter* think themselves *entitled* to the *rights of war* against the *former*. We will, if you think good, enter into a *treaty* with you, according to *our manner*, which is, not by *signing, sealing*, and taking the *gods to witness*, as is the *Grecian custom*; but by doing *actual services*. The *Scythians* are not used to *promise*, but to *perform* without *promising*. And they think an *appeal* to the *gods* *superfluous*: for that those who have *no regard* for the esteem of *men*, will not *hesitate to offend* the *gods* by *perjury*. You may therefore *consider* with *yourself*, whether you had *better* have a people of *such a character*, (and *so situated*, as to have it in their power either to *serve* you or, to *annoy* you, according as you *treat* them) for *allies*, or for *enemies*.

Warning.

Offering.

Bluntness.

Advice.

LXXIX.

OUTCRY. EXAMINATION. SELF DEFENCE. CHIDING. LAMENTATION. THREATENING. REFUSAL. RELUCTANT COMPLIANCE.

(See *Moliere's L'AVARE*.)

Scrapely. **T**HIEVES! Robbers! Thieves! Robbers! Thieves! Robbers! Traitors! Murderers! Justice! Help! I am robbed! I am ruined! I am dead! I am buried! O my money, my money! My guineas! My golden guineas! My thousand guineas! My precious treasure! My comfort! My support! My life! My all is gone, plundered, robbed, carried off, strong-box and all! O that I had never been born! O

Outcry.

Lamentation.

Extravagant distress.

- that the *earth* would *open*, and *swallow* me up *alive* ! [Throws himself down on the floor. Lies some time, as stupified with the fall, then gathers himself up.] *Oh ! oh ! oh ! Who has done this ? Who has robbed me ? Who has got my money ?*
- Outcry. *Where is the thief ? the murderer, the traitor ? Where shall I go to find him ? Where shall I search ? Where shall I not search ? Is he gone this way ? [Running to the right.] Is he gone that way ? [Running the contrary way.] Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief ! Here is nobody. Are they all gone out of the house ? They have robbed me, and are all gone off. My son, my daughter, my servants are all concerned ; they have conspired together to ruin me.—Heh ! [Listening] What do you say ? Is he caught, villain !*
- Listening. [Catching himself.] *I have you.—Alas, I have caught myself ; I am going out of my senses ; and that is not to be wondered at.—I will go to a magistrate. I will have every body examined, that ever was in my house. I will have half the town imprisoned, tried and hanged ; and if I cannot, with all this, recover my money, I will hang myself.*
- Lamentation. *Distress.*

[Returns with Justice Nosewell.]

- Affectation of wisdom. *Just. Nosewell. Let me alone. I know what I have to do, I'll warrant you. This is not the first piece of roguery I have found out. If I had but a purse of ten guineas for every fellow I have been the hanging of, there are not many of his Majesty's Justices of the peace, would carry their heads higher. There were, you say, in your strong-box ?—*
- Question. *Scr. A thousand guineas well told.*
- Lamentation. *Nosew. A thousand guineas ! A large sum !*
- Wonder. *Scr. A thousand guineas of gold. Hoo ! hoo !*
- Weeping. *hoo ! [Weeps.]*
- Question. *Nosew. Have you any suspicion of any particular person ?*
- Lamentation. *Scr. Yes, I suspect every body.*

Nosew. Your best way, Sir, will be to keep very quiet, and not to *seem to suspect any one*, till you can lay hold of some *proof or presumption*, at least. Then you may proceed to the *rigour* of the law. [While they are talking without the door of Scrapely's house, James, the cook, comes out, and speaks with his face from them, leaving directions with the scullion boy.]

Affectation
of wisdom.

James. You understand me, Jack. I shall be back presently. Kill him *directly*. Put him in *boiling water*. Scrape him, and hang him up.

Directing.

Scr. What, the *rogue* who has robbed me? Do hang him, drown him, burn him, slay him alive.

Anger.

James. I mean a *pig*, Sir, that is come from Mr. *Rachum*, your honour's worship's *steward* in the country.

Submission.

Scr. *Pig*, me no *pigs*, Sir. I have other things to think of than *pigs*.—You may be the *rogue* for what I know of. A cook may carry off a *strong-box* as soon as another man. Examine him, pray, good Mr. Justice Nosewell.

Anger.

Intreating.

Nosew. Don't frighten yourself, friend. I am not a man who loves to *blaze* things abroad.

Affectation
of wisdom.

James. Sir, you honour, I ask your honour's pardon; I am a little hard of hearing, your honour. Often hot, and often cold, your honour. Your honour's worship *sups* this evening with my master's honour's worship, I suppose, and your honour's worship would, mayhap, like to have a little *plate* of something *tossed up* to your honour's worship's liking, mayhap. If your honour's worship pleases to let me know what your honour's worship *fancies*, I will do my best to please your honour's worship.

Flattery.

Nosew. No, no, my business with you is quite another matter. Friend, it will be your wisdom not to conceal any thing from your master. It will be the better for you.

Affectation.

- Flattery. *James.* Sir, your honour, I *assure* your honour's worship, I will do my very *best* to *please* your honour's worship, upon my *honour*. If there be a *better way* than another, I will *use* it, as far as I have *miniterials* and *ingrattitudes*. I wish my master's honour's worship would go to the expence of a few *morrels* and *truffles*, and a little *right East-India catchup*. There's your high *flavour*, your honour. And our niggardly *steward*, *hang* him, downright *spoils* my master's honour's worship. I could engage to send up as *pretty* a little *collation*, as your honour's worship could wish to *sit down* to, if that *narrow hearted soul*, *Rachum* our *steward*, did not *clip* my *wings* with the *scissors* of his *nigardliness*.
- Accusing. *Scr.* Hold your *tongue*, you scoundrel. We don't want to hear your *nonsense* about *eating*. Hold your *tongue*, and *answer* to the *questions*, which Justice Nosewell is going to put to you about the *money* I have *lost*, and which I suppose you have *taken*.
- Arguing. *Scr.* Hold your *tongue*, you scoundrel. We don't want to hear your *nonsense* about *eating*. Hold your *tongue*, and *answer* to the *questions*, which Justice Nosewell is going to put to you about the *money* I have *lost*, and which I suppose you have *taken*.
- Surprise. *James.* I take your honour's worship's *money*, Sir! *Mercy defend me* from thinking of such a *thing*! I did not so much as *know* that your honour's worship had *lost* any *money*.
- Self defence. *Scr.* Yes, you *rogue*, I have *lost money*, and I'll have you and *twenty others hang'd*, if I don't *recover* it.
- Threatning. *James.* *Mercy defend me* your honour! *Why* should your honour's worship suspect *me* of such a *thing*? Did your honour's worship *ever know* me rob your honour's worship of a *farthing*, or a *farthing's worth*?
- Anxiety. *Nosew.* Hold, Mr. Scrapely. There is no need of *scolding*. My Clerk shall administer to him the oath. *Here*, Mr. Longscroll, administer the *oath* to this man. Not the *common oath*. No body *minds* kissing the *book now-a-days*. Give him the *great oath*. [Clerk comes forward.]
- Self defence. *Clerk.* Fall down on your *knees* before his
- Affectation. *worship*, and *say after* me. [James kneels before
- Authority.

the Justice, in great trepidation.] *May the devil.* Authority.

James. May the devil.

Fear.

Clerk. The great devil.

Authority.

James. The gre—e—e—at devil.

Trembling.

Clerk. The great devil of devils.

Authority.

James. The gre—e—e—at devil of devils.

Terror.

Clerk. With his great iron claws.

Authority.

James. With his gre—e—e—at iron—Ah!

Fright.

Mercy defend me, your noble honour's worship, I am frightened out of my wits! I can't say any more of this dreadful oath. I expect the devil to come up through the ground before my very nose in a minute. I'll tell your honour's worship all the whole truth without the oath, if your honour's worship will but give me a little time to fetch breath. Intreating.

Nosew. Rise then, James. Don't frighten yourself; but frankly confess the foul fact like an honest christian. [To Scrapely.] I knew he would not trifle with the great oath. We shall have a full confession presently. Affectation of wisdom.

James. Why then—why then—I confess the foul fact frankly, and like an honest christian, that I do not know who has taken my master's worship's money, no more than the child that was unborn forty years ago, as I am a sinner to be saved for ever and ever, and amen. Self defence

Nosew. O that won't do, James. You must kneel down again, and take all the whole great oath. And, if you won't give up the truth, my clerk shall write your mittimus to prison, James. Affectation of wisdom. Threatening

James. O mercy defend me! O your noble honour's worship, have mercy on a poor harmless criminal, that is as innocent of the fact he is convicted of, as your honour's worship, or your honour's worship's clerk, there where he stands. If I ever do such a thing again, your worship shall hang me twenty times over. For I am sure, I never touched my master's honour's Fright. Self defence

worship's money, nor any man's money, in all my born days, in an unfair or unconscionable way, saving your honour's worship's presence, and my master's honour's worship's presence, and——

[Enter SMOOTHLY, leading in MARIANA, Scrapely's daughter.]

- Submission. *Smoothly.* Behold, Sir, you son and daughter, present themselves to beg your pardon, favour, and blessing.
- Anger. *Scr.* My son (if you be my son) and my daughter may hang themselves. That is all the blessing I have to bestow on them, or myself. O my dear strong-box! O my lost guineas! O poor ruined, beggared old man! Hoo! hoo! hoo! —[Weeps.]
- Submission. *Smooth.* Sir, if you please to look upon our union with a favourable eye, no uneasiness about your strong-box need trouble your repose. It shall be forth-coming immediately.
- Surprise and joy. *Scr.* What do you say? My strong-box? With all that was in it? The thousand guineas? The whole thousand? Shall it be forth-coming? If you make your words good, you shall eat my daughter, if you please, and my son too.
- Self defence. *James.* I told your honour's worship, I knew nothing of your honour's worship's money.
- Eagerness. *Scr.* Where is my precious, precious treasure, my life, my joy, my all?
- Joy.
- Blame with submission. *Mariana.* Sir, your unreasonable anxiety about money, which appears on the present, as on many former occasions, in your lamentations about what, to a man of your fortune, are trifles, has been the cause of constant anxiety to yourself, and all your family, and has forced me upon what I am ashamed of. This worthy gentleman has long had a regard for me, much above my deservings. He has always declared, that he desired no fortune with me. Your excessive penuries denied me the decencies of dress suitable to your daughter. I

thought myself *entitled* to *some* part of what you can *very well spare*. I took the liberty of having your *strong-box* seized, that I might have *wherewith* to furnish myself suitably to the daughter of a man of *fortune*, and the *bride* of a man of *fortune*. His *generous heart* could not bear the thought of my *taking* any thing from you, which you did not *choose* to *give* me. He therefore *insists* upon my delivering you *up* the *strong-box*, if you *require* it. But I am in *hopes*, Sir, you will not only *grant* me the *trifling sum* contained in it, but allow me a *fortune suitable* to your *estate*, and to the *gentleman's*, who is so *kind* as to marry me *without* the *prospect* of *any*.

Apology.

Esteem.

Intreating.

Scr. *Where* must I *have* it; Can I *make* *Peevishness* money? *Where* is my *strong-box*? If this gentleman has *married* you *without* a *fortune*, let him *keep* you *without* a *fortune*. *Where* is my *strong-box*? He cannot say, I ever *promised* him a *fortune* with you. *Where* is my *strong-box*?

[Enter Mr. SAGELY.]

Sagely. Mr. Scrapely, *this gentleman*, my nephew, has, in consequence of a *long mutual affection* between him and your *daughter*, *married* her *this day*. He has a *fortune* sufficient to *maintain* his *lady* and *family*, without *any addition* by *marriage*; and he *desires nothing* with your *daughter*. But, as it is *well known* you can *afford* to give her a *fortune*, I *insist* upon it, though he is *indifferent* about the *matter*, that you *sign* this *bond*, which is *ready filled up*, for *twenty thousand pounds*, which is much less than you *ought* to give with your *daughter* to such a *son-in-law*.

Demand.

Scr. Mr. Sagely! Are you out of your *wits*? *I twenty thousand pounds!* *Where* should I have the *tenth part* of *twenty thousand pounds*?

Affected surprise.

Sage. Harkye, Mr. Scrapely, [takes him aside] I *know enough* of your *tricks*, your *smuggling*, your *extortion*, and the like, (you *know* I

Threatning

- know enough of them) to hang you. If, therefore, you don't *directly sign* this *bond*, I will go and lay the *informations* against you before the *proper persons*; so, that before you be a *day older*, you may *depend* on being *safe* in *custody*.
- Vexation. Scr. [Aside.] O devil on him. He has me.
- Fear. I feel the *noose* under my *left ear* already. [To him.] Why, Mr. *Sagely*, *twenty thousand pounds* is a *great sum*. How should I raise *twenty thousand pounds*? I believe I *might*, with the *help* of *some friends*, raise *two thousand*; but——
- Threatning Sage. Will you *sign* and *seal directly*? or shall I go and *inform directly*? I ask you *only this once*. [Going.]
- Fear. Scr. Hold; you are so *hasty*. Let me see the *bond*. [Aside.] I wish I had you in a *private place*, and a *knife* at your *throat*; I'd soon *spoil* your *informing*. [To him.] I will *sign* and *seal*. But I *know* not where the *money* is to *come from*.
- Complaint. James. Now, Sir, I hope you are *satisfied*, I am *intirely conscious* of *meddling* with your honour's worship's *money*; that I am a *conscionable* man, and not such a *rogue* as your honour's worship [makes a long pause] was pleased to *take* me for.

LXXX.

DISSUASION.

The wise advice of CHARIDEMUS, an Athenian exile at the court of Darius, when he was asked his opinion of the event of the warlike preparations making by Darius against Alexander.
[Q. Curt. L. III.]

- Apology. PERHAPS your majesty may not *bear* the *truth* from the mouth of a *Grecian* and an *exile*; and if I do not declare it *now*, I *never will*; perhaps I may never have another *opportu-*

nity. Your majesty's *numerous army*, drawn from *various nations*, and which *unpeoples the east*, may seem *formidable* to the *neighbouring countries*. The *gold*, the *purple*, and the *splendour of arms*, which *strike the eyes of beholders*, make a *shew* which *surpasses the imagination of all* who have not seen it. The *Macedonian army*, with which your majesty's forces are going to contend, is, on the contrary, *grim and horrid of aspect*, and clad in *iron*. The *irresistible phalanx*, is a body of men, who in the field of battle, *fear no onset*, being practised to *hold together, man to man, shield to shield, and spear to spear*; so that a *brazen wall* might as soon be *broke through*. In *advancing*, in *wheeling to right or left*, *attacking*, in every exercise of *arms*, they act as *one man*. They answer the *slightest sign* from the *commander*, as if *his soul* animated the *whole army*. Every soldier has a knowledge of *war* sufficient for a *general*. And *this discipline*, by which the *Macedonian army* is become so *formidable*, was *first established*, and has been *all along kept up*, by a fixed *contempt* of what your majesty's troops are so *vain*, I mean of *gold and silver*. The *bare earth* serves them for *beds*. Whatever will satisfy *nature*, is their *luxury*. Their *repose* is always *shorter* than the *night*. Your majesty may, therefore, *judge*, whether the *Thessalian*, *Acarnianian*, and *Ætolian cavalry*, and the *Macedonian Phalanx*—an army, that has, in spite of *all opposition*, *over-ran half the world*—are to be *repelled* by a *multitude* (however *numerous*) armed with *slings and stakes*, hardened at the *points by fire*. To be upon *equal terms* with *Alexander*, your majesty ought to have an *army* composed of the same sort of *troops*. And they are *no where* to be *had*, but in the *same countries*, which *produced* those *conquerors of the world*. It is therefore my *inion*, that if your majesty were to ap-

Warning.

Contempt.

Alarm.

Commen-
dation.

Contempt.

Commen-
dation.

Contempt.

Advice.

ply the *gold* and *silver*, which now so *superfluously* adorns your *men*, to the purpose of *hiring* an *army* from *Greece*, to contend with *Greeks*, you might have *some chance* for *success*; *otherwise* I see *no reason* to *expect any thing else*, than that your *army* should be *defeated*, as *all* the *others* have *been*, who have *encountered* the *irresistible* *Macedonians*.

LXXXI.

A NEW-YEAR'S ODE.

Reflection. *ANOTHER* YEAR is *gone*—and yet frail man
 Heeds not the *fleeting* moments as they pass,
 But on *foul Dissipation's* luring scenes,
 Bends his *whole soul*, nor turns a *thought* to *Heaven*.
 Pity. Look on yon *splendid tomb*; *there*, deep in earth,
 The young *LEANDER* lies! The bloom of *health*
 Glow'd on his manly cheek—*Honour* to him
 Bestow'd her *choicest* gifts—*Illusive Wealth*
 Pour'd in his youthful lap her *glittering* store,
 And smiling *Pleasure* strew'd his *joyous* paths
 With *fond* variety, to lure the heart.
 Dread. But what *avail'd* it *all*? The tyrant *Death*
 Mark'd with *grim front* th' unwilling victim out.
 Ah! what *avails* the *trembling tear*, that sparkles
 In a *fond Sister's* eye? What the *loud cries*—
 Distress. ! The *agony* that rends a *parent's* breast?
 The *fell Destroyer* heeds not *human woe*;
 Heeds not the *pangs* of *supplicating age*,
 But strikes his *victim* with *unerring aim*—
 Learns the *proud rich*, and lowly *poor* to die.
 Solemn address. *Unthinking Man!* look on yon *heap* of *earth*!
 'Twas *once* like *thee*, a *fair*, a *perfect form*.
 Where is that *towering pride*—that *haughty air*—
 That *aspect fierce*, that once commanded *awe*?
 Where is that *lofty soul* that *scornful* smil'd
 When *bending Misery* implor'd in *vain*?
 Where is that *glittering show* of *former pomp*?

<i>All, all, alas! have fled—and that remains,</i>	Concern.
<i>The empty shadow of what once it was,</i>	
<i>The miserable wreck of former greatness!</i>	Pity.
Perhaps, ere yon declining orb shall roll	
<i>Once more his splendid and unvaried course</i>	
<i>Through boundless regions of eternal light,</i>	
<i>This, too, may be thy doom. Frail mortal, pause!</i>	Solemn address.
And with a calm and moralising mind,	
Reflect on past events—ask tell-tale Conscience	
If all be right within: Time swiftly flies:	
Then mark the present hour, and with thyself	
Hold sweet communion; see if there be aught	
In the past year that hangs upon thy soul, —	Retrospection.
And brings upon thy cheek the ready blush. —	
Didst e'er profane the vows of sacred friendship?	
Didst wring the bitter tear from smiling innocence?	
Did humble wretchedness thy bounty ask	
And not receive?—That blush bespeaks it true.	Accusing.
Oh! turn thee now, and let the present year	
Atone for past offence: Let gentle Mercy	Persuading.
Extend her heavenly sway, and ope thy heart	
To deeds far nobler than prescriptive rules	
Of Fashion's silly votaries would teach thee.	Contempt.
The wintry wind blows cold—the falling snow	
Drives o'er the barren heath: See yonder wretch,	Pity.
Trembling and pale, whose streaming eye bespeaks	
Uncommon misery! * * * * *	Anguish.
Two weeping babes cling to her shivering form	
While heedless of herself she twines her garment	Affection.
In various tatters round their little limbs.	
Ye rich, ye proud, ye great, ye selfish band, —	
Who spend the passing hours in guilty joys,	Reproving.
Ye ne'er experienc'd the extatic bliss	Delight.
That follows virtuous deed; ope your full hand	Persuading.
Let gentle pity claim her mild dominion,	
Nor let the sorrowing tear of pining poverty	Distress.
Flow on unheeded. Yon poor fainting wretch	Compassion.
Liv'd once in affluence—once as blest as thou art—	
Cheerful and gay:—How dreadful the reverse!	Anguish.
Sometime, perhaps, the same may be thy lot;	Reflection.

Perhaps *thy* breast with *anguish* too may burn.
 In *one short moment* is unthinking mortal
 Dash'd from the *summit* of all *earthly* joys,
 Down to the *lowest abyss* of *despair* !
 Favor'd with *Plenty*, let thy hand extend
 To soothe *stern Winter's* rage ; and when *old age*
 Shall plant his *standard* on thy reverend *temples*,
 How *sweet* to thee will be the *retrospect* !—
 How sweet, in thy *declining* day, to hear
 The various *voice* of *Heaven-born GRATITUDE*
 Ascending to the *radiant throne* of *Grace* !
 Tell me a *joy* more *exquisite* than *this*.

LXXXII.—

A SERMON. (1)

Teaching. **T**HE end of preaching is two fold : To *instruct* mankind in the several *truths* contained in *scripture* ; and, To *persuade* them to *live* agreeably to the *laws* of the *Christian* religion. It is, therefore, my present purpose, my brethren, to endeavour, with the Divine assistance, to promote your spiritual and temporal happiness, by desiring your attention to what shall be spoken to you from the following passage of the Epistle of the Apostle Paul to Titus, the second chapter, and eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth verses.

“ The *grace* of *God*, which bringeth *salvation*, hath appeared to all men, teaching us, that *denying ungodliness*, and *worldly lusts*, we should live *soberly*, *righteously* and *godly*, in this present world, *looking* for the *blessed hope*, and *glorious appearance* of the *great God*, and our *Saviour*, *Jesus Christ*. ”

We may represent to ourselves the great *Apostle* of the *Gentiles*, *speaking* as follows : for it is, I think, probable, he meant what follows :

(1) I did not know where to find a *single* Sermon containing a sufficient *variety* of *species* of matter, for *exercising*, generally, the *talents* of a *preacher*. The reader will perceive, that this discourse is composed with a direct view to *expression* or *delivery*. And who-

"The favour of God, to which we owe all that we enjoy, or hope for, particularly our *deliverance* from Heathen ignorance and immorality, and the prospect of future rescue from the tyranny of Satan, (1) and from death; (2) this divine goodness is, in the Christian revelation, gloriously displayed before mankind; the new religion being established upon the unquestionable evidence of miracles, prediction, and its own internal character, and that of its divine Author, and of its propagators, who are ready to lay down their lives in attestation of the truth of his resurrection from the dead; (3) of the reality of which they are sure beyond the possibility of mistake, and cannot be suspected of a design to deceive others, having no worldly temptation to propagate, but much to conceal, or deny the fact.

Courage.

"And this heavenly religion giveth full satisfaction to the anxious and inquisitive mind, upon the most interesting subjects; where the light of nature, and the sagacity of philosophers had left men in great uncertainty, as, Wherein the chief good of man consisteth; Who is the only object of worship, and how he is to be acceptably worshipped; Of the other orders of beings, inferior to the one indivisible and unoriginated Supreme, but superior to us; and how we are concerned with them; How evil, and particularly death, came into God's world: Of the future redress of the disorderly state, in which this world is at present: The will of God, or duty of man, fixed by laws authoritatively promulgated:—What will be the effect of repentance and reformation: How, and when the good, and the wicked are to

ever has considered the strain of the popular addresses of the Prophets and Apostles, and of the Fathers, and best French preachers, to say nothing of the orations of Demosthenes, Cicero, and the rest) will not, I hope, be offended at a vivacity of remonstrance, and description, unusual in our English sermons, which are, otherwise, the best.

(1) Acts xvi. 18. (2) Heb. ii. 14, 15. (3) Acts i. 3.

receive their respective *retributions* of reward and punishment ; The *possibility* of rising from the *dead* demonstrated by *actual* resurrections, especially that of *Christ himself* : That the *whole human species* is to be raised from the *dead*, in *bodies*, and that the belief of the *heathen nations* in *Elysian fields*, and of *Tartarus*, as well as of *transmigration* of some *souls* into *other bodies*, without end, and of the *re-union* of *others* to the *Deity*, are *fables* and *fictions* ; and that all mankind are to be judged at *one time*, and that it is to be done by *Christ* : That the retribution for the *virtuous* is *glory*, *honour*, and *immortality* ; and for the *obdurately wicked*, final *destruction* from the presence of God, and the *glory* of his power ; both sentences *irreversible*.

Aversion.

Teaching.

“ And the new religion inculcates, in the most powerful manner, the necessity of *forsaking* the *impious superstitions*, and *vicious abominations*, allowed, or not reformed, by the *heathen religions*, as the *worship* of *deified men*, and of innumerable *imaginary gods and goddesses*, *celestial*, *terrestrial*, and *infernal* ; with *rites*, *absurd*, *obscene* and *cruel* ; the *promiscuous*, *excessive* and *unnatural* indulgence of *fleshly lust* ; the arbitrary violation of the *matrimonial union* by *causeless separation* ; the *horrid practices* of *exposing children* : of *self-murder* ; or inflicting *arbitrary revenge*, and the like. (1) And this blessed religion doth also prohibit, in general, the indulgence of *every wicked disposition* (for its authority reacheth to the *heart*) and *every wicked practice* ; all *malice*, *hatred*, *envy*, *injustice*, *selfishness*, *pride*, *covetousness*, *intemperance*, *lasciviousness*, *anger*, *revènge*, *backbiting*, *lying*, *craft*, *uncharitable zeal*, *impiety*, *prophane swearing*, *blasphemy*, *obscenity*, *idleness*, *sedition*, *rebellion*, and *neglect* of public and private religion. The Christian law forbiddeth all *unwarrantable* pursuit of

(1) Rom. i.

the three great objects of the desires of wicked and wordly men, viz. *riches, power, and pleasure*; and it requireth the *faithful and unreserved* performance of our *whole threefold duty*.

“First, That which respecteth *ourselves*, the due *regulation* of every *passion, appetite, and inclination* of our nature; and a proper attention to, and careful *cultivation* of, all our *powers, bodily and mental*, so that the wise *ends* of the beneficent *Giver* of them, may *best* be *answered*, and the *least disappointed*; therefore no one can justly pretend to be a *sincere proselyte* to the new religion, who does not study to be *humble, meek, forgiving, pure in heart, sincere, diligent* in improving his *knowledge and virtue, courageous* in the cause of *truth, temperate, frugal, industrious, decent, cautious, fearful of offending, penitent* for his weaknesses, *heavenly-minded, and richly furnished with every grace and virtue, flourishing, and growing, and rising to higher and higher degrees of perfection* continually.

“The second head of duty, required by the new religion, is, That which respecteth our *fellow-creatures*, viz. The conscientious observance of *justice, negative and positive*, as to the interests of the *body, the soul, the reputation, and the worldly estate* of our neighbour; and over and above mere *justice*, a *generous* disposition to shew *kindness* on every proper occasion, and in every prudent manner, to *all* within our *reach*; and the discharge of every *relative* duty according to our respective situations of *governors, subjects, countrymen, parents, children, husbands, wives, masters, servants*, and the rest.

“The third head of duty, required by the new religion, is, That which respecteth our *Creator*, viz. *Thinking and speaking, and acting*, in the *Veneration*, constant *fear*, and *sense* of the universal *presence* of *Almighty God*; with *love and gratitude* to him—for all his *goodness* to us, especially for his *last*

and *best gift*, the *Christian religion*; *worshipping* Him in *spirit and truth*, both *publicly and privately*; *obedience to all his laws*; *acceptance*, upon due *examination*, of the *blessed religion* of his *Son*, and *adherence to it* in spite of the *terrors* of *persecution*, with an *unreserved submission* to its heavenly *precepts*, (1) *sincerely repenting of*, and *thoroughly reforming* all our faults; with *gratitude* to our illustrious *Deliverer* from *Satan*, *sin*, and *death*, and *observance* of his *institution* for commemorating his sufferings and *death*.

“And this heavenly religion teacheth us to *expect* the future glorious *appearance* of its divine Author, to *restore* this ruined world, to put an end to the *tyranny of Satan*, (2) to abolish *death*, and to *judge* the *whole human race*, both those who shall then be alive, and also all who have lived in all parts of the earth, from the creation of man, who shall universally be *restored to life*, by the same power which first gave them life; and to *reward* them according to their *respective characters*, to *fix* the *penitent and virtuous*, in a *state of safety and everlasting happiness*, and *condemn* the *obdurate* to utter *destruction*.”

Joy.

Horror.

Alarm.

This is, in part, the *vast and weighty sense* of the passage of scripture, from which I have chosen to speak to you at this time. And *what* is there, my Christian brethren, of *consequence* to us, with regard either to our *peace* of mind *here*, or our *happiness hereafter*, that is not virtually comprehended in this *short passage* of three *verses*? What *various matter* for *consideration* is here *suggested*? To *think* of the *state* we are at *present* in, and of the *task* prescribed us, of which you have heard only the principal *heads*, which task if we do not *labour* to perform, with the *fidelity* which becomes those, who know that the

Fear.

(1) The gospels, and particularly that by St. Matthew, in the 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of which, we have the peculiar laws of christianity summed up, probably were not at this time written.

(2) Revelations xxi.

all-piercing eye is upon them, it were better we had *never been born*—to think of this, is it not enough to make us *tremble* at ourselves?—To consider the *prospect* we have, and the *hope* set before us, if we endeavour, with *sincere* diligence, to act worthily our part—is it not enough to *overwhelm* us with *rapture*? If we are not *stocks* and *stones*, if we have in us either *hope* or *fear*, *desire* of our own *happiness*, or *horror* at the thought of *misery* and *ruin*; here is what ought to *alarm* us to the *highest pitch*. There is not one here present, whose condition may not hereafter be *blissful* or *calamitous*, beyond *imagination*. And *which* of the two it *shall be*, depends upon every *individual himself*. Then surely no man, who *thinks* for a *moment*, can imagine, that the period of our present existence, however *transient*, is to be *trifled* with. No one, who has ever heard of a future *appearance* of a general *Judge*, as in the text, can think it a matter of *indifference* what *life* he *leads*. Hear the *voice* of inspiration on this important point: “Be not *deceived*; *God* is not to be *mocked*. Whatsoever a man *soweth*, that he shall also *reap*. (1) *God* shall render to every man according to his *works*: to them, who by patient *continuance* in *well-doing*, seek for *glory*, *honour*, *immortality*, and *everlasting life*: but to them who are *contentious*, and obey not the *truth*, but obey *unrighteousness*,—*indignation* and *wrath*, *tribulation* and *anguish*, upon every *soul* that worketh *wickedness*, of the *Jew first*, and also of the *Gentile*: for there is no *respect* of persons with *God*.” (2) What can be more *awful* than this *warning*! It is not for *vain parade*, like the triumphant *entry* of a *conqueror*, that the son of man is to come with the sound of the *trumpet*, attended with *hosts* of *angels*, and armed in *flaming fire*. Every one of us is interested in the *solemn business* of that *dreadful day*. It is, therefore, my

Joy.

Exciting.

Alarm.

Protestation Christian brethren, in the *sincerity* of my *heart*, and the *agony* of my *soul*, (1) that I stand forth

Alarm. to *warn* you, in the name of the *great* and *terrible* One, who sitteth upon the *throne* of *heaven*, whose *creatures* we are, and to whom we must *answer*, and to declare to you without *flattery*, without *reserve*, that there is *no safety*, *no chance* of *escape* for you, but by a *constant* and *faithful* attention to the performance of *every one* of the *duties* I have mentioned to you, and a *fixed aversion* against *every one* of the *vices* I have pointed out, and all others. You have the *word* of *God* for it: and *his word shall stand*; he *will do all* his *pleasure*; (2) and the *Judge* of the *earth* will do *what* is *right*. (3)

Remonstr. Would you have the preacher say *smooth* things? Would you have him *betray* the *truth* of *God*? Shall he, like a *faithless hireling*, (4) *leave* his *flock* *unwarned*, a *prey* to the *Enemy* of *mankind*? Would you have him *heap* on his own *soul*, the *damnation* of a whole *people*? (5)

Protestation No, not for the *riches* on this *wide* *world*. By the help of *God*, I *will be faithful* to

Warning. my *trust*. I *will* set before you *life* and *death*, the *blessing* and the *curse*. (6) It *shall appear*, in *that day*, when you and I shall stand before the general *Judgment-seat*, that I have *done* the *duty* of my *office*; and, if you *listen not*, those *above*, who *now look on*, though to us *invisible*, shall *witness against* you, that you have *murdered* your own *souls*.

Alarm. I would not have you imagine, that it is so *easy* a matter to *secure* your own *salvation*, as to *render care* on your part, and *apprehension* on *mine*, *unnecessary*. He, who *best knew*, has declared, that the way to *happiness* is *strait*, and the gate *narrow*; that the way to *destruction* is *broad* and the gate *wide*; and that the *number* of those who shall reach *happiness*, will be *small*,

(1) Rom ix. 1, 2, 3. (2) Isaiah xlii. 10. (3) Gen. xviii. 25.
(4) John x. 13. (5) Ezek. iii. 18, 19. (6) Deut. xi. 26.

compared with that of those, who shall go to destruction. (1) Can I then address you with *indifference*, when I know that you are in danger?—But why should I say you?—I am myself in danger. Every individual, who shall come to salvation, will be one escaped from extensive ruin and wreck.

Fear.

Yet I would not have you think, my Christian brethren, that the charge of your souls is a burden too *grievous* to be borne; or your duty, a task *impossible* to be performed. Though it is true, that the *reward* offered, and the *punishment* threatened, by the Christian religion, are *motives sufficient*, if we think aright, to excite in us *desires* and *fears* to carry us through any *abstinence* from pleasure, or any *suffering* of punishment; though this is true, yet so *little* does our *kind* and *merciful* Lord deserve the character of a *hard task-master*, that all he requires of us—of us, who enjoy these *happy* times, untroubled with the terrors of *persecution*—all he requires of us, is—To be *happy* here, and *hereafter*. Even in the life that *now is*, (2) I appeal to the *feelings* of every man of common decency in this assembly, (for I hold not the abandoned *profligate* a judge of what *virtue* is, or what its *effect*,) I appeal to every heart that is not *hardened* beyond feeling, whether *virtue* is not, even in this world its own *reward*? And I ask thy *conscience*, O sinner, whether *vice* be not its own *tormentor*? Canst thou say, the imaginary *pleasure*, the *profit* and the *honour*, which vice bestows, are sufficient to arm thee against the pang of *guilt*? Does not its envenomed *sting* often pierce thee through that *weak*, though *three-fold* armour of *defence*, to the very soul? What, then, dost thou *gain* by thy fatal attachment, if thou art not by it secured from *suffering*? Thou hast but one *objection*, and that, God knows, a *wretched*

Comfort.

X

Anguish.

Remonstr.

(1) Matth. vii. 13. (2) 1 Tim. vi. 6.

one, against a life of strict *virtue*; that it may chance to *deprive* thee of some fancied *pleasures*, and subject thee to certain imaginary *austerities*. Now, if thy favourite *vices* were capable of affording thee, at *present*, a *pleasure untainted*, *unpoisoned*, and of *securing* thee against all *pain*; and thou knewest, that *virtue* is, in the present state, pure *misery*, thou mightest pretend thy *scheme of life* had the whole *advantage* against a course of *virtue*, as far as *this world* goes; and for the *next*, thou mightest, if thou wert *desperate* enough, set it at *defiance*. But thou *darest* not pretend, that *vice* will yield thee, even in *this* life, the copious harvest of substantial *happiness* which *virtue* gives. Which of thy *lawless pleasures*, affords on reflection, an untroubled *enjoyment*? Does the *smile* of the *great*, bought with *perjury*, light up in thy soul the sun-shine of *undisturbed tranquillity*? Does the *glittering trash*, by unjust means *wrested* from the *reluctant* hand of *industry*, satisfy the ever-craving *thirst of gold*? Does *lawless lust indulged*, does *virgin innocence betrayed*, do *broken marriage-vows*, yield, on reflection, a continual *feast* to thy *mind*? In *what condition* is thy *breast* from the moment of *conceiving* wickedness, to that of its *execution*? Does the *dark conspirator* enjoy himself in *quiet*? Can *happiness* dwell with *anxiety*, *tumult*, and *horror*? Will sweet *peace* take up her habitation with discordant *desires*, with *war-riving passions*, with *fear of discovery*, with apprehension of public *shame*, and exemplary *punishment*? Is the reflection on *revenge*, gratified by the shedding of *blood*, a subject of *calm enjoyment*? Why then, is the *murderer* afraid to be *alone*? What is it that *breaks* his *slumbers*, whilst all *nature* is at *rest*? Why does he *start* at every *noise*? What does he *see*? With what does his scared *imagination* fill the *void*? Does not the horror of his *conscience* even raise the *murdered* out of the *earth* again? Whence came

Challenging

Horror.

Trepidation

the frightful imaginations of *charnel houses opening*, and *graves* casting forth their *dead*? What is it, but *guilt*, that presents the bloody *apparition* of the mangled innocent, dumb and ghastly before the eyes of the assassin? We know, that the *dead*, (excepting a few raised by miracle) are to *sleep* till the *resurrection*. Yet the murderer does not find himself *safe*, even when the hapless victim of his cruelty is *dust*. The pang of remorse proves so *intolerable*, that a *violent death* is *relief*. He flies from his internal tormentor to the *more friendly halter* or *dagger*. 'To deliver himself from his present ceaseless *gnawings*, he is content to *lose* this blessed *light* : he throws himself headlong into *eternity* ; and, committing the crime, which *cuts itself off* from *repentance*, seals his own *damnation* !' Such are the *fruits* of atrocious *wickedness*. Do not, therefore, O presumptuous sinner ! I *charge* thee on thy *soul*, do not pretend, that the ways of *vice* are ways of *pleasantness*, or that her *paths* are *peace*. (1) The *history* of *mankind*—thy own *feelings*—will give thee the *lye*.

Horror.

Despair.

Charging.

Didst thou but consider, what *figure* thou makest in the eye of the *discerning* among thy *own species*, thou wouldst think of *altering* thy *conduct*. Thy *wisdom* is easily understood to be at best but *low cunning*. Thy *honours* are but the applause of *fools*, *dazzled* by thy *riches* ; or of *knaves*, who *flatter* thee for what they hope to *gull* thee of. Thy *arts* over-reach only the *weak*, or the *unguarded*. The eye of *experience* pierces the *cob-web veil* of *hypocrisy* ; not to mention a more *penetrating eye*, which thou art sure thou *canst* not *deceive*. But *go on*, if thou *wilt*. Take the advantage, while thou canst, of thy *honest* neighbour, who *suspects* not thy *worthlessness*. It will not be *long* that thou wilt have it in thy *power* to *over-reach* any one. *Craft* is

Contempt.

Sarcasm.

Awe.

Sarcasm.

but for a day. *O fool ! whom art thou deceiving ? Even thy wretched self. And of what art thou cheating thyself ? Of thy reputation, thy prosperity, and thy peace ; to say nothing of thy miserable soul, which thou art consigning to the enemy of man ; for what thou hadst better a thousand times be without, if the future consequences were nothing. Remember I have told thee, what thou acquirest by lawless means, whether thou hast been used to dignify it by the name of profit, pleasure, or honour ; and the wickedness thou drinkest in with greediness, will either poison thy life, or else must be disgorged, with the horrible pangs of remorse. Where then will be thy gains ?*

Teaching.

Joy.

I say, therefore, were there *no state* ordained for us *beyond the present*, the wisdom of a man would direct his choice to virtue. To be conscious of that cloudless *serenity* within, which proceeds from *passions subdued* under the superior authority of *reason* ; to feast upon that *uninterrupted joy*, which this vain world can neither give, nor take away ; to *bless*, and be *blessed* ; to *love*, and be *loved* ; to be *eyes* to the *blind*, and *feet* to the *lame* ; (1) to be a *guardian angel* to his fellow-creatures ; to serve *Him*, whose service is the *glory* of those who sit *enthroned in heaven* ; (2) to have neither *thought*, nor *wish*, which would not do him *honour*, if published before the *universe* ; what sense of *dignity*, what *self-enjoyment* must not this *consciousness* yield ? I tell thee, thoughtless *libertine* ! there is more *joy*, in *repenting* of, and *flying* from *vice*, nay, in *suffering* for *virtue*, than ever thou wilt taste in the *cloying draught* of *swinish impurity*. (3) What, then, must be the *undisturbed fruition* of that which makes the *happiness* of every superior nature ?

Alarm.

Reverence.

But *this life is not all*. There is—there is full surely, another state abiding us. The *soul* of man feels itself formed for something *greater*,

(1) Job xxix. 15. (2) Rev. iv. (3) 2 Pet. ii. 22.

than all that is here *below* ; and it cannot think what is *noblest* in its nature to be given in *vain*. The power of *lifting* its thought to its *Creator* ; the unconquerable *dread* of an *account* hereafter to be *given* ; the *thirst* for *immortality* (to say nothing of that *surest proof* given by the Messenger of Heaven, who *shewed* us, in *himself*, *man* actually *raised* from the *grave* to *immortality*) (1) all these *confirm* that there is a *life* to *come*. And if there is—what is thy *prospect*, O remorseless *obdurate* ?

The *present state* would *teach* thee, if thou *wouldst* be *taught*, what will be *prevalent* in the *future*. The world is *now* under the moral government of the *One Supreme*. The *life* to *come* will be under the *same* direction. The *present state* of things, for the most part, brings on *vice* the present *punishments* of *fear*, *remorse*, with worldly *shame*, and often bitter *poverty*, and *death*, from a *constitution* *shattered* by *vice*, or from the iron hand of *justice*. The *natural* course of *this world*, *rewards* the *virtuous* with *peace* of mind, with *approbation* from every *worthy character*, and generally, with *length* of *days*, *prosperity*, and *affluence*. (2) What does this *conclude* ? Is it not from hence evident, that when the *temporary irregularity* of the present state which hinders *equal* retribution from being *universal*, when the *influence* of the *Enemy* (3) is at an end, under which this world *now groans*, (4) and, when at the appointed time, *order* shall spring out of *confusion* ; then, what now appears in *part*, will prevail *universally* ; then *virtue* will rise *superior* ; and *evil* be, for ever, *sunk* to its *proper place*.

To a *generous* mind there is little need of *terror*. Such are better won to *goodness* by the view of its *own* apparent *excellence*, which wants

Remonstr.

Teaching.

Approach

Joy.

Arguing.

Rousing
shame.

(1) 1 Cor. xv. 20. (2) Prov. iii. 16. (3) Matth. xiii. 39.
(4) Rom viii 20—24.

Grief.	only to be <i>held forth</i> to be <i>perceived</i> ; is no sooner <i>perceived</i> , than <i>admired</i> . But, alas, I sadly fear the <i>generous-minded</i> are but <i>few</i> . For, if otherwise, how could the number of the <i>wicked</i> be what it is. Every <i>hardened sinner</i> , is one <i>lost</i> to all that is truly <i>great</i> or <i>worthy</i> in the rational nature. And are there <i>any</i> in this assembly, is there <i>one</i> , fallen to so <i>low</i> an ebb of <i>sentiment</i> , so <i>stupidified</i> beyond all <i>feeling</i> , as to go on to offend, without <i>remorse</i> , against the goodness of his <i>heavenly Father</i> ? Think, wretched mortal, that thou art <i>insulting</i> the very <i>power</i> which <i>supports</i> thee in thy <i>insolence</i> against <i>itself</i> . The gentle <i>mercy</i> of the Almighty, like the fructifying moisture of the Spring, <i>droppeth</i> on thee from on high ; and, instead of producing the fruit of <i>repentance</i> in thee, is, by thy <i>impiety</i> , dashed back in the <i>face</i> of <i>Heaven</i> . What could thy <i>best friend</i> on earth, what could pitying <i>angels</i> , what could the <i>Author</i> of all <i>good</i> , <i>do for thee</i> that has <i>not been done</i> ? Thy Creator hath given thee <i>reason</i> to <i>distinguish</i> between <i>good</i> and <i>evil</i> ; to know what is thy <i>life</i> , and what will seal thy <i>ruin</i> . He hath placed <i>conscience</i> in thy breast, to <i>warn</i> thee in the moment of thy <i>guilt</i> . He hath sent down to thee, Him, whom he held <i>dearest</i> in all heaven, to give thee yet <i>ampler instruction</i> in the way to bliss. And the <i>Son</i> condescended to come with the same <i>willingness</i> as the <i>Father</i> sent him, though with the certain knowledge, that, like a <i>patriot</i> , rising in defence of his <i>country</i> , his coming must <i>cost</i> him his <i>life</i> .
Roufing Shame.	
S. ftness.	
Rage. Reponstr.	
Moving pity.	The <i>richest blood</i> , that <i>ever flowed</i> , has been shed for thy worthlessness, and for such as thou art. <i>Shame</i> and <i>torture</i> have been despised for the sake of bringing <i>thee</i> to good. And wilt thou grudge to <i>forego</i> a little sordid pleasure, to shew thyself <i>grateful</i> for all this <i>goodness</i> ? Go with me then, to <i>Golgotha</i> , and <i>insult</i> thy <i>suffering Saviour</i> in his agonies. Behold there a <i>sight</i> ,
Reproach.	
Pity.	
Persuasion.	
Animated reproach.	

which the *sun* would not *look* upon. (1) View with dry eyes, what made *angels weep*. Harden thy heart at an object, which *rent* the *rocks*, (2) and brought the *dead* out of their graves. (3) His *arms* stretched on the *cursed* (4) tree, invite thee to *bliss*. Though now *feeble* and *languid*, they will quickly *raise* a world from the grave, and lay the *angel of death* full *low*. I am not describing a *fancied scene*. The *witnesses* of the *death* and *resurrection* of Jesus have *sealed* the truth of what they *saw*, with their *blood*. But canst thou find a *heart* to *crucify* him *afresh*, (5) by *persisting* in the *crimes*, which brought on him this cruel *death*? If thou hast been so wicked, *bethink* thee of thy *obstinacy*. If thou dost, even *now, repent*, he has *prayed* for thee, "*Father, forgive them*; for they *know not* what they do." (6) Behold how *deadly pale* his *sacred countenance*! Cruel are the *agonies* which rend his tender frame. His *strength fails*; his *heart breaks*; the strong *pangs of death* are on him. Now he utters his *last solemn words*—"It is *finished*." (7) *What is finished*? The *suffering* part, to which his dear love for mankind, exposed him. The *rest is victory and triumph*; and the *salvation* of a *world* will reward his *glorious toil*. But what *salvation*? Not of the *obdurate*, with all their vices about them; but of the heart-bleeding *penitent*, whose streaming sorrows have *washed* away his *impurity*, and who has bid a last *farewell* to *vice*, and to every temptation, which *leads* to it. To such the blessed *gospel* which I preach, speaks nothing but *peace*. For *them* it has *no terrors*. Be of good *cheer*, then, my *disconsolate, broken-hearted mourner*. Though thy *sins* have been as *scarlet*, they shall be *white* as the *wool*, which never received the *tincture*. (8)

Awe.

Affirming.

Remonstr.

Warning.
Encouragement.

Pity.
Distress.

Pathetic.
Question.

Pity.
Joy.
Question.
Informing.

Pathetic.
Aversion.
Comfort.

(1) Matth. xxvii. 45. (2) Matth. xxvii. 51. (3) Matth. xxvii. 53. (4) Gall. iii. 13. (5) Heb. vi. 6. (6) Luke xxiii. 34. (7) John xix. 30. (8) Isaiah i. 18.

They shall be *blotted out*, as if they were covered with a *cloud*. (1) They shall no more come into *remembrance*. (2) For our *God* is *long suffering*, and of *great mercy*, and will *abundantly pardon*. (3)

- Beseeching. O *suffer* then, my *unthinking fellow-creatures*, suffer the word of *exhortation*. (4) Every *encouragement*, every *invitation*, is on the side of *virtue*. It has the promises of *this life*, and of that which is *to come*. (5) Let me beseech you by the *superior love* of your *Maker*; by the *streaming blood* of the *Saviour*, and by the *worth* of your *immortal souls*; to *cast off* your *ruinous vices*, and to *return to Him*, who is *ready to receive the returning sinner*, and never *casts him out*, who *comes to Him*. (6) *Listen!* Oh *listen to him*, who *speaketh from heaven*.
 Awe. It is not the *voice* of an *enemy*. It is your *heavenly Father*, who *calls you*. Behold! the very *Majesty* of the *universe* *bends forward* from his *throne to invite you*. He *veils* uncreated *brightness to allure you to return to your own happiness*. He proclaims himself the “*Lord merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness*.” (7) He *condescends to assure you* with an *oath*, that he has *no pleasure in the death* of him that *dies*. (8) He *encourages*, he *threatens*, he *promises*, he *remonstrates*, he *laments*, he *woos* his *wretched creatures*, as if his *own unchanging happiness* depended on *theirs*. He leaves the door of *mercy* open; he gives them *space to repent*, he does not take them by *surprise*. *Return—O yet return to the Father of spirits*, my poor *deluded wanderers!* *Whom have ye forsaken? What have you been in pursuit of? Whose conduct have you put yourselves under?* You have forsaken the *fountain* of your *happiness*. You have pursued your own *ruin*.
- Beseeching.
- Pity.

(1) Isaiah xliv. 22. (2) Isaiah lxx. 17. (3) Isaiah lv. 7.
 (4) Heb. xiii. 22. (5) 1 Timothy iv. 8. (6) John vi. 37.
 (7) Exod. xxxiv. 6. (8) Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

You have given yourselves up to the guidance of the *enemy* of souls. But it is not, even *now*, too late to *retrieve* all; all may yet be well, if you will yet be wise. Encouragement.

Can you *shut* your ears, and *steel* your hearts against all that is *tender*? Are you *determined* on your own *ruin*? Must I then *lose* my *crown* of *rejoicing*? (1) Must I be deprived of the *joy* of our mutual endless *congratulations*, for our *escape* from the hideous *wreck* of souls? Must I reap *no fruit* of my *labour* of *love*? (2) Shall the blessed message (3) from heaven prove your *death*, which was intended to be your *life*? (4) If you will not listen to the *still small voice*, (5) which now speaks to you from the *mercy-seat*, the time will quickly come, when your ears, if they were of *rock*, will be pierced by the *thunder* of that *voice* which will terrify this great world from the *throne* of *Judgment*. *Think*, O hardened offender, think, the time will *quickly* come, when as *sure* as thou now hearest this awful *warning*, thou *shalt hear*—(it would be thy wisdom to think thou *now hearest*)—the sound of that *trumpet*, (6) which will startle the *silent dust*, and *break* the *slumbers*, which were *begun* before the general *flood*. Think, that thou *beholdest* the whole *species* around thee, *covering* the face of the *earth* beyond the *reach* of *sight*. (7) Think of *universal trepidation* and *amazement*, (8)—to which, all the *routed armies*, the *cities sacked*, the *fleets dashed in pieces*, the *countries whelmed by inundation*, and the *nations swallowed by earthquakes*, which make the terrors of *history*, are but the *diversions* of a *stage-play*. Behold the *heavens* involved in *flame*; the brightness of the

Grief.

Complaint.

Alarm.

Terror.

(1) 1 Theff. ii. 19. (2) 1 Theff. i. 3.

(3) The literal signification of the Greek word *Εὐαγγέλιον* which our English word Gospel (i. e. Good-book) expresses but weakly.

(4) 2 Cor. ii. 16. (5) 1 Kings xix. 12. (6) 1 Cor. xv. 52. (7) Rev. xx. 12. (8) Rev. vi. 14, 15, 16.

- sun* extinguished by the superior lustre of the *throne*; and the heavens and the earth ready to fly away from the terrible face of *Him* who sitteth upon it. (1) Imagine *thyself* called forth; thy *life* and *character* displayed before men and angels. Thy conscience awakened, (2) and all thy offences full in the eye of thy remembrance. What will then be thy defence, when thy various uncanceled guilt is charged upon thy soul? No frivolous shuffle will blind the avenging Judge. The very counsel, now rejected by thee against thyself, (3) if thou hadst never had another invitation to repentance, will condemn thee; the very warning given thee this day will be thy undoing.
- Guilt.**
- Alarm.**
- Horror.**
- To attempt a description of the terrors hidden under those dreadful words, "Depart from me ye cursed! into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels;" (4) to reach as it were, over the brink of the bottomless pit, to look down where ten thousand volcanoes are roaring, and millions of miserable beings tossed aloft in the fiery whirlwind of the eruption; what employment would this be for human imagination! But what human imagination can conceive how fearful a thing it is to fall into the hands of the living God? (5) When we see a raging hurricane tear up the rooted oaks, and shake the ancient hills on which they grow; when we hear of the mountainous ocean dashing with ease, the strong-jointed ships in pieces, overflowing a continent, and sweeping whole towns before it; when we see the black thunder-cloud pour down its cataract of fire; whose burst shivers the massy tower or solid rock; or, when we read of the subterraneous explosions heaving up the ground, shattering kingdoms, and swallowing nations alive to one destruction; do not such scenes exhibit to us a tremendous view of power? And whose power
- Fear with wonder.**

(1) Rev. xx. 11.
 (4) Matth. xxv. 41.

(2) Rev. xx. 12.
 (5) Heb. x. 31.

(3) Luke vii. 30.

is it that works these terrifying effects? The *laws of nature* are the *living energy* of the *Lord of nature*. And what art *thou*, wretched *worm of earth*, to *resist* such *power*? But what we see at *present*, is but *part* of his *ways*. (1) What the *direct exertions* of *omnipotence* against his *hardened enemies* will produce; what the *condition* of *those* will be, who stand in the full *aim* of its *fury*—Where is the *imagination* to be found *equal* to the *conception*, or *tongue* to the *description* of such *terrors*? Yet this may be the *situation* of some, *now known* to us.—O *frightful thought*! O *horrible image*! *Forbid it*, O *Father of mercy*! If it be *possible*, let no *creature* of *thine* ever be the object of that *wrath*, against which the strength of thy whole *creation* united, would stand but as the *moth* against the *thunder-bolt*! Alas, it is not the *appointment* of *Him*, who would have *all saved*, that brings *destruction* on any one. On the contrary, it is his very *grace* that brings *salvation*. (2) He has *no pleasure* in the *death* of him who *will die*. It is the *rebellion* of the *enemy*, and the unconquerable *obduracy* of those who *take part* with him, that hath given a *being* to the everlasting *fire*, which otherwise had never had been *kindled*. (3)

But let us *withdraw* our *imagination* from this *scene*, whose *horror* overcomes *humanity*. Let us turn our *view* to *joys*, of which the *supreme joy* is, That *every one* of *us*, if our own *egregious fault* and *folly* hinder not, may be *partaker* of them. Every one of *us* may, if he *will*, gain his *portion* in that *state*, which the *word* of *truth* holds forth to the present weakness of human understanding, under all the emblems of *magnificence* and *delight*. To walk in *white robes*; (4) to eat of the *fruit* of the *tree of life* (5) to sit on *thrones*; (6)

Remonstr.

Fear.

Apprehen.

Horror.

Earnest deprecation.

Grief.

Relief.

Joy.

Delight.

(1) Job xxvi. 14. (2) Titus ii. 11. the text. (3) Matth. xxv. 41. (4) Rev. iii. 4. vi. 11. vii. 9, 13, 14. (5) Rev. ii. 7. xxii. 2, 14. (6) Rev. iii. 21.

- and to wear crowns ; (1) to be clothed with the glory of the firmament of heaven, and of the stars ; (2) what do these images present to our understandings, but the promised favour of the *One Supreme* ; the approbation of the general Judge ; the total purification of our nature ; and an assured establishment in immortal honour and felicity ? This, and much more than eye hath seen, or ear heard, or heart conceived, (3) is laid up for those who properly receive that saving grace of God, which hath appeared to all men who study to live soberly, righteously and godly, in this present world, as those who look for the blessed hope, and future glorious appearance, of our Saviour Jesus Christ. (4)
- Rapture.** Thus have I, my dear fellow creatures, and fellow christians—my flock, for whose inestimable souls I am to answer to the great Shepherd, thus have I, in much weakness, but in perfect integrity of heart, endeavoured to excite you, and myself, to a more strict attention, than I fear is commonly given, to the care of all cares, the business of all businesses. I have, for this purpose, given you, in an explanatory paraphrase on the text, an abridged view of your threefold duty. I have fairly warned you of your danger, if you neglect or violate, habitually, any part of it. I have put you in mind that it is but too common to neglect the great salvation, (5) whilst with a reasonable diligence, and at no greater expence of hardship or suffering, generally with less, than vice exposes men to, it might be made sure. I have appealed to your own feelings, whether virtue be not the best wisdom, if there were no future state. I have laid before you some of the arguments for the reality of a world to come, with a view of the probabilities, from what we see in the present state, of
- Serious remonstrance.**
- Concern.**
- Charge.**
- Warning.**
- Remonstr.**
- Arguing.**

(1) Rev. ii. 10. iii. 11. 1 Peter. vi. 4. James i. 12. 2 Tim. iv. 8. 1 Cor. ix. 25. (2) Dan. xii. 3. (3) 2 Cor. ii. 9. (4) Titus ii. 11, 12, 13. (5) Heb. ii. 3.

what will be the immensely *different consequences* of *virtue* and of *vice*, in the *future*. I have tried to *rouse* your sense of *gratitude* and of *shame*. I have set your *suffering Saviour* before your view. I have invited you in the name of your *heavenly Father*, to return to him and to your own happiness. I have entreated you by your *regard*—(I hope you are not *altogether* without *regard*) for your weak but faithful *pastor*, the servant of your souls. I have put you in mind of the *future appearance* of our *Saviour* and *Judge*; and of the *sentences* of *approbation*, and *condemnation*, under *one* or *other* of which, *every human individual* will be *comprehended*, from which there is *no appeal*. If these *considerations* be not *sufficient*, to stir up in your minds, a sense of *danger*, and of *duty*, I know not what *more*, I can, at present, do for you, but to retire, from this place of public instruction, to my closet, and there to *pour* out my *soul* for you before the *Father* of *spirits*, that He, who has *access* to *all* hearts, may touch *your* hearts with such prevailing *influence*, that the great *end* of *preaching* may be *gained* with you, in spite of that fatal *indifference*, and *obstinacy*, which so often *baffles* all *human power* and *art*.

Rousing
sense of
gratitude
and shame.

Beseeking.

Alarm.

Grief.

Pity with
veneration.

I *commit* the *salvation* of your precious *souls* to the great *Overseer* of *souls*. (1) To *Him*, as to the *Restorer* of this ruined *world*, the *Conqueror* of *Satan*, (2) the *Abolisher* of *death*, (3) the *Light* of *mankind*, (4) and the future *Judge* of the *quick* and the *dead*, be *ascribed*, by every being in *Heaven*, and on *earth*, (5) *blessing* and *honour*, and *power*, to the *glory* of *God*, (6) the *Father Almighty*, the *God* and *Father* of our *Lord Jesus Christ*, whose supreme and unequalled *dominion*, is *over all*, from *everlasting* to *everlasting*. AMEN.

Tenderness.
Veneration.

(1) 1 Pet. ii. 25. (2) Math. xii. 29. (3) 2 Tim. i. 10.
(4) John viii. 12. xii. 46. (5) Rev. v. 13. (6) Phil. ii. 11.

CONCLUSION.

I HOPE the judicious Reader will think the labour I have bestowed in collecting, and altering, where proper, the foregoing LESSONS, not wholly lost. Though a greater *number* of passages might have been put together (which likewise must have enhanced the bulk and *price* of the book) I hope it *will* be owned, that this collection affords such a competent *variety*, that whoever can express or deliver, properly, all the matter contained in these Lessons, need be at no great loss in speaking any kind of matter that can come in his way.

There are in the Lessons, several humours, or passions, for expressing which there are no directions *nominally* given in the ESSAY; but in the Essay there are directions for expressing the *principal* humours, or passions, which commonly occur, and the *others* are generally *referable* to them. For example, there is not in the Essay such an article as HYPOCRISY which occurs in the Lessons, page 163; but there is AFFECTATION of Piety, in the Essay, page 27, which is the same thing under a different name, and so of others, which every reader's understanding will enable him to trace out.

Masters of places of education, and private tutors, may easily enlarge the practice of their pupils, on the plan here given, to what extent they please; this part of education being, like all others, endless. The youth may be directed to translate from the *ancients*, especially the orators; and then, the master, *correcting* their translations, and marking the *emphatical* words with lines under them, and the various humours, or passions, on the margin, they may be instructed to commit the substance of them to memory, so as to be able, without having *too often* recourse to their papers, to speak them with *ease* and *gracefulness*, and with propriety as to tone of voice, looks and gesture.

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